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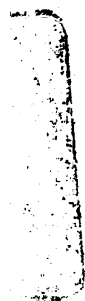
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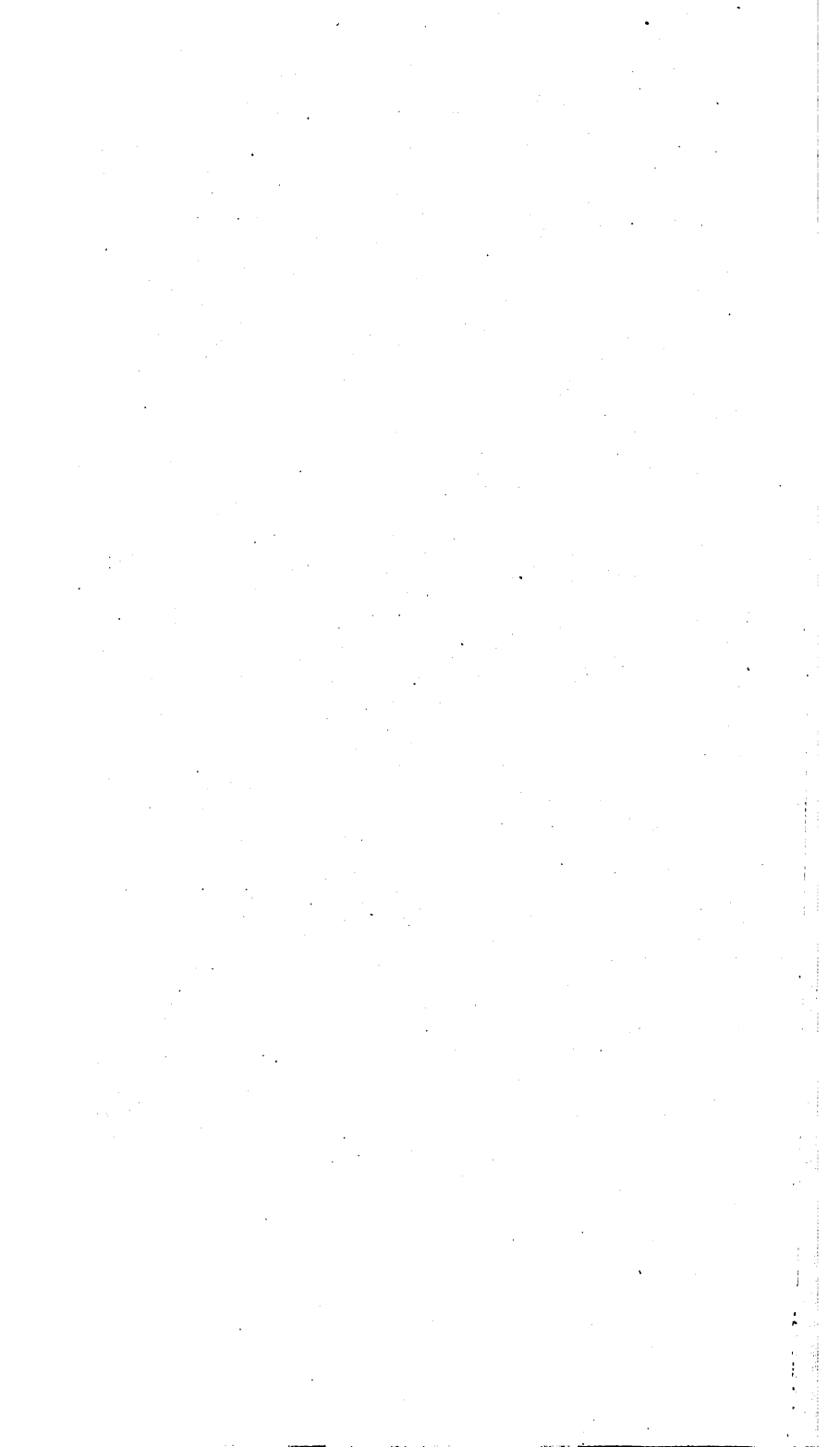
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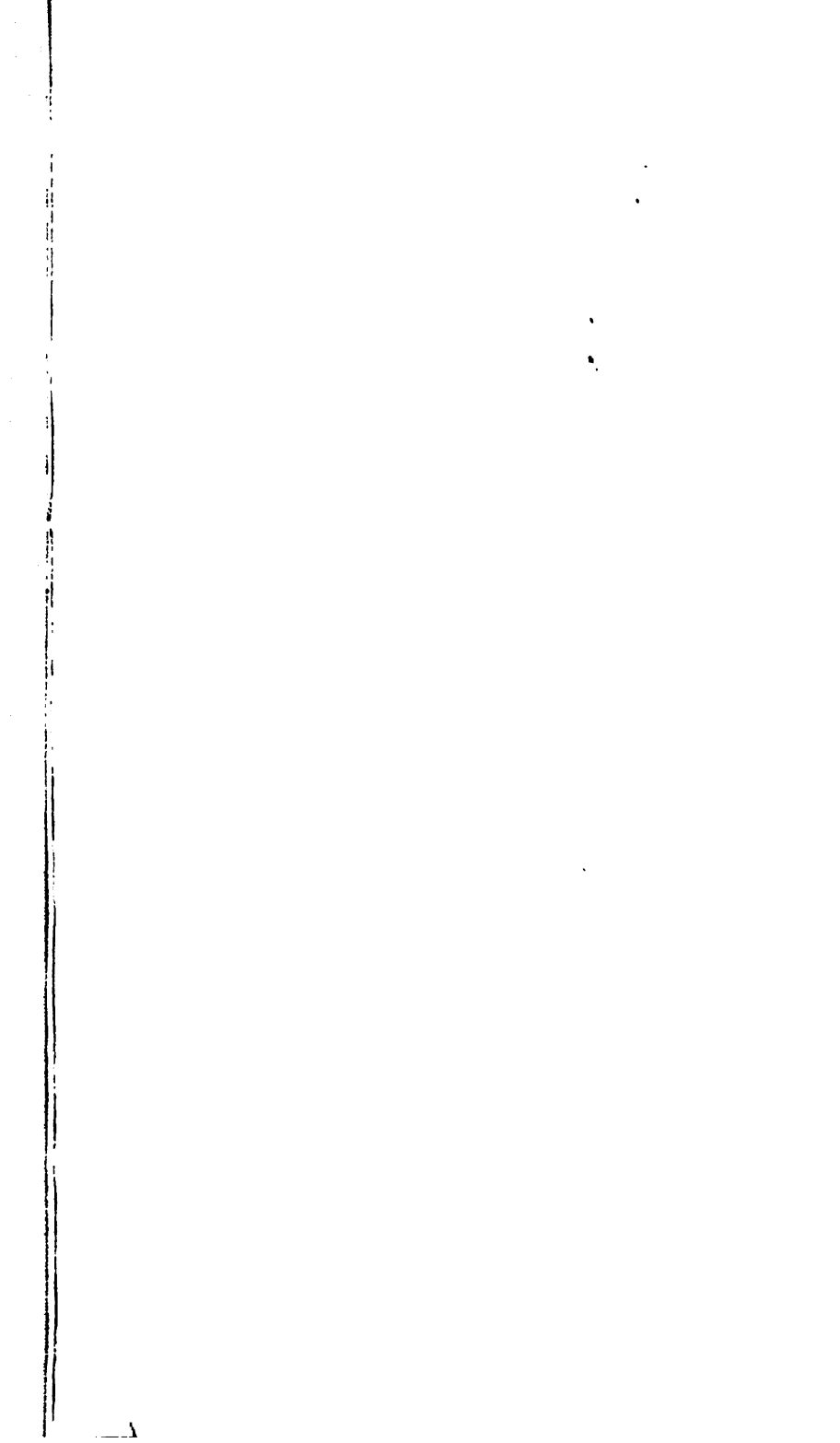
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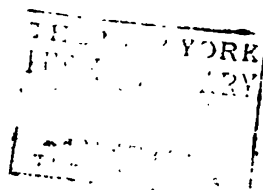


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*Nymph of The Tay in Scotland,
in Wales,
visits Rivers, to Neptune.*

A GENERAL ACCOUNT
OF ALL
THE RIVERS OF NOTE
IN
GREAT BRITAIN;
WITH THEIR
SEVERAL COURSES, THEIR PECULIAR CHARACTERS,
THE COUNTRIES THROUGH WHICH THEY FLOW,
AND
THE ENTIRE SEA COAST OF OUR ISLAND;
Concluding with a minute Description of
THE THAMES,
AND ITS VARIOUS AUXILIARY STREAMS.

By *HENRY SKRINE, Esq. LL. B.*

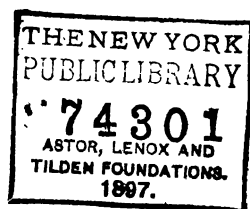
OF WARLEY IN SOMERSETSHIRE,

Author of three successive Tours in the North of England and Scotland
in 1795, and two successive Tours in South and
North Wales in 1799.

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P R E F A C E.

ALL that regards the plan of this work, and the course pursued in tracing the rivers of Great Britain, being included in the introductory chapter, little is required to be said by way of preface, except what includes such apologies as the author may think necessary for his stile.

The notes from which these descriptions were extracted are few, and such as were taken in the successive travels of various years, the author having rather depended on his memory and observation, than on any written documents of his own, except in some particular points. A manifest variation in the mode of expression naturally arises from this cir-

cumstance, and it is sometimes introduced purposely as the subjects themselves change, to prevent the tedious uniformity which would result from all the objects being treated with the same monotonous similarity of description. The number and the person are also altered in the same manner, and for the same reason, as in the author's former works; but the deviations from the present tense are from the nature of this pursuit less frequent. It seems also requisite to deprecate the censure that may critically be thought due, for such repetition of epithets and other words, with various other inaccuracies, which, on ample revision, may have yet escaped the notice of one, whom even experience has failed to render adroit in correcting for the press.

In the extensive line pursued by this work, and in the comprehensive treat-

ment of the whole, the author would place its only claim to merit, for few have had the leisure or patience to intersect almost the whole of our island so frequently. Perhaps, nothing but the degree of health he at times recovered, and of pleasures he always found from these scrutinies, (which would tire out the perseverance of many,) could have kept up a sufficient degree of animation and interest, especially when the subject happened to be trite and dry, or the weather adverse. Neither can he, after all his pains, flatter his vanity with the idea of having executed any thing like a perfect picturesque survey; being aware that various points may have misled him, especially in the disputed origins, as well as the sudden turns and occasional bearings of rivers; but these can hardly be of much consequence, as he

has laboured to be correct in the general line of their course, and the delineation of their particular features. The descriptive parts must always in a great degree depend on the medium through which their subjects were seen, on which weather, and accidental bursts of light and shade, as well as time of day, have a strong influence occasionally.

Want of good local information has in some distant points created a perplexity; and in the northern extremity of our island, which is very difficult of access throughout, the best oral and traditional information that could be obtained, has been resorted to, together with such maps and local publications as the author has recommended in his former travels, or met with since, as relating to the present object of his pursuit.

The author is under great obligation to a lady for the drawing of the vignette, which is affixed as a frontispiece to this work; its intention is to shew *the River God of the Thames*, supported by *Vaga*, (Goddess of the Wye) in the Welch dress, and *Tava* (Goddess of the Tay) in the Scottish dress, presenting a chart of Great Britain, intersected by its rivers, to Neptune, with the attendant scenery of cliffs, and a fleet in the back ground. The remaining engravings are maps, each of which is designed to accompany its appropriate chapter, after the manner of those which Dr. Aikin affixed to each of the counties of England in his excellent work. They are necessarily irregular in their figures, from the various and unequal ground covered by the rivers described in each chapter; neither are they meant to be such perfect delineations as

a survey would require, but merely intended to supply the place of an index by attracting the eye directly to the position of the streams described, for a more perfect display of which, a reference may easily be made to more finished maps. The first map should face the second chapter, and each afterwards attend its approximate chapter,

It should be previously mentioned, relative to the course pursued in this work, that it begins in Essex, from the mouth of *the Thames*, ascending northward to the extremity of Scotland, and descending by the western coast of North Britain. It follows afterwards the western coasts of England and Wales, to the Land's End in Cornwall, compassing afterwards the southern and the eastern coasts to the junction of *the Medway* and *the Thames*,

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ERRATA.

- Page 12 and 23, instead of *Hyes*, read *Hynx*.
 — 82, a parenthesis round (the southern) to be erased.
 — 117, instead of *Torbet Ness*, read *Tarbet Ness*.
 — 160, ——— *Farness*, read *Furness*.
 — 196, ——— *Habberston Haiken*, read *Hubberston Haikin*.
 — 239, ——— *Sbockewick*, read *Sbockerwick*.
 — 311, ——— *Hurstmoncea Castle*, read *Hurstmonceux*.
 — 322, ——— *Towers of Blenheim*, read *the Towers*.

RIVERS AND COAST

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

CHAPTER I.

General introduction to the work—Observations which induced the Author to undertake it—Plan of the course of inquiry and description to be pursued—Different character of rivers on the eastern and western coasts of Great Britain—Difficulty of exploring or describing the northern peninsula—Entire compass of the island to the mouth of the Thames—Reasons for being more minute and diffuse in the description of that river than any of the former—Attempt to avoid repetition and introduce variety in treating of the streams already described by the

Author, or in recapitulating those circumstances which are incidental to all rivers—Apology for dwelling on some particular spots, and introducing the names of some respectable and highly esteemed characters who have inhabited them.

PERHAPS there is no flattery so imposing on the human mind, or so seductive, as that which an author (however trivial his pretensions may be) receives from his friends, for it seldom fails to animate him to fresh attempts, and lead him to explore a new and wider field of action. Gratified by such partiality expressed towards my former publications by persons for whose character and judgment I have the highest esteem, I am once more induced to venture my fragile bark on the sea of literature, and explore a channel never yet fully and comprehensively tried.

It has often occurred to me in the course of my extensive travelling, that

the banks of rivers and the heights which command them almost exclusively monopolize the beauty, and compose the characteristic features, of every country; the nature of the stream and its surrounding objects deciding the qualities of romantic scenery, rich plains and pastures, abundant manufactures, and consequent population. Great cities also are seldom elsewhere placed; the fine seats of our nobility flourish most on these stations; the castle, whose proud ruins we contemplate, generally commanded these passes, and the ivied abbey always depended on its contiguous stream. The spire of the rustic village no where looks so pleasing, nor have woods ever so strong an effect, as on the banks of rivers; the progress also of navigation, and the increase of a large stream to an æstuary, present great variety of scenery, and the ports which generally grace its exit to the sea, with their attendant shipping, form interesting objects.

Reflecting on these circumstances, a

thought often suggested itself to me, that a comprehensive and systematic description of all the rivers in our island might prove a useful and entertaining work, giving a concise but exact account of their courses, their generally-attendant circumstances, their peculiar characters, as distinguished from each other, and the scenery which decorates their banks. This has been partially done by several ingenious writers, and in their highly-finished publications particular streams have been thoroughly investigated with more success than I could hope to attain without the correspondent aid of the pencil; among these Mr. Gilpin's work on the Wye, and Mr. Ireland's on the Thames, justly claim the pre-eminence. There have also been numerous and well executed surveys of the kingdom, both ancient and modern, some of which are voluminous, and others concise; of the latter order, is a work entitled "England Delineated," by Dr. Aikin, with appropriate maps of the several counties, in-

tended for the use of young persons, which fell in my way just after I had finished this book, and gave me much pleasure. All these, among their various objects, mention the rivers of each county with some of their particular incidents, but the accounts they give are naturally short, nor has any plan confined itself to the rivers of Great Britain as a single work till the present attempt, which is brought forward with great diffidence.

In pursuing the chain I had thus prescribed for my outline, I set out northward from the mouth of the Thames, leaving that river with its component streams to be the last described; the rivers of Essex, therefore, which fall into the German sea, are first noticed, and those of Suffolk and Norfolk naturally follow; from whence those of Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, complete the eastern coast of England, which is far less remarkable throughout for the characteristic beauty

of its streams, than the western. The eastern coast of Scotland succeeds, where *the Tweed, the Forth, the Tay, the Dee, the Spey, and the Ness*, make distinguished figures, for in Scotland the rivers of the east are commonly superior to those of the west, contrary to the line existing in England.——The northern peninsula of Scotland has but few material streams, and those are on the eastern coast, for there is not one of consequence enough to be described from the point opposite the Orcades to the mouth of *the Spean*, which separates Invernessshire from Argyleshire. Indeed, the interior parts of that rugged tract of country are very little known, and much must be gathered from tradition, or the description of those, whom property or business makes conversant with these recesses; which, if not impervious absolutely to travellers, are too difficult of access, and too destitute of accommodation, to be frequently visited, or minutely explored.——The coast here exhibits the best known or

most curious points of observation, and I have thought proper, both here and elsewhere, occasionally, to give such a general description of it as I could collect from the sources of information I had the power of applying to, considering it as forming the chain of communication with the succeeding streams, which it is the avowed object of this work to explore.—Except *the Clyde*, the rivers on the western side of Scotland are not very striking, but after reaching the confines of England at the *Solway Firth*, *the Lune*, *the Ribble*, and *the Mersey*, deserve much attention, as well as the many fine streams in North and South Wales. *The Severn* is the last of the Welch rivers, and in its passage to the sea it receives many tributary streams from the midland and western parts of England, which are described with it.—The western coast of Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, succeeds, but till the point of the Land's End is compassed, no streams of great note, except *the Camel*,

intervene. The southern coast of Cornwall has many considerable inlets, and *the Tamar*, which divides that county from Devonshire, is a noble river. The southern coast of Devon exhibits a considerable line of beauty in the two fine bays of Plymouth Sound and Torbay, as well as those at the mouths of *the Teign*, *the Ex*, and *the Syd*, the banks of which rivers shew a great display of the beauty and riches with which that fine county abounds. Dorsetshire presents a bold and interesting coast which is intersected with but few rivers, and Hampshire stretches out to the boundary of Sussex, where the southern coast of England may properly be said to conclude. *The Avon* from Wiltshire, and *the Itchin* (which afterwards forms *the Southampton Water* in conjunction with *the Test*), are its principal rivers, and the great bay and harbour of Portsmouth, in front of the Isle of Wight, exhibits its most striking inlet. Turning round the point of Sussex, and proceeding northward, the lower

part of the eastern coast of England only remains to be described, till its junction with the mouth of the Thames, where this account began ; this space includes the counties of Sussex and Kent, neither of which abounds in rivers of note, till we come to the *Medway*.

Having thus compassed our island, *the Thames* and its auxiliary streams present the last objects of description, and I have here been more minute and diffuse than with the former rivers, though I am well aware it has repeatedly been treated of by abler pens than mine, and with those advantages of appropriate drawings which I could not give it. I was impelled to do so, notwithstanding, partly because no part of its course was included in either of my former works, partly because I had during much of my life been particularly conversant with and interested in its vicinage, and principally because it seemed requisite, in a work which undertakes to describe all the rivers of Great Britain, that this prime channel of the commerce

and consequence that enrich its capital, pervading also the central parts of the kingdom, and adorned with such fine scenes of nature, and such exquisite displays of art, should be more studiously attended to.

In describing in their turns the various fine rivers of Scotland and of Wales, I had considerable difficulty to encounter in the circumstance of their having presented the principal objects of attention in my former books on those countries, which abound so much in romantic scenery. I have particularly studied, however, to avoid unnecessary repetition, either by making the account of scenes and rivers before described more cursory, or by varying the points of view which it includes, or taking them in a different series. I have generally, but not always, described the course and bearings of a river separately from its peculiar character and incidental circumstances, and have endeavoured to vary the mode pursued as much as could be consistent with

conciseness, which should ever be attended to in so dry, yet so necessary, a part of the undertaking.

I have sometimes treated the component branches of great rivers as separate streams, and at others as connected with the main subject, wishing to throw as much variety as could be introduced, without confusion, on a part of the work, in which there must be a certain degree of sameness. The characters of the rivers themselves, and the scenery attendant on their banks, form of course the pleasantest part, both to the reader and the writer; nor is there any difficulty in excluding sameness, where all the profusion of nature, and the accidental circumstances of canals, manufactures, population, and ornamental works, induce a perpetual variety.

In some few places, and particularly in the chapter which concerns the Thames (as being more diffuse than the rest) I have taken the liberty of commemorating a few spots endeared by local circum-

stances, and the remembrance of some worthy characters, which adorned them; and created their peculiar interest to me.

Impelled by grateful memory of the pleasures derived from a long course of attentive kindness, I could not but indulge this sensation here, as I have occasionally done before, but I have been cautious in avoiding a repetition of what my former works contained of this kind, even when the same ground presented itself.

I have also attempted to be brief, though explicit; nor may these little episodes be deemed altogether inappropriate, and it is probable they may introduce at times a welcome interval of variety; the impressions from which they arise remain indelible on my mind, and the spots they regard seem consecrated by the many hours of happiness they bestowed on me during those years in which the powers of observation and reflection are best seconded by those of fancy, imagination, and animation.

This circumstance must also apologize, if it is necessary, to several friends, towards whom I entertain the highest esteem and regard, for the introduction of their names, and the places of their abode, in a work which many readers may, perhaps justly, deem unworthy of that distinction.

Having thus gone over all the ground which may serve to elucidate the general plan, as well as some of the principal points contained in the subsequent sheets, I have only to commit their fate to my friends and the public, with a hope of experiencing the same partial indulgence I have before been favoured with, and accordingly proceed to describe the rivers of Great Britain, ascending northward from *the Thames* on the eastern coast of England.

CHAP. II.

Rivers of Essex northward of the Thames
—The Blackwater and Chelmer—The
Colne—The Stour—*Rivers of Suffolk and Norfolk*—The Orwell—The
Deben and the Alde—The Waveny
and Yare—*General account of the coast*
of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincoln-
shire to the Humber's Mouth—The
Great and Little Ouse—*Rivers of*
Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and
Lincolnshire—The Cam and Granta
—The Nen or Nine—The Welland
—The Witham—*Great Bay of Lynn*
Deeps and the Washes.

THE BLACKWATER and CHELMER are the first rivers of any note on the Essex coast above the *Thames*, those of the *Crouch*, and the *Bromhill*, in the fens of Essex below Rochford, being inconsiderable streams, except at their mouths.

The upper branch, which bears the name of the *Blackwater* throughout, rises near Saffron Walden, on the borders of Cambridgeshire, and flows towards the south-east, making a considerable turn at Brain-tree to the east, and then to the south-west, after which it runs nearly southward to Malden, where the *Chelmer* joins it, rising a little on the north of Thaxtead, and pursuing nearly a parallel course with the *Blackwater* to the south-east as far as Chelmsford; from whence it makes a compass towards the east to join its sister stream.

Each of these rivers finds its way through a rich and well inhabited country, but they have no great points of scenery to distinguish them, except the handsome county town of Chelmsford. The æstuary of the *Blackwater*, which is formed below Malden after the union of the two rivers, points rather to the north-east, and is very considerable.

The COLNE is a small river, pursuing a course generally to the south-east from

its rise on the borders of Suffolk, and flowing to the southward at last from Colchester to the sea. It is remarkable for nothing but a pleasant valley between Castle Headingham, and that town.

The **STOUR** of Essex rises not far from Haverhill, on the borders of Cambridge-shire, and passes with some windings in a southern or eastern direction to Sudbury, and from thence, after being joined by *the Brett* near Neyland, eastward to its mouth, dividing Essex from Suffolk, to Harwich.

This is a more considerable river than any of the former, passing through a pleasant part of the two counties it traverses. At Manningtree it receives the tide, and increasing greatly in breadth presents a beautiful object at high water to the fine seat and grounds of Mistly Thorn, the effect of which is considerably lessened by its muddy channel and contracted stream during the ebb. At Harwich it meets the *Orwell* from Ipswich, and both rivers fall into the sea

beneath the batteries of Landguard Fort, on the Suffolk shore.

The ORWELL finds its source in the centre of Suffolk, near Stow Market, pursuing a south-east direction to Ipswich, and from thence making a curve almost to the south to meet the *Stour*, opposite to Harwich.

The banks of this river are in general picturesque, and more particularly so, when it becomes an æstuary below the ancient town of Ipswich. They are then steep, beautifully fringed with wood, and adorned with several fine seats, among which Mr. Berner's delightful place of Wolverston is most conspicuous. The navigation of this channel from Ipswich Quay is delightful at high water, terminating in the point where Landguard Fort fronts the port of Harwich.

The DEBEN, the ALDE, and the BLYTH, are three small rivers penetrating through Suffolk to the German sea: the *Deben* by Woodbridge, the *Alde* by Aldborough and Orford, and the *Blyth* by Southwold.

Neither of them are attended with any remarkable features, except the long winding æstuary of the *Alde* to Orford.

The *WAVENY* and the *YARE* meet in the marshes which environ Yarmouth; the former for a considerable distance dividing Suffolk from Norfolk, as it flows towards the north-east, and the latter winding eastward through the heart of Norfolk, receiving the *Wensum* and the *Tase* near Norwich, and meeting the *Thyrn* united with the *Bure* from the north, just at the termination of its large æstuary.

The course of the *Waveny* is very pleasant by Harlestone, Bungay, and Beccles, but that of the *Yare* (except in the vicinity of Norwich) is not accompanied with much distinction and beauty. The *Wensum* passes through the centre of that great and populous city, joining the *Yare* a little below it. Those rivers, which afterwards meet these from the north, traverse in general a flat district, and the *Thyrn* forms a lake in its passage from

North Walsham, that tract being in general low, and abounding in large pools.

The coast of Essex from the mouth of the Thames, which may be fixed at the *Nore*, between Leigh in Essex, and Sheerness in Kent, receding, turns abruptly to face the east, indented by the bays formed by the *Crouch*, the *Blackwater*, and *Colne*. It then inclines rather southward, but resumes its eastward direction to its union with Suffolk, where the estuaries of the *Stour* and the *Orwell* form their gulph round the port of Harwich. The whole of this tract is flat, marshy, and unhealthy, though not uninhabited, and the land is fertile. The coast of Suffolk rises in a waving line towards the north, a little inclined to the east, by the ports of Orford, Aldborough, Dunwich, and Lowestoffe, the first part being marshy, but the latter bold and handsome. Lowestoffe is a pleasant sea-bathing place, and Yarmouth the best on this coast, being also a fine town, as well as a port of consequence. The

coast of Norfolk from thence, ascending for some distance northward through a flat, turns in a broad semicircle by the west to the south, to reach Lynn Regis, where the great bay is formed between that county and Lincolnshire, indenting the country far to the south-west. At the extremity of this recess the Lincolnshire coast projects in a point opposite to that of Hunstanton or St. Edmond's Point, in Norfolk, and ascending northward, inclines gradually to the west to the mouth of the *Humber*. This is a long tract, mostly flat, and undistinguished by any points of beauty; it is also uninhabited, having few towns or villages, but Skegness and Saltfleet are occasionally frequented for bathing.

Near the pleasant town of Cromer, the shore of Norfolk elevates itself into some fine heights, one of which is occupied by Mr. Wyndham's seat of Fellbridge; some wooded hills also near Sherringham make an agreeable variety in the landscape, and the small town of

Holt occupies an eminence, near which is Mr. Jodrell's charming spot of Bayfield in front of the little ports of Clay and Blakeney, the tower of which last is a sea mark. This county abounds in fine seats, of which Mr. Coke's at Holkham, near Wells, is the most remarkable; the house being a magnificent structure, and the place highly adorned; but the surrounding country is bare or marshy, especially towards the shore and the port of Wells. Houghton, the splendid seat of the Orford family, lies at no great distance, but has little now to boast of, except the structure, since the removal of its great collection of pictures.

The OUSE traverses a very considerable part of the midland counties of England, rising in two branches not far from Brackley and Towcester, on the borders of Northamptonshire and Oxfordshire, from whence its course is eastward, a little inclined to the north, through Buckinghamshire, joined at Newport Pagnel by a small stream from Ivinghoe in the

south; to reach Bedford it descends by many windings towards the south, and then joined by the *Hyee* from Woburn, and the *Ivel* from Biggleswade, pursues its original direction to Huntingdon, where a combination of streams from the north-west contributes to its increase. From thence the *Ouse* passes nearly eastward through the centre of the fens of Cambridgeshire, where it receives the *Cam* near Ely, from the south-west, and afterwards the *Lesser Ouse* from Woolpit and Ixworth, in the south-east, joined by the *Larke* from Bury St. Edmonds; it then inclines more and more to the north, till it falls into the great gulph of the sea between the projecting coasts of Norfolk and Lincolnshire, beneath the walls of Lynn Regis.

The *Ouse* is generally a stagnant stream, neither giving nor receiving much beauty in the great tract through which it passes, which includes some of the least interesting districts of England. Its course is uniformly dull and unim-

portant to Buckingham, nor is it at all an object from the princely territory of Stowe, which abounds in grand scenes and buildings, rather too artificially disposed, as well as too numerous.

The *Ouse* does not improve much, as it traverses the plain counties of Bedford and Huntingdon, though it adds some consequence to their capitals, being there navigable; at St. Ives it sinks into those great marshes which abound on this part of the eastern coast, through Norfolk, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, Northamptonshire, and Lincolnshire.

The *Hyee*, which meets it a little below Bedford, passes near the duke of Bedford's noble domain of Woburn Abbey, and the *Ivel* flows northward to it through a dull tract of country.

The *CAM* is composed of two branches, one of which rises on the borders of Bedfordshire, and unites with the other, which bears the classic name of the *Granta*, flowing from the confines of Essex, through the highly ornamented

grounds of Audley End. They unite near Cambridge, and then run nearly northward till the *Ouse* receives them a little below Ely.

The *Cam* receives no small portion of beauty from the academic shades of Cambridge, being crossed by bridges from most of the principal colleges, whose gardens join the public walk on its bank, which is finely planted and laid out. The stream itself is but stagnant and muddy, yet it adds something to the peculiar traits of the landscape with its several handsome stone bridges, nor do the fronts of the colleges, as they appear in succession intermixed with thick groves, any where shew themselves to such advantage. The area in front of Clare Hall, and the new building of King's College, with its superb chapel, matchless in that species of Gothic architecture, which has been called "*the improved*," exhibits one of the most striking displays in England.

The *Cam* soon afterwards sinks into

the fens, where the proud pile and towers of Ely Cathedral appear finely elevated over the level, just above the junction of the *Cam* and the *Ouse*. A dreary tract of marsh accompanies these united rivers to Downham, in Norfolk, nor does the country much improve afterwards, but the æstuary at last is very considerable, and the exit of these rivers is splendid, where the flourishing port and great trade of Lynn present a crowd of vessels.

The *NEW* or *NINE* rises in two branches on the north and south of Daventry, and pursues an eastern direction to Northampton, where it turns more towards the north, through one of the pleasantest vales in that county; from Wandesford its course is again more eastward to Peterborough, from whence it soon enters the Cambridgeshire fens, which it traverses in a north-east direction, spreading into various streams, one of which (being artificially drawn) leads to Wisbech. The Nen then divides Lincolnshire from Norfolk, as it advances

to form the wash of Cross Keys, terminating in the great gulph, where the *Ouse* discharges itself a few miles on the south-east of the *Nen*.

The first part of this river is through a delightful country, and its character is that of a gentle but full stream, flowing in placid beauty between enamelled meadows, through a tract abundant in towns, villages, and fine seats. Northampton, one of the most elegant and ornamented county towns in England, graces its early course, and its banks are lined with fine seats from thence to Wellingborough, among which Castle Ashby makes a conspicuous figure. This county abounds in villages, and handsome spires start up in every quarter; it is also distinguished by large forests, among which that of Rockingham is the most considerable, covering almost all the space from the *Welland* to the *Nen*, near Thrapston and Oundle on the latter river. Wandesford presents a long bridge to the north road, which is celebrated by the romantic

story of a man floated from the higher districts of Northamptonshire down the river on a hay-cock where he was sleeping, in consequence of a summer flood; and stopped by its arches; his surprise on awaking, and his extraordinary preservation, form the interesting part of the story; but many think it altogether fabulous, though it has given a sign to an excellent inn on the Huntingdonshire side of the bridge. The country afterwards becomes far more level, though yet distinguished by a range of green meadows, and some elevated grounds on the Northamptonshire bank, where lord Fitzwilliam's fine old seat of Milton covers a long waving ridge with its plantations. Soon afterwards, the majestic pile of Peterborough Cathedral exalts itself above its city with great grandeur, below which the *Nen* becomes lost in those immense fens which cover the extensive level before described, interspersed with large pools of water, of which *Whittlesea Meer* is the greatest.

All these abound in wild fowl, and decoys are frequent in this district; those rare and delicate birds also, called the Ruff and Ree, are found here, and trained with considerable expence and difficulty. Wisbech may be called the port of the *Nen*, being singularly constructed after the manner of those of Holland, with rows of trees on each side of its wide streets, the broad muddy channel of the modern river occupying the centre, and the ancient channel flowing somewhat southward through the fens.

The WELLAND finds its source in a gentle range of hills between Lutterworth and Harborough, and divides Northamptonshire from Leicestershire, Rutland and Lincolnshire in a direction inclining mostly to the north-east; it then turns directly north, crossing the fens, and meets the Glen from Bourne just where the mouth of these two rivers forms the wash of Fosdyke, which falls into the great gulph considerably northward of that of Cross Keys.

The *Welland* being less than the *Nen*, does not equal it fully in the beauty of its course, yet it traverses a fine plain between Harborough and Rockingham, distinguished with some bold hills, and well sprinkled with villages. Carlton, the hospitable mansion of Sir John Palmer, covers one of the eminences, who has lately rebuilt his church in a very handsome Gothic taste; and on the opposite hill, in Leicestershire, Mr. Nevill's old collegiate house of Holt displays itself, where is found a celebrated mineral water. Rockingham castle also, the ancient seat of Lord Sondes, overlooks the *Welland* from its high terrace, backed by a finely-wooded park; and as this river approaches Rutland, the vale contracts itself, the hills becoming higher, one of which is crowned with the spire of Uppingham. The great forest of Rockingham covers all the Northamptonshire side with its abundant woods, which are formed into large ridings to embellish the various fine seats contained within

its confines, among which Boughton, Dean, Kirby, and Drayton, are the principal. Advancing forward with *the Welland*, the two high towers of Collyweston and Easton, with the venerable ruin of Worthorop, mark the Northamptonshire termination of the vale, and the spire of Ketton starts up pleasantly amidst the meadows of Rutland. The numerous steeples and towers of Stamford rise in almost collegiate grandeur to grace the entrance of Lincolnshire, and the princely pile of Burghley in the midst of its highly-ornamented territory adorns the Northamptonshire bank, appearing itself a town. Majestic avenues of old trees, and almost numberless young plantations cover the encircling eminences, within which all the art of Browne has been happily expended, and the highest powers of architecture and painting bestowed to decorate this splendid domain of the Earls of Exeter, ever renowned for the most liberal encouragement of the arts, and the most impressive display of

British hospitality. The present lord, now advanced to the dignity of a marquis, is increasing the park, and building two appropriate lodges with great taste. The *Welland* soon afterwards sinks into the Fens of Lincolnshire below Deeping, and passing near the grand monastic ruin of Crowland abbey, arrives at its port of Spalding, built after the Dutch fashion like Wisbech, soon after which it reaches the sea. The *Chater* joins it at Ketton, rising in the forest of Liffeld on the borders of Leicestershire, and the *Guash* falls into it a little below Stamford, forming the pleasant vale of Catmose in its passage, in which the town and spire of Okeham, its capital, encircled by numerous villages, are proudly overlooked by the Earl of Winchelsea's elevated palace of Burley on the Hill, the court-yard of which is the most splendid in England. Both these rivers traverse the whole of the little county of Rutland, moving chiefly in an eastward direction. The *Glean*, which joins the *Welland* in

the fens at the extremity of its course, pursues nearly the same line, and is remarkable for nothing but the fine woods and extensive domain of Grimthorpe castle, belonging to the Duke of Ancaster, which one branch of it contributes to adorn.

The WITHAM rises near a village of that name, about ten miles north of Stamford, and pursues a line deviating but a little from the north by Grantham to Lincoln; it then turns eastward, and joined by a stream from the wolds in the north, proceeds southward through the fens to Tattershall, where it is met by the *Bain* from Horncastle, and afterwards to Boston, soon falling into the great bay between Lincolnshire and Norfolk, at the mouth of Fosseydyke Wash.

The course of this river is not so striking as that of either of the two last, but its banks at first are not unpleasant; it passes also several considerable objects in the high spire of Grantham, Lord Brownlow's neighbouring seat at Bel-

ton, and that of Sir John Thorold at Syston. Its approach to Lincoln is very remarkable, whose magnificent cathedral covers the summit of a high mount, rising in three lofty towers, two of which are crowned with spires, from which the city descends in a steep street to the bridge. The *Witham*, even in the centre of the most dreary fens, is graced with the bold ruin of Tattershall castle, and the elegant Gothic pile of Boston church, from whose lofty tower the prospect is nearly boundless over the immense levels which encompass it, where the churches are almost too numerous to be counted, and where the distant cathedrals of Peterborough and Lincoln are at once visible. The *Witham* is defended against the incursions of the sea by a curiously-constructed sluice, just before it reaches Boston, which is a well built town, and may be called the principal port of this vast tract, possessing a considerable trade. This is the last of those numerous streams,

which contribute to form the great gulph between Lincolnshire and Norfolk, the deeps of Boston being at its mouth, nearly opposite to those of Lynn, across the bay. The two washes of *Cross Keys* and *Fossdyke* penetrate into the country near its centre, at the mouths of the *Nen* and the *Welland*, over the sands of which a dangerous road is pursued at low water, near the little town of Holbech, on each side of which a small stream flows towards the sea. The coast of Lincolnshire, north of Boston, is not distinguished by any memorable streams to the mouth of the *Humber*, the rivers which reach the sea at Wainfleet and Saltfleet being inconsiderable, though the latter is navigable to Louth.

CHAP. III.

The Trent, and its various component streams, viz. the Blythe, the Tame, the Dove, the Derwent, the Soar, the Erwash, and the Idle.—The Ancholme of Lincolnshire.—The three divisions of that county into the Wolds, the Heath, and the Fens, with a general account of the two former, the latter having been before noticed in describing its pervading rivers.

THE TRENT. We are now arrived at a river, far superior in consequence and character to most in England, and inferior perhaps to none, except the *Thames*; whose leading features it may be said to imitate in the attendant circumstances of a clear stream and a bold current, though the *Trent* exceeds the *Thames* generally in rapidity, yet without partaking at all in the nature of a torrent.

This river pervades some of the most fertile districts of the kingdom, its proper rise being in the hills beyond Newcastle-under-Line in Staffordshire, adjoining to the borders of Cheshire. Its course is at first nearly south-east, making a sudden turn by the east to the north between Wolsley bridge, Burton, and Swarkeston, from whence it divides Leicestershire from Derbyshire, penetrating also through the centre of Nottinghamshire in a north-east direction, which inclines gradually more and more to the north, with various windings, as the *Trent* separates Nottinghamshire from Lincolnshire. At length it reaches the borders of Yorkshire some miles above Gainsborough, and joins with the æstuary of the *Northern Ouse* to form the *Humber*.

The *Trent* is generally a full transparent stream, gliding in silver beauty between rich meadows, and through populous districts, but it no where (except when increased by floods) resembles the torrents of the north, whose origin is

mountainous. Its early course, from the busy town of Newcastle, and the surrounding hills covered with potteries (among which Mr. Wedgwood has established his Etruria), is graced by the highly ornamented domain of Trentham, where art has judiciously swelled it into a lake, so as almost entirely to fill the level part of the park, beneath a high spreading hill covered with oaks from its summit to the very margin of the water, and bounding the rich lawn, on which the stately mansion of the place is situated. Soon afterwards, the *Trent* meets the numerous canals which abound in the neighbouring manufacturing districts, and frequently follow a course parallel with it through the pleasant valley it forms by Stone to the charming spot where the little bridge of Wolsley crosses it beneath the spiral eminences of its wild park, connected with those of the adjoining chase of Cannock.

Lord Uxbridge's superb seat of Beaudesert includes some of the most striking

scenery in this forest-like district, and Mr. Anson, close to the *Trent*, has covered the valley and its adjoining hills with the ornamental buildings and plantations of Shuckbergh. Making its sweep to the north, the *Trent* now forms a larger vale, intersected by parallel canals, passing through Sir Nigel Gresley's grounds at Drakelow, to the old bridge at the extremity of the long town of Burtōn, and afterwards beneath the extensive plantations of Foremark, and the wooded park and terrace of Castle Donnington to Cavendish and Sawley bridges. Having now received the *Blythe*, the *Tame*, the *Soar*, the *Dove*, the *Derwent*, and the *Erwash*, most of which influence its changes of direction, the *Trent* becomes a very considerable river, as it advances through a range of flowery meadows, bounded by high tufted hills, and checquered with villages, to the spreading rock on which the opulent town of Nottingham presents its bold semicircle to the south, one horn of

which is crowned with the castle, and the other with the Gothic church of that place. It flows afterwards through a rich vale, with the hills of the forest of Sherwood on the left, in a hollow of which the antient collegiate church and town of Southwell, appear from the banks of the *Trent*, which divides itself into two channels before it reaches the handsome town of Newark. One of these washes the walls of that place, the other passing by Kelham, at the end of a long connecting cause-way, over which the north road is carried. The rich Gothic spire of Newark, and its ruined castle, are striking objects when viewed from Kelham-house, the large mansion of the Manners Sutton family. A broad plain now extends itself around the *Trent*, abundant in population and villages, but gradually declining in beauty, as it becomes more level, in which the two branches unite, but the surrounding flat seldom allows the *Trent* to be distinguished. Vessels of some size, with the assistance of the

tide, navigate it to Gainsborough, where it is crossed by a magnificent stone bridge, smaller craft having floated down its stream, from its early junction with the Staffordshire canals. It then divides a range of fens, without any distinguishing feature, till it makes a bold junction with the *Ouse* of Yorkshire, combining to form the grand æstuary of the *Humber*, and adding much thereto by its extensive trade and its large concourse of tributary waters.

Numerous are the auxiliary streams which contribute to increase the *Trent*, and their characters differ from each other.

The *Blythe* is the first of any note, rising a few miles eastward of the *Trent*, and pursuing nearly a parallel course to its junction with that river near King's Bromley, the *Sow* from Eccleshall and the *Peak* from Penkridge, having fallen into it some miles higher near Stafford, after their union with each other. The *Blythe* has no particular feature, except

lord Bagot's seat, and finely wooded park of Blithefield.

The *Tame* rises in two branches not far from Coleshill in Warwickshire, flowing northward to its junction with the *Trent* some miles above Burton; its course is short, and it has nothing but the castle of Tamworth, on a steep rock above its town, to distinguish it. The city of Litchfield, with its rich Gothic cathedral, lies a few miles westward of the junction.

The *Dove* rises in the rocky hills of the peak of Derbyshire, afterwards dividing for the most part that county from Staffordshire, and with various windings pursues a line very little inclined to the eastward from the south, till it falls into the *Trent* below Burton.

The *Dove* differs greatly from all the streams I have hitherto described, approaching more nearly in quality and appearance to those rivers of North and South Wales, which derive their sources from a mountainous origin, of which it

may properly be said to present a miniature. In the early part of its course it forms the beautifully romantic dell of Dove Dale, winding between almost perpendicular hills fringed with wood, and abounding in bold projecting rocks, which often turn the torrent from its course. This spot is frequently visited by the curious traveller, and numerous parties are formed during the summer to employ a day pleasantly in exploring its recesses. The *Dove*, emerging from the hollows under the pyramidal mountain of *Thorpe Cloud* soon receives the *Manyfold*, issuing from the subterraneous caves it forms in the delightful gardens of Ilam, which (together with the paintings of Okeover in its neighbourhood) frequently attracts the curious. Much increased by this accession, the river is crossed by a long picturesque bridge in a most romantic spot within a mile of the town of Ashborne, whose high spire first leads the eye to a place which far excels most country towns in

the beauty of its situation, and the select charms of its society.

After this, the *Dove* forms a narrow valley in its winding course, adorned with some of the most pleasing points of rural and pastoral attraction, intermixed with various handsome seats and villages, in the course of which it is joined by the *Charnet* from below Leek and the borders of Cheshire.

This vale expands considerably at Uttoxeter, and from thence to Sudbury, where the river flows pleasantly between the wild wooded hills of Needwood forest, and the respectable old mansion of lord Vernon, backed by the swelling lawns of its park. A wider plain succeeds, distinguished by the bold hill on which the memorable ruin of Tutbury Castle displays itself with striking effect; beneath which the *Dove* flows, hastening to join the *Trent* near Burton, first crossed by the Staffordshire canal.

The *Derwent*, rising in the almost mountainous district of the high peak of

Derbyshire, nearly on the borders of Yorkshire, pursues a direction mostly parallel with the *Dove*, to Derby in the southern part of the county, where it turns rather eastward to meet the *Trent* near Sawley, on the borders of Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire.

The *Derwent* is a larger river than the *Dove*, partaking of the same hilly origin, and exhibiting the same romantic character, with some peculiar and extraordinary features. Various small torrents soon increase it in the dreary and savage waste which incloses its spring, and one of these flows directly from the noted cavern of Castleton, where it bursts into light under an immense natural arch, after its long subterraneous passage, fertilizing the little valley of Hope in its way. Another little rivulet forms in its descent the curious hollow of Middleton Dale, through which the great road from Buxton passes, where the traveller is surprised with piles of rocks rising in successive clusters, so as to imitate the arti-

ficial formation of pillars, impending solemnly over his winding descent, and creating perpetual surprise as their heights increase.

The little picturesque village of Middleton is at the bottom of this pass, similar to which, but more precipitous and rapid, is one into the vale of Castleton from Chapel in Frith, and there are others of the same nature in this curious line of country. Soon after it emerges from its native wilds, the *Derwent* forms the principal ornament of the superb territory of Chatterworth, where various works in different ages, of ancient and modern magnificence, have been successfully created, though its enlargement, and the formation of the lawns which surround it in the park, together with the plantations which cover all the neighbouring hills, indicate most strongly the matchless art of Browne.

Soon after this river quits Chatterworth, it is joined by the *Wye*, descending from the bare and bleak heights

heights which environ the melancholy spot occupied by Buxton, where Hygæa has created her palace-like temple, in a position which would hardly have attracted the public influx of company but for the aid of her salutary spring.

The *Wye* has some trifling falls in this neighbourhood, and after its descent from the upper region, passes by the neat town of Bakewell, and Haddon Hall, the ancient, but deserted seat of the Rutland family, in its way to join the *Derwent*.

Both rivers, thus united, traverse the delightful dale of Darley, environed by fertility, and encompassed by bold hills, till a sudden turn ingulfs their channel in those chains of lofty rocks fringed with wood, which enclose in their winding recesses the justly-admired position of the baths of Matlock.

Independent of the merit to be attributed to these springs, the extraordinary stripe of romantic beauty which environs them must create a peculiar interest in

Matlock, which, though far inferior to the greater displays of Wales, our northern lakes, and Scotland, are yet perhaps the most pleasing *epitome* of this kind of landscape that can be found in so short a compass, though not insimilar in that respect to the rocks of St. Vincent, near Bristol.

The *Derwent* by its rapidity and occasional shallows, seems to partake in the nature of the country it now passes through, from whence it emerges through a high portal of rocks at Cromford, where the late sir Richard Arkwright established some considerable manufactures near the palace-like house he built for himself; it afterwards forms several deep valleys in a tract abounding in collieries, and their consequent population, and at length enters a finely-featured vale, adorned with the picturesque village and spire of Duffield, where the barren moors begin to recede, and cultivation assumes a more smiling appearance.

On a gentle elevation above the river stands Darley Hall, the pleasant seat of Mr. Holden, which that amiable veteran has adorned with much taste and elegance, and where he closes a well-spent life with cheerful society, acts of beneficence, and the most engaging hospitality, wherein I have often participated. Surrounded by well-placed plantations, his house commands the lofty Gothic tower of Derby church behind a thick grove, to great advantage, a hanging bank of wood concealing the upper part of the town on the right, and the distant hills of Charnwood forest in Leicestershire, forming a bold back-ground in front, while the *Derwent* flows pleasantly beneath through a range of meadows to its handsome stone bridge below Derby.

The town of Derby is well inhabited by many respectable families, and stands in a delightful vale, a little elevated above the *Derwent*; a small stream passes through the town to join it from the north-west, which is swelled into a con-

siderable lake to adorn the finely-wooded park and magnificent house of Kedleston, near which also is a mineral bath, and a house of public resort belonging to it, pleasantly situated.

Marston also, the large seat of Mr. Mundy, covers the bank of this little stream, with its grounds and plantations. Nothing memorable attends the further course of the *Derwent*, as it soon enters the wide plain formed by the *Trent* on the border of Leicestershire, and loses itself in that great river.

The *Soar* rises not far from Hinckley in Leicestershire, and flows towards the north-east through that county to Leicester, where it turns to the north to meet soon after the *Wreak* from the confines of Rutland, and then inclines to the north-west, passing near Loughborough to join the *Trent* a little below Cavendish bridge, and at a short distance from the mouth of the *Derwent*.

The course of this river being through a rich grazing country, there are no pe-

gular points of beauty which distinguish it, beyond those which the fertility of its environs creates. It more than half encompasses the ancient town of Leicester, whose three spires appear to form a triangle when viewed from its banks, washing also the walls of Leicester Abbey, where Wolsey finished his life. The abrupt rock, over-hanging the *Soar*, at the long ill-paved town of Mountsorrell, is an extraordinary feature in so level a country. The vale through which the *Wreak* passes from Melton Mowbray, is rather stronger in its features, than that which accompanies the *Soar*.

The *Erwash* forms the division of Derbyshire from Nottinghamshire during most part of its short course; it descends southward from the coal countries near Alfreton, and falls into the *Trent* a little below the *Derwent*, but is unmarked by any particular character.

The *Idle* is formed by several small streams issuing from the upper parts of

the sandy district of Sherwood forest, contributing to adorn the extensive parks of Welbeck, Clumber, and Thoresby, in that outline; its course is north-east through the forest, then north by Rutland to Bawtrey, and then again inclining towards the east to meet the *Trent* at the entrance of the Isle of Axholme, beyond which the stream called the *Old River Don* advances at the edge of the fens, almost parallel with the *Trent*, but not reaching it till near its mouth.

The *Idle* is a dull sluggish river, without any thing remarkable, except where it is improved by art; this is the last of all the streams which contribute to enlarge the *Trent*.

THE ANCHOLME is a small river in the wolds of Lincolnshire, rising not far from Market Raisin, and flowing northward by Glandford bridge, from whence it is navigable to the Humber, some miles below the junction of the *Trent*. This stream itself merits but little notice, but the country through which it flows is

worthy of observation, as constituting one of the great divisions of Lincolnshire.

This extensive tract of the Wolds stretches out from Lincoln northward to Barton, and forms a ridge across some intermediate vallies, highly elevated above the level adjoining to the sea coast, and terminating in the fens near Spilsby. Louth, famous for its lofty and beautiful spire, is the principal town in this quarter, which by no means abounds in population and villages, being a downish tract, chiefly remarkable for its fine sheep feed.

Brocklesby Park, in the midst of the extensive domains of lord Yarborough, occupies the centre of this district, on the highest point of which his lordship has built a superb chapel and mausoleum in a very exquisite Grecian taste, adorned with appropriate statues and marbles from Italy; this building from its position commands the whole surrounding country, with the port of Hull across the

Humber most comprehensively, forming also a sea-mark, nor is it less to be admired for the elegance of its design and execution.

Thornton College is a curious remnant of antiquity in this neighbourhood, founded in the reign of king Stephen, great part of which is yet preserved, with some modern additions.

The *fens* of Lincolnshire exhibit the second division of that large county, which has been described sufficiently in treating of its rivers, but the third portion (entitled the *Heath*) has not yet been mentioned, as the *Witham* is the only stream of note which traverses it, and that only partially. This tract is now much inclosed, extending southward from Lincoln to Ancaster, between two ridges, one of which covered with villages fronts the west over Nottinghamshire, and the other overlooks the great level of the fens to the east.

Numerous are the villages on this side under the ridge, in the midst of which

Mr. Chaplin has surrounded his handsome seat at Blankney with extensive plantations, and carried the improvements of agriculture and drainage far into the adjoining fens, with great spirit as well as judgment. Surrounded here by a numerous and amiable family, he exhibits the truly estimable character (too rare, alas! at present) of an English country gentleman, of high family and fortune, living with great credit to himself and utility to the public, on his own territory.

CHAP. IV.

Congress of the Rivers of Yorkshire, which unite with the Trent and Ancholme to form the Humber—The Don, The Calder, The Aire, The Wharfe, The Nidd, The Ure, The Swale, forming at last The Northern Ouse, which combines all these streams—Junction of The Derwent from the North-East—Grand Æstuary of The Humber produced by the general union—Cursory description of Yorkshire, from the mouth of The Humber to The Tees of Durham.

THE DON rises in the high moors of Yorkshire, adjoining to Derbyshire, not far from the dismal hamlet and public house of Wood-End, at the junction of four roads in that dreary waste. It takes a south-eastern line to Sheffield, and then turns to the north-east by Rotherham to

Doncaster; soon after which it alters its course to the north at Thorne, and then to the north-east again, joined by *The Went*, from the interior of the West-Riding, to meet the *Northern Ouse* at Goole in one branch, and *the Aire* below Snaith in another.

Except among the moors which form its source, *The Don* is not a rapid river, and the first part of its course only is through a wild country. The great manufactures of Sheffield and Rotherham flourish on its banks, and cover all the adjoining country with their works. The vale it forms to Doncaster is extremely beautiful, and ornamented with many fine seats; the hills also above Rotherham, towards the north, are covered with the spreading plantations, splendid mansion, and high ornamental buildings of Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth. The terrace in Mrs Finch's finely wooded park at Thrybergh, commands the vale in great perfection; and a little lower, the picturesque ruin of Connisburgh Castle on

a high wooded rock, is nearly encompassed by the river. Doncaster is one of the handsomest country towns in England; situated at the extremity of this charming vale, and the Gothic fabric of its church is justly admired. *The Don* afterwards sinks into that extensive flat which environs the Ouse, passing under Lord Downe's large seat of Cowick, near the small town of Snaith; the lower of its two channels appears to be a navigable cut, and is called the Dutch river.

THE CALDER takes its source on the borders of Lancashire not far from Burnley, pursuing a course nearly eastward to Wakefield, with manifold windings; after which it turns rather to the north, till it joins *the Aire* near Ferrybridge, at the village of Castleford.

This river is more rapid than *the Don*, and is intersected by various canals in the manufacturing countries it passes through, which form a junction between the eastern and western seas, across the kingdom from Liverpool to Hull. It rises in the

moors, and flows through a populous and romantic district, leaving the flourishing town of Huddersfield on the right; it passes under Wakefield afterwards, and forms a fine curve to its junction with *the Aire*, near Sir Rowland Wynn's great house at Nostall.

THE AIRE rises from a small lake in the great moors, not far from the source of *the Ribble* of Lancashire, and somewhat on the north-east of Settle; descending through Aire-dale, to form the district of Craven in its course to the south-east, which it pursues as far as Leeds. It then turns nearly eastward, and meeting *the Calder*, passes under Ferrybridge, thence traversing the flat of Yorkshire, a little north of Snaith, where it receives *the Don*, and soon joins *the Ouse*, a little above Booth Ferry, near Howden.

The Aire is longer than *The Calder*, and much its superior in navigation, being also joined by numerous canals from the west. Its origin is almost mountain-

ous, in the midst of the wildest moors, and Aire-dale partakes strongly in the nature of that line of country. The district of Craven is singularly romantic, being a rich vale, bounded by high hills, with the town of Skipton in its centre, below which it forms a beautiful valley to Keighley, full of trade and population; it passes by the ruin of Kirkstall Abbey in its way to Leeds, all the manufactures and villas of which flourish on its banks, after which it divides one of the richest plains in the kingdom to Ferrybridge, not far from the eminence where the town of Pontefract is situated, remarkable for its ruined castle and church, as well as its plantations of liquorice. Ferrybridge is a charming spot, with an admirable inn at its foot, but *the Aire* can boast little beauty afterwards, as it advances through an undistinguished level to join *The Ouse*, not far from *The Don*.

THE WHARFE rises in the moors of Yorkshire, considerably northward of *The*

Aire, joined by the little stream which forms Langther Dale, and pursuing a course a little deviating from the south, towards the east, till turned by the high hills of Rombald's moor, it flows eastward by Otley to Weatherby, where it again turns to the south-east to Tadcaster, and joins *the Ouse* near Cawood.

The Wharfe is not equal in size to *the Aire*, but infinitely more rapid, which restrains its navigation. Wharfe-dale is a wild district, but the valley afterwards formed by Otley to Weatherby, is uncommonly beautiful. The view from the hill called Otley-Shiven is striking in the extreme, and some part of the great territory of Harewood commands this valley happily. At Weatherby, *the Wharfe* is yet a mountain torrent, and still more so at the romantic spot where the spring of Thorp-Arch attracts the public. It is little worthy of notice afterwards, as it sinks into the level below Tadcaster, nor is there now any thing striking at Cawood Palace, which was once so splendid.

The NIDD rises in Nitherdale forest, in the moors bounding the north-riding of Yorkshire, forming, like the other rivers of this country, its appropriate dale ; its course is rather more eastward than that of *the Wharfe*, and it inclines almost to the north from Ribston to meet *the Ouse*.

The Nidd has all the rapidity of a mountainous stream, and preserves that character to the last, exhibiting many peculiar scenes of romantic beauty. From Pateley Bridge, not far from its origin, it buries itself between deep hollows through Niddesdale, leaving Ripley on the left, and dashing over a rough bed of red rock to reach Knaresborough. Scriven Park, the seat of Sir Thomas Slingsby, and the respectable mansion of Yorkshire hospitality, occupies a fine position here, and is remarkable for its well-judged approach, winding through a thick plantation, till it reaches the lawn before the house. From one of the heights of this park, the windings of *the Nidd* appear to great ad-

vantage, as they pass round Sir John Coghill's picturesque grounds in the hollow below, and more than half encompass the bold rock on which the ancient town of Knaresborough, and the fragments of its castle hang suspended. A thick wood covers the opposite steep bank, at the extremity of which is that singular natural curiosity called the dropping well. This part of the country abounds in objects worthy of a traveller's attention; the grounds of Plumpton, where wood, water, and rock are most singularly intermixed, being contiguous; and the sulphureous springs of Harrogate on its wild heath, now the most crowded resort of gaiety in the north, not far distant. After passing the three bridges of Knaresborough, *the Nidd* exchanges its deep hollows for a rich plain, distinguished by several seats, in which it meets *the Ouse*.

THE YORE OR URE finds its source on the borders of Westmoreland, in the northern moors of Yorkshire, flowing first

eastward, and then inclining a little to the south to Rippon, from whence it turns again more eastward to Boroughbridge and Aldborough, soon after which it receives *the Swale* from Richmond, both these rivers forming *the Ouse*.

The Ure, like the rivers lately described, is produced by a very rugged district, which at the head of Ure-dale, may be called even mountainous; in its passage through Wensley-dale afterwards, near Askrigg, it assumes the rapidity of a mountain torrent, fed by cataracts from the hills, and sometimes falling itself from a considerable height. Wensley-dale itself is a charming stripe of fertility environed by high moors, some of which start forward into the vale in the boldest shapes, one being crowned with the ruin of Bolton Castle. Askrigg occupies the head, Middleham, with its castle, the centre, and Masham the extremity of this valley; after which *the Ure* becomes engulfed within higher hills covered with woods, and protruding in bold rocks,

forming a grand sweep, and roaring over a rocky bed in front of the romantic steep grounds, wooded heights, and cataracts of Hackfall. The proud display of Studley Royal, including the superb ruins of Fountain's Abbey, covers the neighbouring hills with the extended domain of its park, and highly-ornamented gardens; both these places, with the great estates surrounding them, belonging to the same amiable owner, Mrs. Allanson, whom ill health, alas! has long prevented from visiting them. *The Ure* passes northward of the neat town of Rippon, whose ancient minster appears to great advantage, when viewed from the high terrace of Studley; and Newby Hall, the repository of the late Mr Weddell's curious collection of statues, occupies a flat above *the Ure*, which now enters the great level of Yorkshire as it approaches Borough-bridge (where the north road crosses it over a handsome stone bridge), and the neighbouring town of Aldborough, both of which abound in antiquities.

THE SWALE rises somewhat northward of *the Ure*, in the same wild range of moors, not far from Kirkby Stephen in Westmoreland. Its course is at first to the south-east, but it afterwards turns to the north-east to Richmond, from whence it pursues nearly its original direction to its junction with *the Ure*.

Though less than *the Ure*, this river is equally rapid, and Swale-dale is one of the most romantic districts in England, surrounded by the wildest hills. Few views are more strikingly picturesque than those of this river, from the castle and church-yard of Richmond, which fine old town occupying the summit of a steep cliff, exhibits a striking object to the surrounding country. Even after it descends into the great plain of Yorkshire, flowing through Catterick bridge, where the Edinburgh road by Carlisle crosses it; *the Swale* preserves much of its original rapidity till it becomes united with *the Ure*.

THE NORTHERN OUSE is formed by

the junction of *the Ure* and *the Swale*, taking that name first near the village of Ouse-burn below Alborough. Its course is nearly south-east to York, south to Ca-wood, where it turns with *the Wharfe* again to the south-east, and pursues that direction with various windings, till it meets *the Trent*, and constitutes *the Humber*.

The Ouse differs materially from the streams which contribute to form it, all their rapidity being lost at the time of their junction, as it does not assume its name till both *the Ure* and *the Swale*, its first component rivers, have long traversed the great plain of Yorkshire. It is a dull sluggish stream, like *the Ouse* of Bedfordshire, neither contributing to adorn the surrounding country, nor receiving any beauty from it. A great city, abundant navigation, and various ports, with some striking remnants of Gothic architecture, must here supply the want of romantic scenery, and a picturesque landscape. *The Nidd* joins *the Ouse* at

Monkton, a few miles before it reaches York, the second city in England in rank, though inferior to many in trade and population. Its magnificent Cathedral, being the largest in England, and in the richest stile of the ornamented Gothic, appears like a vast ship at sea, when viewed across the almost boundless levels which encompass it. *The Ouse* is here crossed by an ancient stone bridge, below which the navigation becomes very considerable, and the numerous churches of York, with the high buildings of its castle, lie spread along its northern bank for a great extent. The flat degenerates into a low sandy level, in some parts partaking of the nature of a fen, after the river has passed the handsome palace of Bishopthorpe, and advanced to Cawood, where *the Wharfe* joins it. At Selby, a neat town of considerable trade, a very curious wooden bridge is thrown over *the Ouse*, which is so constructed as to turn upon grooves of iron, for the purpose of allowing the

passage of large vessels. Selby church is a fine specimen of the ornamented Gothic, but that of Howden, about a mile northward of the river, though most part of it is in ruins, is greatly its superior; the tower, in particular, is one of the highest and richest in England, and the view it commands over the extensive flat which surrounds it, is almost without end. This may be called the sink of Yorkshire, the country (though enclosed) being deep and occasionally sandy, almost without a mole-hill to distinguish it, except where the moors are faintly visible at a great distance, skirting the western horizon, the Wolds near Market Weighton and Beverley, appearing somewhat nearer in the north-east, and the high grounds of Lincolnshire beyond the Trent in the south-east. Through this immense, and uninteresting flat, *the Ouse* rolls its broad muddy stream in various windings without beauty, being crossed by several inconvenient ferries, which form the only communication over it below Selby. It

receives *the Aire* above Howden, and soon afterwards is considerably increased by the accession of *the Derwent* from the north, which is produced by the union of three streams originating in the eastern moors not far from Pickering, and Helmsley, one of which washes the sequestered walls of Rivaulx abbey, flowing beneath the proud terraces of Duncombe park. Lord Carlisle's grand display of Castle Howard lies a few miles westward of this stream, which enters the Wolds, having then united its branches, at the neat town of Malton, and descends through them southward, falling into the great level about six miles eastward of York, and meeting *the Ouse*, now considerably increased in width, a few miles before its great junction with *the Trent*.

THE HUMBER is thus constituted, that most considerable æstuary in the north of England, uniting so many great streams, and transporting such various articles of commerce to and from the western side of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Nature now,

as if invited by this broad sheet of water, exalts itself from the level it had reposed in, and the rival shores of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, rise for a while into bold hills, from which this great arm of the sea is finely overlooked. Hessle, from whence a ferry is constituted to Barton, occupies a charming eminence, and the drive from thence across the hills, towards the Wolds, is delightfully pleasant; commanding the handsome town of Beverley, with its elegant Gothic minster in a rich vale below, and the flourishing port of Hull, whose fine old church, and numerous buildings, appear enveloped in smoke, and encompassed with a crowd of shipping, while the whole expanse between Yorkshire and Lincolnshire is filled by the broad mirror of the Humber. The little *River Hull*, descending from the eastern edge of the Wolds, not far below Driffild, and flowing southward principally, contributes to form the port at its junction with *the Humber*, which is admirably constructed, the town accord-

ingly bearing the name of Kingston upon Hull. Below this place the country again sinks into a level, intermixed with fens; the shores of the Humber receding considerably from each other, after narrowing for a while at its turn to the south-east, where Holderness, in Yorkshire, with its two towns of Headon and Patrington, extends over a large tract of level country, distinguished for its fertility, and marked by the two secluded towns before mentioned. At the extremity of this district, it contracts into a small neck of land, forming a curve in the sea towards the south-west, which spreading into a little circular peninsula, bears the name of Spurnhead, and is crowned with a light-house, immediately opposite to the port of Grimsby in Lincolnshire, so reaching the mouth of *the Humber*. Sunk island is formed amidst the sands on the Yorkshire side.

The coast of Yorkshire, from its extreme southern point, does not elevate itself at all from the level just described,

till it has passed the little port of Hornsea, and approaches the quay of Bridlington, now become a fashionable sea-bathing place. The Wolds here advance towards the coast, and soon start forward in the high promontory of Flamborough Head, whose white perpendicular cliffs protrude themselves far into the German ocean, forming a beacon to this part of the Yorkshire coast. Scarborough, the gay resort of the north during the summer season, lies somewhat higher, being remarkable for the boldness of its shore, and the height of the cliffs on which its castle, not unlike that of Dover, is placed.

A range of bleak and barren moors, interspersed with a few narrow stripes of fertility, extends over the whole country, north of Scarborough, to the coast, one deep hollow of which, formed by a small river, is occupied by the port of Whitby, united by a draw-bridge. The abbey on the top of the hill to the south, is a no-

ble ruin, and the new buildings on the upper part of the town, to the north, are handsome, commanding a fine sea-view. Uninterrupted moors extend again to the north, till they sink into the pleasant and fertile district of Cleveland, bounded by a variety of bold hills, of which the pyramidical height of Rosemary-topping is most conspicuous. Stockesley, a place of considerable trade, and Guiseborough, with the fine remains of its abbey, surrounded by well-formed walks, are the two towns in this charming tract, which abounds also in seats and villages, opening to the sea in several hollows. Towards the northern extremity of the coast, as it turns towards the west from Whitby, the little ports of Redcar and Cottam are pleasantly situated, commanding great part of the opposite shore of Durham, beyond Hartlepool, which place, with its high church, here forms a conspicuous object, stretching far into the large bay formed opposite to Yorkshire. Near

the centre of this expanse, the large *River Tees* makes its exit with great dignity, dividing the counties of Yorkshire and Durham, and bearing the trade of Stockton, which is its only port, into the German ocean.

CHAPTER V.

Rivers of Durham—The Tees, The Wear, and The Derwent, Coast of Durham—Rivers of Northumberland—The Tyne, The Blythe, The Coquet, The Alne, and The Till—Coast of Northumberland—Boundary Rivers between England and Scotland—The Tiviot and The Tweed.

THE TEES rises in those vast moors which separate Yorkshire from Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland. Its course is at first rather inclined to the south-east, but beneath Darlington it turns abruptly to the north-east, and falls into the sea below Stockton in Durham, which may be called its port.

The mountains from which *the Tees* derives its origin, are gigantic, and Teesdale presents a long winding stripe of fer-

tility, surrounded by some of the wildest districts in the kingdom. This extraordinary valley is more than thirty miles in length, well sprinkled with villages, with the little town of Middleton near its centre, and Barnard Castle at its eastern extremity. The river itself assimilates throughout with its external attendants, of rocks, moors, and mountains, being broad, shallow, and rapid, frequently ravaging the valley with its inundations, and precipitating itself in vast cataracts. It is here crossed by an extraordinary foot bridge suspended by iron chains, after which, buried within deep rocks, and steep wooded banks, it almost encircles the ancient town of Barnard Castle, dashing through its long bridge beneath the walls of its castle; afterwards it enters a deep dell beneath the Abbey of Egglestone, tearing its way with rapidity through the rich domain of Rokeby, below which it receives *the Greta* from Yorkshire, and another small stream from the moors of Durham, forming a fine

feature in the highly ornamented territory which surrounds the majestic walls and towers of Raby Castle, and the elegantly-disposed grounds of Mr. Wane at Sellaby. *The Tees* still preserves its character, as it divides Durham from Yorkshire for a great distance, presenting a striking and romantic object, from which ever side it is viewed. The flourishing town of Darlington, with its high spire, lies a few miles above its northern bank in Durham, and Stockton in the same county, exhibits a street, with a large market house in its centre, which for width and regularity, is surpassed by no country town in England. The Tees is here crossed by a magnificent stone bridge, and being now affected by the tide, admits ships of considerable burden.

THE WEARE finds its source in the same wild range of moors which produce the *Tees*, but considerably to the north of that river, its course is almost parallel with it, bearing at first to the south-east, and at Bishops Auckland, turning to the

north-east ; after nearly surrounding the city of Durham, it flows northward to Chester le Street, and then inclines a little towards the east, to reach its port of Sunderland.

The Wear may be called a miniature of *the Tees*, much resembling that river in character, though greatly its inferior in width and rapidity. Weare-dale is (like Tees-dale) a very wild and romantic district, yet pleasantly interspersed with villages, headed by the market town of Wolsingham. Emerging from these recesses, *the Wear* flows boldly beneath the town of Bishops Auckland, and below the park of that princely territory, which many successive bishops of Durham have contributed to embellish as the principal residence of that rich and powerful see. The present Bishop, enabled by a fortune superior to most of his predecessors, has made considerable improvements and additions, with taste and liberality ; which appear to great advantage, in descending from the lodges opening from the Durham

road, where the venerable pile of the Gothic Chapel exalts itself above the numerous more modern buildings, fronted by an extensive portico in an appropriate taste. *The Wear* buries its winding course in deep dales, till it is arrested by the high circular hill which is crowned by the majestic Cathedral, and stately Castle of Durham, from whence the city descends in steep winding streets to its three bridges, which terminate in long fuburbs. A more singular position for the capital of a county can hardly be imagined, and the effect of these vast objects, from their elevated situation, is wonderfully striking; but the streets are mostly narrow, steep, and inconvenient. Almost the whole summit is covered by the Cathedral and its two closes, one of which contains the superb residences of the Dean and Chapter, the other being appropriated to the Bishop. The County Hall is within his great precincts, and the majestic towers of his almost regal castle, overhang *the Wear* proudly from the sum-

mit of a perpendicular rock. It contains many noble apartments, and would make a distinguished figure, were the same taste and spirit which has adorned Bishops Auckland so successfully, extended to this majestic pile, but of late (though kept in sufficient repair) it has been rarely inhabited, except on public occasions, by its Prince Palatine. The steep and wooded banks of *the Weare* present some very pleasant walks, as it encompasses Durham, and exhibit much romantic scenery about Mr. Carr's neighbouring seat at Cocken.

The stately pile of Lumley Castle, afterwards overlooks it, and its exit to the sea, near the crowded port of Sunderland, is graced with an iron bridge, matchless in its design and architecture, beneath which vessels in full sail may pass.

THE DERWENT rises northward of *the Weare* in the same range of the Durham moors, and at first pursues an east-easterly direction, which afterwards inclines more to the north, as it advances towards

the Tyne at the southern border of Northumberland, a little above Newcastle.

The short course of this river has nothing very striking in it, being at first wild and mountainous, and afterwards forming a valley, which encreases in cultivation, and at last becomes environed with coal works. Gibside, the old seat of the Straithmore family, and Axwell park, decorated with much taste by the late Sir Thomas Clavering, are near the banks of this stream, nor is Ravensworth Castle far distant.

The coast of Durham is flat for some distance from the mouth of *the Tees*, where the modern public place of Seaton has risen into consequence, and eclipsed its deserted rival of Hartlepool. An unwholesome marsh surrounds the latter place, which is in a state of much decay; but it forms a fine object from the sea and the Yorkshire coast, owing to the bold figure of its church, and its prominent position; an undulating range of hills ensues, among which Mr. Burdon has

formed his fine place of Castle Eden; but the coast beyond Sunderland is bleak and dreary to the point where the opposite towns of North and South Shields exalt their sooty heads, and the bold ruin of Tyne-mouth Castle marks the exit of *the Tyne*.

THE TYNE of Northumberland originates in two considerable streams, of which (the southern) rises in two branches not far from the source of *the Tees* in Durham, flowing northward, a little inclined to the west by Aldstone, after which it turns eastward to meet *the North Tyne*, which, rising in the moors of Northumberland, close to the borders of Roxburghshire in Scotland, and joined by *the Reed* below Bellingham, pursues a south-west course till it joins its southern colleague. Both the branches being thus united, this great river takes an eastward direction, and at last turning a little towards the north, discharges itself into the sea, beneath the walls of Tyne-mouth Castle.

Highly mountainous in its origin, the course of each branch of *the Tyne* is truly

wild and romantic ; and Tyne-dale may vie with Tees-dale in natural beauty, though it becomes greatly its superior in cultivation. Aldstone covers the whole surrounding country with its works near the head of *the South Tyne*, and Bellingham stands as far retired towards the head of the northern branch ; the considerable town of Hexham, which may be called the capital of Tyne-dale, occupying a central spot near their junction. *The Tyne*, thus increased, flows proudly through a vale full of riches and manufactures to Newcastle, the flourishing port and capital of Northumberland, as well as the great emporium of the northern coal-trade. The streets of this town were formerly wonderfully steep, narrow, and inconvenient ; but great improvements have taken place of late, and more are meditated. The smoke of the numerous works and surrounding collieries, somewhat defaces the buildings of this place ; but the quay, where the mansion-house and exchange are situated, makes a very re-

spectable appearance, and the spire of the great church of St. Nicholas, springing from four light Gothic arches, is a beautiful object. A long stone bridge here divides the counties, separating Newcastle from the opposite town of Gateshead in Durham, and ships of moderate burden can come up to it; but the towns of North and South Shields are the proper ports of *the Tyne*. Its æstuary presents a beautiful object to the high hills on either side, being crowded with vessels, and winding in great reaches between high banks, which are every where covered with splendid villas, belonging to the opulent merchants of Newcastle; nor is its exit to the sea less striking, where the bold ruin of Tynemouth Castle projects on the summit of a lofty cliff, terminating the northern shore abruptly.

THE BLYTHE AND THE WENSBECK are two small rivers of Northumberland, north of *the Tyne*, flowing nearly eastward from the centre of that country to the sea. The port of Blyth, famous for

its coal trade, is near the mouth of the former river, and principally belongs to Sir Matthew White Ridley, whose hospitable seat of Blagdon makes a handsome appearance from two elegant modern lodges, which form its approach from the north road. Seaton Delaval, one of the heaviest buildings of Sir John Vanbrugh's construction, lies somewhat lower on the coast, surrounded by collieries. *The Wensbeck* passes the neat town of Morpeth in its way to the sea, but neither of these rivers have any distinguishing features.

THE COQUET rises near the eastern border of Roxburghshire, but within the limit of Northumberland, flowing south-east, till somewhat below Rothbury, and turning to the north-east to reach the sea at Warkworth.

This is a gentle river, flowing through a pleasant country for the latter part of its course ; the Hermitage of Warkworth on its banks is a singular building, being perhaps the only one of that description

in England, which is in high preservation. Warkworth Castle is a magnificent ruin, and was capable of having been made a superb residence by the late Duke of Northumberland, had he not preferred Alnewick ; it overlooks the sea and the mouth of *the Coquet* very finely.

THE ALNE rises north of the Coquet, pursuing nearly a parallel direction, but is a smaller river, nor is its course so long. Its only great objects are placed in the far-extended territory of the Duke of Northumberland, at the entrance of which the lofty building called Brisley Tower, environed by thick plantations, overlooks all the northern part of the wild county of Northumberland, including the bold range of Cheviot hills on the north-west, close to the Scottish border. *The Alne* then enters a charming valley beneath the ivied walls of Hulne Abbey, which winds delightfully between lawns, woods, and groups of trees and cottages, admirably disposed. From these monastic and rustic recesses, the river emerges into a

specious park, widened considerably by art, and gliding through the arches of a fine Castellan bridge, is proudly overlooked by the numerous towers, and lofty citadel of Alnewick Castle, the superb seat of the Northumberland family. This majestic pile, mostly rebuilt by the late Duke, may boast a degree of regal splendour; and though somewhat too gaudily fitted up within, exhibits a noble range of apartments, and presents a most striking object to the neighbourhood. The country surrounding *the Alne* is afterwards far from pleasant, and that stream meets the sea at its little port of Alnemouth.

THE TILL is a considerable stream, being the last of the rivers of Northumberland, rising somewhat south of the Cheviot hills, and fed by various springs from that wild expanse, as it encompasses it at a considerable distance. Its course is first to the east, and afterwards, with a great sweep and various windings, to the north-west, till it falls into *the Tweed* below Cornhill. *The Till* forms for itself

a pleasant valley in the midst of a rude encircling waste, and its banks are adorned with several villages and some seats.

The coast of Northumberland, for a considerable distance northward of Newcastle, is covered with collieries ; nor has it any thing remarkable beyond the objects already described, except a small island at the mouth of *the Coquet*, till Bamborough Castle, the seat of Bishop Crewe's excellent charity for ship-wrecked seamen, projects far into the sea, on the summit of a bold promontory. The cluster of the Farn Isles lies a little to the north, and Holy Island, on which are some memorable ecclesiastical remains of antiquity, is between them and the mouth of *the Tweed*, which is a little below Berwick.

THE TIVIOU AND THE TWEED may properly be called the boundary rivers between England and Scotland, though they certainly appertain more strongly to the latter country ; nor does *the Tiviot* indeed pass at all through England. Its

source is in the wild hills not far from Moss-paul Inn on the Carlisle road, in the centre of Roxburghshire, where it flows almost northward to Hawick, inclining afterwards more towards the east, met by *the Jed* and *the Kale*, till it joins *the Tweed* near Kelso. The short course of this rapid stream, after its exit from the hills, is through the beautiful and highly-romantic district of Tiviot-dale, profusely adorned with seats, and well sprinkled with villages. The town of Hawick, on the north road, occupies a charming spot over the river at the entrance of that district; and Jedburgh, with its ancient abbey, lies on the hills, about two miles above its centre, where the bridge of Ancram is built over it. The junction of *the Tiviot* with *the Tweed*, a little southward of Kelso, forms a charming scene; and Fleurs, the elevated seat of the Duke of Roxburgh, nowhere appears to so much advantage, as from the high bank above the point of their union.

The Tweed finds its distant origin in

the mountainous district, which unites the counties of Ayr, Dumfries, and Peebles, in Scotland, somewhat northward of the celebrated springs of Moffatt; its course is north-east to Peebles, where it makes a compass to the south-east, receiving *the Yarrow and Entrick Waters* soon after their junction near Selkirk, uniting with *the Triviot* at Kelso, and *the Till* at Cornhill, and falling into the sea below Berwick.

Nothing can be more wild and dreary than the early course of this great river, as it is fed by innumerable torrents from the bare hills it divides, and seems to collect its forces in the pleasant vale in which its first town, Peebles, is situated, bearing the appropriate name of Tweeddale. After this, the country throughout continues rude and bleak, except on the immediate banks of *the Tweed*, that river forming here, for a great distance, the principal boundary between England and Scotland, and the surrounding tracts on each side having been for ages the theatre

of disputes, national contests, and mutual hostilities. Marks of their ravages may still be traced, and much of the country contiguous to *the Tweed* appears more neglected than the interior districts; yet is it now gradually emerging from this eclipse, and the Scottish side in particular rises rapidly in cultivation, ornament, and improvement. A little below Selkirk, the beautiful remains of Melrose Abbey strongly arrest the attention of the traveller, and *the Tweed* is soon afterwards crossed by a handsome modern edifice of the Flybridge, leading from Jedburgh by a new road to Edinburgh. The Duke of Roxburgh's numerous plantations and superb mansion, adorn the part of Tweeddale above Kelso, whose abbey and bridge are striking objects. Coldstream also is pleasantly situated on *the Tweed* somewhat lower, with a stately stone bridge; and an antient one of great length, connects the suburb of Tweedmouth with the fortified town of Berwick, which graces the northern shore of this river at its exit to the sea.

CHAPTER VI.

Coast of Scotland from Berwick on Tweed to the Firth of Forth—Rivers of Scotland north of the Tweed and the Tiviot—Course and General Character of the Forth and its auxiliary streams, with the grand display of Edinburgh from its Firth—The Leven and Eden of Fife-shire, and the Coast of that County from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Tay—The Tay of Perthshire, and its component streams—its Lake and Firth—Rivers of Angus—The South and North Esk—The Bervie of Kincardine—Rivers of Aberdeenshire—The Dee, The Don, The Yethan and Ugie—The Deveron of Bamffshire—The Spey—The Findhorn—The Nairn.

THE first part of the coast of Scotland, ascending northward from the bounds of Berwick, which form a small separate

district between South and North Britain, is by no means interesting, the borders having been long neglected for the same reasons which prevailed in the lower parts of Tweed-dale. The dreary moor of Coldingham covers the northern part of this wild expanse, through which *the Ad-der* pursues a south-east direction to join *the Tweed* near its mouth, and *the Eye* terminates its short circular course to the north, at Eyemouth. Descending from these heights, to the curious bridge resting in the deep dell of *the Pease*, on a pillar of enormous height, all the riches of the Lothians display themselves in great profusion, as we approach Dunbar; after which, the coast forms a bay, to receive *the little river Tyne* from Haddington, terminating in the rock of the Bass Island, a little eastward of North Berwick, and marking the mouth of *the great Firth of Forth*.

THE FORTH is the first river of much note northward of *the Tweed*, and perhaps the most important of any in Scot-

land, from the length of its course, the profusion of its commerce, and its proximity to the capital. Its proper rise is in the wild tract of mountains in the western highlands, at the back of the great Ben-Lomond, towards the north-west extremity of Stirlingshire. A little before it reaches Stirling, it is joined by *the Teith* from the north-west, one branch of which forms *Lach Katyern* and *Loch Vanacher*, and the other the *Lochs of Doine, Voile, and Lub-nich*, before they meet near Callander, and descend together to Doune; *the Allan* afterwards joins *the Forth*, flowing to the south-west from Perthshire by Dumbaine, and *the Devon* in the same direction afterwards from Kinross-shire. The course of these united streams, which altogether form *the Forth*, is towards the south-east, after the general junction, but with multiplied windings below Stirling. *The Firth of Forth* (*Firth* being the Scottish name for an æstuary, as *Loch* is for a lake) is thus formed, which, swelling into a vast expanse, and turning at last some-

what towards the north, divides Edinburgh and its adjacent counties from Fife-shire, and so falls into the German ocean.

Neither *the Forth*, nor its auxiliary streams in general, are remarkable for rapidity, though they take their origin in a mountainous district, nor is the river itself of any great magnitude, till after the union of its several branches. This happens in a rich and fertile plain, bounded towards the north by the long waving ridge of the Ochill hills, and intersected by the frequent meanders of the river, whose incessant curves, when viewed from any eminence, exhibit an apparent labyrinth of pools of water, which deceive the eye in seeming distinct from each other. In the centre of this plain, a lofty rock rises abruptly, crowned with the palace and church of Stirling, from which that town descends to the east in a long and steep street. Just where *the Forth* becomes increased by the tide, the little stream of *the Carron* descends into it, tinged with the produce of its iron works,

and the great Canal from *the Clyde* joins it, transporting the rich manufactures of Paisley and Glasgow, and the trade of the western sea. The forges of Borrostoness, somewhat below the fine remains of Linlithgow palace, front the ivied walls of Culross Abbey, on the opposite side of the expanded basin, a little below the point where *the Aven* descends from the south into *the Forth*, which beneath Inverkeithing is narrowed considerably by a promontory from the north, where the great pass of the Queen's Ferry is established, about three miles below the high terrace and superb mansion of Hope-ton. *The Forth* immediately afterwards spreads into a vast arm of the sea, as it sweeps between receding shores, beneath the groves of Barnbugle, and receiving *the Almond* from the south, approaches Leith, the grand and crowded port of Edinburgh.

THE LEVEN AND THE EDEN are the only streams of note in Fifeshire, and neither of them very remarkable, the

course of each being short. *The Leven* falls into the mouth of *the Firth of Forth*, flowing eastward from *Lochleven*, a bare pool surrounded by high naked hills, and distinguished by an island containing the castle in which Queen Mary was confined. The neat town of Kinross, with its stately mansion house, covers the high bank on the western side of the lake. Fifeshire abounds in fertile plains, well sprinkled with small towns and villages, among which the most conspicuous are Falkland, noted for the fine ruin of its palace, and Cupar, the handsome county town of Fife. *The Eden* rising in the central parts of Fifeshire, and watering these rich plains, passes beneath Cupar, and discharges itself into the sea, somewhat northward of St. Andrews.

The coast of Fifeshire is for the most part bolder than the interior country, stretching in a broad semicircle from *the Firth of Forth* to that of *Tay*, and commanding those great æstuaries in high perfection. On the former are the towns

of Crail, Anstruther, Dysert, Kirkaldie, and Kinghorn, opposite to Leith and Edinburgh, and on the latter, Woodhaven fronts the great port of Dundee across *the Tay*. The eastern coast is strongly marked with bold rocks opposing a tempestuous sea, on one of which the majestic ruins, and collegiate grandeur of St. Andrews stand elevated.

THE *TAY* finds its source in the central part of the Western Highlands, where the extremity of Perthshire borders on Argyleshire, in a very wild, elevated, and mountainous district. It flows towards the south-east by Tyndrum to Crienlarich, and then makes a curve to the north-east as it pervades the valley of Glendochart, pursuing the same direction to form its great lake between Killin and Taymouth, at the former of which places it is joined by *the Lochy* from the north-west, and a little below the latter by *the Lion* from the west. It then makes a considerable compass by the north, and, meeting *the Tummel* descending in that direc-

tion, pursues a southward course with it to Dunkeld, where *the Braan* from the south-west falls into it. Its tendency is then eastward, till it meets *the Isla* from the north-east, soon after the junction of that river with *the Airdle* from the north-west. *The Tay*, thus reinforced, makes a rapid curve by the west to the south, till it reaches Perth, and beneath the rock of Kinnoul turns again to the south-east. *The Earne* from the west joins it near Newburgh, and it then forms its *Firth*, turning to the north-east, but after it has passed Dundee, inclines once more to the south-east, to make its exit to the sea.

The Tay is one of the most considerable and beautiful rivers in our island, traversing the whole great county of Perth, amidst the richest districts of the middle range of Scotland, and forming itself the principal ornament to some of the most romantic tracts in nature. Its source is in one of the highest and wildest eminences in the western Highlands, from

whence it rushes with a singularly characteristic rapidity, through the gloomy hollow of Glendochart, or the Vale of Affliction, where it forms a small lake, with a bare island and a castle, which might serve for the abode of melancholy. The pleasant little town of Killin is delightfully situated some miles lower, on a neck of land between the two points, where the placid *Lochy* and the rapid *Tay*, strongly contrasting each other in character, form the great expanse of water called *Loch Tay*. Lofty mountains surround this charming lake, encircling a wooded, populous, and well-cultivated district; two good roads pervade the whole, on eminences overhanging each side of the water, and command every species of the sublime and beautiful in landscape. These scenes are varied happily by the three great turns of *Loch Tay*, the last of which discloses all the ornamented territory of Taymouth, whose groves sweep the whole horizon, stretching across the plain at the bottom of the lake

from the heads of two opposite mountains, and interspersed with many conspicuous buildings. *The Tay* makes its exit from the lake through the handsome stone bridge of Kenmore, the church of which village stands finely exalted on an eminence looking directly down *Loch Tay*.

This river, now greatly increased by the junction of *the Lion* from its pleasant dale, but still preserving all its original rapidity, rolls in majestic state between the rich groves of Taymouth, and at Aberfeldie is crossed by a large stone bridge, built by General Wade when the military roads were formed, and graced with a very classic Latin inscription. *The Tummel*, lately enlarged by the waters of *the Carrie* tumbling from the highly improved district of the Blair of Athol, through the hollow pass of Killicranky, meets *the Tay* below the romantic spot of Faskally, which after passes through a finely pastured and well-timbered vale to Dunkeld, the venerable remains of whose

abbey present a fine object close to *the Tay*, and in the midst of the Duke of Athol's numerous plantations. High obtruding hills direct its winding course in its exit from the Highlands beneath the scanty remains of the celebrated wood of Birnam, from whence the ruined fortrefs of Dunsinane is seen at a considerable distance across the plain.

The Tay here makes a considerable circuit to meet *the Isla* from Angus, and then descending beneath the ancient palace of Scone, to the fine city of Perth, passes under the arches of its noble bridge, and sweeps in a bold semicircle round the rock of Kinnoul, opposite to the hill of Moncrieffe, where the Roman legions, struck with astonishment at the grandeur of the scene before them, suddenly halted and cried, "Ecce Tiberim." *The Earne* descends a little below this spot from Crieffe, and beneath the elevated pile of Drummond Castle, adorns the fertile vale of Straith Earne, through which its course is parallel with *the Tay*, till the two ri-

vers join near Newburgh. Thus is formed that vast æstuary called *the Firth of Tay*, at the head of which the important and flourishing port of Dundee spreads over a considerable eminence ; *this Firth* narrows considerably as it approaches its exit, and falls into the sea beneath the walls of Broughty Castle.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH ESK are the rivers of Angus. Both these streams rise in the Grampian hills, which form a central ridge in this part of the island, terminating in the eastern sea near Aberdeen. They are both rapid rivers, though short in their course, *the South Esk* flowing eastward beneath the high eminence crown'd with the spires of Brechin, and under Sir David Carnegie's well-planted territory of Kinnaird with its superb mansion, and expanding into a large basin at last in front of the handsome town of Montrose, before it reaches the sea. The course of *the North Esk* is through a wilder district, as it divides the counties of Angus and Kincardine, inclining to the

south-east, and falling into the sea a few miles north of Montrose.

THE BERVIE is the only proper river in Kincardineshire; *the Dee* of Aberdeenshire forming its northern boundary, and *the North Esk* of Angus its southern. This river rises also in the Grampian hills, but soon emerging from them, takes its course chiefly towards the south, with considerable windings. The country it traverses is rude, bare, and unequal, nor is the stream itself considerable; on its southern shore is the small town and port of Inver-bervie in a little bay opening to the sea.

THE DEE AND THE DON are the two great rivers of Aberdeenshire, enclosing between them the two towns of New and Old Aberdeen.

The Dee rises at the western extremity of the Grampian hills, near the borders of Inverness-shire, and intersects the whole chain of that mountainous district in its course to the sea, which tends almost invariably eastward.

The country encircling this fine river in the early part of its progress, is wonderfully bold and romantic, especially about the Castle-Town of Brae-Marr, and the wells of Pannanach, where the heights are cloathed with vast forests of pines. *The Dee* afterwards forms a more expanded valley, as it crosses the northern corner of Kincardineshire, and re-entering Aberdeenshire, passes under the arches of a noble bridge, a few miles before it falls into the sea, on the south side of New Aberdeen.

The Don finds its origin in the Grampians, somewhat northward of *the Dee* at Brae-Mar, on the borders of Banff-shire, near Cock-bridge, pursuing a course rather inclined to the north-east, till it meets *the Uriè* from the north-west, a little below Inverurie, from whence it flows to the south-west with various windings, till it reaches the sea, somewhat northward of Old Aberdeen.

The Don is throughout a very rapid and romantic river, buried within its deep

banks, and traversing one of the wildest districts in Scotland ; the mighty ruin of Kildrummy Castle frowns over its northern shore, and it afterwards passes by the towns of Monymusk and Kintore, preserving its original character to the last ; even as it approaches the sea, it remains enclosed in a deep hollow fringed with brush-wood, where a singular bridge of one pointed arch crosses it. This river is not navigable, and its capital of Old Aberdeen (now only celebrated for its University) has yielded to the more modern consequence of its southern neighbour, which the large flourishing port of *the Dee* has enriched with great commercial advantages.

THE YETHAN AND THE UGIE are the two northern rivers of Aberdeenshire, the former descending from the north-west, by Ellon, to the coast below Newburgh, and the latter pursuing nearly an eastward course, till it meets the sea a little northward of Peterhead. Neither of these rivers is distinguishable for any peculiar features, the descent of both be-

ing through a dreary and uninteresting wild.

THE DEVERON rises in the mountainous districts of Banffshire, not far from the source of *the Don*, dividing that country from Aberdeenshire throughout; its course is very winding, inclining principally to the north-east, but turning suddenly to the south-east to meet *the Bogie* near Huntley. It then resumes its original direction, making a great compass to the east by Tureff, from whence it flows chiefly to the north-west, till it falls into the sea at Banff.

This is a very rapid and beautiful river, with high wooded banks, in the midst of a wild and bare country; the ornamented grounds around the stately fabric of Duff-house, belonging to the Earl of Fife, extend for a great way about its banks, where it is crossed by a fine stone bridge of one arch. Soon afterwards it reaches the bold hill on which the handsome town of Banff is situated, rising abruptly over the sea near the mouth of *the Deveron*.

THE SPEY is by far the most rapid river yet described, rising in the centre of those rocks and frightful precipices, with which the vast mountain of the Coriaraich is environed, in the wilds of the northern highlands of Inverness-shire. A small lake conceals its source, from whence, with various windings, it pursues a north-east direction, gradually verging more and more towards the north, till it reaches the sea below Fochabers.

Nothing can be imagined more rude and desolate than the early part of this river's course, as it tumbles in a succession of precipitous cataracts from the base of the Coriaraich, and rolls with unparalleled rapidity along the valley it has formed, through an uninhabited district, till it reaches the solitary hamlet of Garvamore. A scanty succession of inconsiderable villages then adorns its banks, which swell again into the compass of a small lake, called *Loch-Inch*, near Ruthven Castle, and two of the great military roads to Inverness join near it, as it

crosses a corner of the county of Murray.

The Spey afterwards divides Inverness-shire from Banff-shire, passing near Grant-Town, and through the great forests of pines which encircle the territory of Castle Grant; little afterwards distinguishes its course, though the country it traverses becomes more expanded, while the villages still remain scanty and inconsiderable. The Spey, long before it reaches the small town of Fochabers near its mouth, widens considerably, and becoming navigable, transports the abundant pines which clothe its hills, still preserving to the last strong traits of its native rapidity. The extensive plantations, magnificent house, and polished grounds of Castle Gordon, decorate its approach to the sea with new features.

THE FINDHORN AND THE LOSSIE find their origin in the highland mountains of Inverness-shire, and pursue a course nearly parallel with *the Spey*, the former crossing the two military roads near Corryborough and the bridge of

Dulsie, and inclining chiefly to the north-east, till it forms a lake before it reaches the sea below Fores. The latter has no great features, but finds its exit below the port of Cullen.

The Findhorn is a far less river than *the Spey*, but imitates it in rapidity, having a peculiar pellucid transparency in its waters, which reflect their pebbly bed so strongly as to dazzle the stranger, when he fords it. Fores is a very handsome town, about a mile distant from its eastern bank, not far from its mouth, in the midst of a country celebrated for classic fame, and stored with fine objects of antiquity. The Danish pillar of King Sueno exhibits a wonderful curiosity a little above this place, and the fine remains of Kinloss Abbey are not far distant; the blasted heath also, where Macbeth is supposed to have met the witches, extends far on the road to Elgin, the venerable towers of whose ruined Cathedral present very curious and interesting objects. The district on the south and west of

Fores is extremely beautiful, rising in gentle eminences tufted with groves, in the midst of rich enclosures and pastures, and bounded by the thick woods of Darnaway forest, whose castle (the seat of the Earls of Murray) appears in grand display. *The Findhorn* forms a large basin, as it admits the tide below Fores, from whence it opens into the sea thro' a narrow strait, on the eastern shore of which the village and port bearing its name are situated. The opposite bank is covered by hillocks of light sand, which are blown over many hundred acres of the contiguous land, destroying its verdure.

THE NAIRN rises a little to the north-west of the course of *the Findhorn*, in the same pile of mountains, and pursues a parallel line towards the north-east. This is a much less river than the former, flowing through a wild and uninhabited country from Straith-Nairn, and crossing the two military roads. Very little beauty attends its course, except as it passes

near the castle of Calder, celebrated for the murder of Duncan King of Scotland by Macbeth. It approaches the dirty town and small port of Nairn over a marsh, from whence a noble view extends across the north-east bay of Scotland to the bold rocks called *the Sutters of Cromartie*, the level point of *Tarbet-Ness* in Ross-shire, the rude coast of Sutherland, and the rocky promontory of *the Ord* of Caithness.

CHAP. VII.

Eastern Coast from the Firth of Tay to the extreme point of Kinnaird in Aberdeenshire, and Northern Coast from thence to the entrance of the Murray Firth, forming one side of the great North-East Bay—The Ness of Inverness-shire, and its Loch—The Beauley of Ross-shire and its Firth, communicating with the Murray Firth—The Northern Peninsula of Scotland—The Orron-Water, forming the Beautiful Firth of Cromartie—The Firth of Dornoch—The Fleet, The Brora, and The Helmsdale of Sutherland—The Eastern Coast of Caithness to Duncansby Head, and John a Groats House, forming the extreme Northern Promontory—Northern Coast to the Bay of Dunnett, and the River of Thurso with its Town—Dreary aspect of the Coast to the North-West, terminating in Cape

Wrath—Western Coast of Sutherland Ross-shire, and Inverness-shire, opposite to the Hebrides, intersected by salt-water Lochs, but without any Rivers of note, to the bottom of the Northern Peninsula.

The eastern coast, northward of the Tay, has nothing very striking in its aspect, or deserving of minute description. The ruined Abbey of Aberbrothick, and the pleasant position of Montrose on its swelling basin, are the only points in Angus; Kincardine has alone the bold fragments of Dunottar Castle near Stonehaven, the antient Palace of the Lord Marischals of Scotland, to boast of. Aberdeenshire covers a vast extent of shore, various in its appearance, and full of striking objects. The flourishing port and University of New Aberdeen on the broad æstuary of the Dee first attracts our notice, graced with some irregular traits of grandeur, yet far inferior to Glasgow both in extent, splendour, and commerce. Its position is extremely pleasant, on a

gentle elevation above the river, and divided from the sea by a pleasant meadow called *the Links*. A cheerful corn country separates this place from the decayed city and University of Old Aberdeen, whose stately college alone attracts the notice of a stranger. The coast is dreary between the mouth of *the Don* and that of *the Yethan*, and afterwards to that of *the Ugie* becomes astonishingly bold and rocky, opening into extraordinary caverns; of which *the Buller of Buchan* is the most wonderful. The position also of the Castles of Slains, on high abrupt rocks frightfully over-hanging the sea, is singularly exposed, and the town of Peterhead exhibits one of the neatest and pleasantest ports in Scotland, being also resorted to as a public place. Little variety takes place till we reach the small port of Fraserbergh, beneath the point of Kin-naird's Head, crowned with a castle and light house, and shooting out far into the sea. This is the farthest point of the coast towards the east, which here

turns abruptly to front the north, forming thus the south-east point of the great north-east bay of Scotland, opposite to the extremity of Duncansby Head in Caithness, across a vast intervening gulph. In this direction Banff-shire succeeds to Aberdeen-shire, exhibiting a pleasant and rather ornamented coast; its handsome capital, backed by the groves and superb mansion of Duff, rising above the mouth of the Deveron, Lord Finlater's well-wooded territory stretching out from the port of Cullen, on *the Logie*, and the numerous plantations encircling the stately palace of Castle Gordon, embellishing the coast and the country to the mouth of *the rapid Spey*. The coast of Murray-shire, which follows, is less adorned, but *Loch Spynnie*, with its castle, presents fine objects at a small distance, and the ruins of Elgin are interesting to the traveller. The bay formed by *the Findhorn*, not far from the delightful position of Fores and the forest of Darnaway, makes a bold indenture into the country, and the tract

between its mouth and Nairn-shire is distinguishable for those sandy hillocks, which are frequently spread over the whole level by the wind. The bay now becomes more contracted, and the opposite shore of Ross-shire terminates it at the low point of Torbet Ness, beyond which the more distant coast of Sutherland and Caithness stretches far out to the north-east. The Sutters of Cromartie form two bold pillars at the mouth of its charming *Firth* opposite to Nairn, and the northern direction of the coast terminates soon afterwards in a sharp point of Aberdeen-shire, at the exit of the *Murray Firth*, on which elevation, the numerous bastions and regular fronts of Fort George, exhibit a perfect model in the modern art of fortification.

THE NESS rises in *Loch-Oich* in the midst of the central mountains of Inverness-shire, inclining invariably to the north-east, with very few windings, as it forms the great lake of *Loch Ness*, and

approaches Inverness, below which it falls into the *Murray Firth*.

The early course of this fine river is uncommonly wild, *Loch Oich* being surrounded by mountains generally capped with snow, and the heights of Ben-nevis (the Atlas of North Britain) appearing at a distance in the west, while those of Coryuragan and Coriaraich, (in which the *Spey* is produced,) frown over it on the south. Just at the entrance of *Lock-Ness*, the whitened bastions of Fort Augustus are situated, with a little street which forms its hamlet, and contains the principal part of the population of this ill-inhabited district. This is one of the fortresses built after the rebellion of 1745, and several of the military roads meet at this point, one of which leads to Inverness and Fort George, another to Fort William and the western parts of Scotland, a third to the north-western coast opposite to the Hebrides, and a fourth over the heights of Coryuragan and Coriaraich, by a very arduous pass to the

south. *Loch-Ness* is remarkable for its uniform straitness, as well as for the bold rocks and lofty mountains which encompass it, cloathed with waving forests of pines and birch.

The river Dandreggan, forming various lakes in its course from the north-west, falls into *Loch-Ness*, after traversing the little stripe of cultivation which distinguishes *Glenmorrison*. *The Clonnie* also, descending from the north, forms a large basin as it reaches the centre of *Loch-Ness*, into which the picturesque ruin of *Urquahart Castle* protrudes itself. Directly opposite, the military road to *Inverness* pursues the southern bank of this fine lake, after surmounting the heights of *Knockcorrach* from *Fort Augustus*, and crossing the rapid stream of *the Errick*, which precipitates itself here in two tremendous cataracts, called the *Falls of Fyres*. A little below this spot is the building which *General Wade* inhabited when he superintended the military roads, and which (now converted into one of

the inns maintained by Government in these desolate districts) still bears the title of "*The General's Hut.*" Thick and beautiful are the woods which, intermixed with rocks, encompass and overhang this road as it follows the border of *Loch-Ness*, near the end of which, a happy mixture of villages and cultivation enlivens the scene. *The Ness*, then emerging from its lake, and bearing the form of a fine wide river, flows through a grand and very picturesque valley, till it reaches the large town of Inverness, the proper capital of the Northern Highlands. This is the only place of any considerable note north of Aberdeen, Perth, and Stirling, except Banff, being also the great mart of all the inhabited parts of the surrounding wilds. It covers a fine eminence above the river, which is here crossed by a stately bridge; the ruins of Macbeth's Castle frown over it from a lofty rock, and the wooded hill of Tommin-Heurin, assuming the singular shape of a ship with the keel turned upwards, rises opposite,

A little below Inverness, *the Ness* falls into *the Murray Firth*, opposed to a projecting point of Ross-shire, where a Ferry is established.

THE BEAULEY finds its source in the *Lakes of Assarig and Maddy* in the most northern part of Inverness-shire, winding frequently, and flowing chiefly to the south-east, till it constitutes *the Firth of Beauley*, which, turning to the north-east, contracts itself into a narrow strait opposite to the mouth of *the Ness*. The junction of these waters forms *the Murray Firth*, which expands itself considerably, but at last appears almost land-locked, as it turns by the north-west round the points of Fortrose and Fort George, dividing Ross-shire from Inverness-shire.

The course of this river from its native mountains is singularly wild and rugged, till it reaches the district of *Straithglass*, where cultivation and population begin to shew themselves. These advantages encrease as it approaches its little capital of *Beauley*, and the *Firth*

which bears its name presents a fine oval basin, encompassed by strongly-featured banks, and backed with high mountains.

The Murray Firth, formed by the junction of the two rivers, is not less distinguished by grand objects, perpetually varying as the traveller follows its curving shores, and opening views into the interior recesses of the mountains of Inverness-shire, Ross-shire, and Sutherland. The strait which attends its exit to the sea, is very narrow and winding, where the little town of Fortrose covers one eminence, while the magnificent and regular pile of Fort George occupies the opposite side of the bay.

The Northern Peninsula of Scotland is far less distinguished by rivers than any other part of the kingdom, though it contains a very large division of that part of our island which appertains to North-Britain, comprehending the whole of Ross-shire, Sutherland, and Caithness, with a great part of Inverness-shire. Its eastern coast is alone much frequented by

travellers, and the difficulties attending even the prosecution of that journey are not inconsiderable. Those of the northern, and the descent southward by the western coast, are nearly insurmountable by strangers, there being neither roads nor accommodations to be pursued with any certainty throughout that extensive district, which is ill inhabited, full of morasses, penetrated in various directions by immense mountains, and very scanty in cultivation or population, all improvement being much retarded by such almost invincible barriers, with a tempestuous climate, and a coast difficult of access even in fair weather. A minute description here, therefore, is impracticable, at least by one who has travelled chiefly for health and pleasure, and who writes principally to impress what he has seen on his own mind, though perhaps not without a prospect of submitting his observations to the opinions of others. Such a one is under the necessity of pursuing the best leading information he can ob-

tain, where personal experience fails, and to give a brief and general character of what has not fallen under his special observation.

THE ORRON WATER is the first stream that attracts our notice in ascending the eastern side of the northern Peninsula. It rises in the mountains of Ross-shire, a little north of *the Beauley*, and meeting other streams flowing from *Loch Gillon*, and *Loch Luichart*, forms the beautiful *Firth of Cromartie* in its course to the north-east. Dingwall, the small capital of Ross-shire, lies at the head of this fine bay, which divides that county from the lesser one of Cromartie covering its southern bank. This charming expanse of water is beautifully varied in form, being also decorated with a well-cultivated and populous outline, and backed by high mountains. It narrows extremely at Invergordon Ferry, where the promontory of Kirk-Michael projects into it on the Cromartie shore, after which it swells again into a very grand and spacious bay,

extending far to the north, and turning to the south-east abruptly to make its exit. All the navies of Europe might ride in this delightful basin, which is well-stored with good anchorage, and appears land-locked, except where one channel communicates with the upper lake, and another opens with a grand curve to the sea, beneath the town, and the two bold rocks called the Sutters of Cromartiè.

THE FIRTH OF DORNOCH is formed by a junction of *the Shin* from its lake in the south-west part of Sutherland, and *the Ailish* with various other small streams from Ross-shire. It is a large winding æstuary, abounding in bays, and descending to the south-east, till it turns to the north-east, where advancing points of land have given place to Mickle Ferry. Nearer the mouth, which widens to a great expanse, the town of Tain appears on its Ross-shire bank, opposed by Dornoch, the capital of Sutherland, spread out on a mountainous coast, which is

contrasted by the opposite flat head-land of Tarbet Ness.

THE FLERT, THE BRORA, AND THE HELMSDALE, are the three remaining rivers of Sutherland, all descending to the south-east from a wild and mountainous district, and neither of them remarkable for its features. On the coast, between the two former, is situated the noble, but deserted, castle of Dunrobin, the ancient seat of the Earls of Sutherland; beyond the latter, the precipices of the rocky Ord of Caithness impend horribly over a stormy ocean, above which a road is carried far more exalted and tremendous than that of Penmanmawr in North Wales. This is the only great pass of the country into Caithness, after which the road divides into two branches, one pursuing the coast, and the other penetrating through the heart of that county northward to Thurso. The eastern coast of Caithness, after the pass of the Ord is surmounted, is far less mountainous than that of Sutherland;

one small river, called *the Wick*, descends to it from the north-west, originating in the lake of Watten, and forming a fine bay beneath the port situated on its northern shore, from which it derives its name. Considerably further towards the north, Duncansby Head projects into the sea, marking the north-eastern extremity of our island; advancing towards which, beyond the village of Houna, stands the memorable Ferry-house of John a Groat, *the Ultima Thule* of most English travellers, and the last mansion in Great Britain. The coast here is wild, bold, and rocky; the Orkney islands appear spread out in front across the boisterous *Firth of Pentland*, and during some weeks of the summer months daylight is never lost to its inhabitants, for which they suffer by an equivalent prolongation of night in the winter, though the prevalence and brightness of the Aurora Borealis usually relieves this evil. The broad bay of Dunnet succeeds, into which *the river Thurso* descends from the south; the port which

bears also its name is placed at the mouth of this stream, and separately approached by the road which diverges from the shore a little above the Ord of Caithness.

Here end all tracks easily practicable to any but the scanty inhabitants of this wild coast, which, indenting the country with deep bays through the remainder of Caithness and Sutherland, terminates towards the north-west in the dangerous promontory of Cape Wrath. It descends then southward, intersected with large salt-water lochs, till the mountainous region of Assynt projects again towards the west, near the extremity of Sutherland. The western coast of Ross-shire is not less wild and barbarous, being penetrated with still deeper arms of the sea, as it descends by the west to the south; the large island of Lewes appears from thence at a considerable distance in the north-west; and Skye, the principal of the Hebrides or Western Islands, almost closes in with it, as it approaches the borders of Inverness-shire. The western coast of

that great county abounds in similar features, being little less wild, dreary, and inaccessible; it is also in like manner penetrated with vast arms of the sea to its junction with Argyle-shire. The northern part of that district participates in the same qualities, as it makes a sweep to form the Sound of Mull, opposite to the island of that name, and then descends again southward to the straits of Jura, and from thence to the extreme point of the Mull of Cantire, opposite to Ireland, which it doubles, to form a fine bay round the islands of Arran and Bute, beyond which, it reaches the confines of Dumbarton-shire, and the mouth of *the Clyde*.

This immense tract of coast, which forms the point of the Mull of Cantire to Cape Wrath, extends northward near four degrees, viz. from almost the 55th to the 59th, is nearly alike savage, dreary, and inaccessible. The interior of the country corresponds with it in wildness, few and uncertain being the roads which

penetrate it, and miserable, as well as scanty, its villages, while cultivation is only pursued in a few favoured spots, and that but imperfectly. Destitute of accommodation for travellers, and full of craggy mountains, intersected with lakes and deep morasses; most part of this dismal territory is unknown, except to those who are interested in it either as inhabitants or proprietors. The people, however, are understood to be far more civilized, than the climate and country they live in, together with their poverty and seclusion from the world, would warrant; ministers of the Scotch Kirk being resident with decent appointments in most of the villages, and medical assistants of sufficient skill and character, being dispersed over the whole peninsula. The several salt water lochs, which penetrate this district in every direction, from the northern and the western coasts, open an immense field for the herring fishery, which in some parts is pursued with great assiduity, and in most forms

nearly the whole occupation of its inhabitants, providing also their only means of sustenance. Mines are said to abound in this great expanse, and some of these are supposed to be of considerable value, but they are seldom explored on account of the scantiness of its population, and the want of general animation; the mountains of Assynt are described as containing masses of marble, equal to the Parian in whiteness and purity, and the hidden minerals are supposed to be frequent, as well as valuable, in the forests of Dirrymoor, Durness, and Fainish, as well as in the districts of Coygach, Groinard, Gareloch, Applecross, and Kintail. Except some trifling streams which fall into the salt-water lochs, there appears to be a total failure of rivers from *the Thurso* of Caithness on the northern coast, to *the Spean* of Inverness-shire on the western; a vast outline, widely differing from the rest of our island, both in this, and most other circumstances. Even below this

point, there are no streams of considerable importance to the mouth of *the Clyde*; but as the northern peninsula terminates here to the west, I shall there resume the chain of the rivers of North Britain.

CHAP. VIII.

The Spean of *Inverness-shire*, terminating in Loch Lochy, and Loch Linnhe, at the separation of that County from *Argyle-shire*—The Awe, and The Aray of that County, with the long neck of land called the Mull of Cantire, stretching out towards Ireland—Loch-Lomond, and The Leven issuing from it to The Firth of Clyde—The Clyde and its branches—The Irvine, The Ayr, The Doon, The Girvan, and The Stincher of *Ayrshire*—The extreme south-western point of the Mull of Galloway, below Port Patrick, and opposite to Ireland, and the Isle of Man—The Luce and The Cree of *Wigtown-shire*—The Fleet, The Dee, and The Orr of *Kirkcudbright*—The Nith, The Annan, The Sarke, and The Eske of *Dumfries-shire*, contributing to form, on the Scottish-side, the great æstuary of

The Solway Firth, *dividing the Coasts of England and Scotland, towards the Western Sea.*

THE SPEAN originates in *the Lakes of Laggan and Troig* in the southern mountains of Inverness-shire; its course is nearly westward till it is joined by a stream issuing from Loch Lochy, when it takes a south-west direction to Fort William, forming a great æstuary below that place, which by a narrow inlet communicates with a vast arm of the western sea, called *Linnhe Loch*, the mouth of which fronts the Isle of Mull.

Rapid from the nature of its origin, this river preserves its character, till it is confounded with the waters of the sea, passing with great fury under the western base of the mighty mountain of Ben-Nevis, and washing the ancient bastions of Inverlochy Castle, as it approaches the modern fortress of Fort William, and the town of Maryborough beneath it. *Loch-Lochy* communicates with this river, and

a narrow neck of land separates it from *Loch Oich*, through which *the Ness* passes in the opposite direction towards its greater lake, Inverness, and the eastern sea. A canal of a few miles, cut here, would insulate the northern peninsula of Scotland, and greatly facilitate (if not altogether create) an intercourse between the two seas. One of the military roads (separating at Fort Augustus from that which leads through Glenmorrison to Glenelg, and forming the only great road that approaches the western coast, southward of Cape Wrath) leads by *Loch-Oich*, and the wretched inn of Letter Findlay on *Loch Lochy* to Fort William; one branch of it then passes over the dreary heights of the Black Mountain, by the arduous ascent of the Devil's Staircase; while another (more modern, as well as more frequented) traverses the fine æstuary of *the Spean* from Fort William, crossing *Loch Leven* at the narrow ferry of Baliulis, and joining the other road not far from the King's House, an

inn erected by government for travellers, and as bad as most of the similar places of public reception in these desolate regions. It passes then near the valley of Glenco, remarkable for the massacre of its inhabitants in 1691, as well as for its stupendously-magnificent scenery, and at Tyndrum, near the source of *the Tay*, meets the other military road from Taymouth to Inverary.

THE AWE rises from a lake of its name, which is fed by the waters of *the Urchy* from the Valley of Glenorchy, at the head of which stands the ruin of Kilchurn Castle ; it flows to the north-west through Argyle-shire, till it falls into the arm of the sea called *Loch Etive*, which inclines to the south-west, beneath the town of Bunawe.

South of *Loch Linnhe*, the country becomes more populous and indicative of improvement, though the coast continues still bold and rocky ; forges and various works are here and there established, and Bunawe is a place of some

trade. The little hamlet of Dalmaly also, in the valley of Glenorchy, exhibits a pleasant stripe of vegetation in the midst of a dreary desert, and appears in a manner prophetic of a traveller's return to the haunts of society and population.

THE ARAY is a very small stream rising in the mountains of Argyle-shire, between *Loch Arwe* and *Loch Fine*, descending southward to the latter through a small glen which it forms. This little river would be hardly worthy of notice, were it not for the grand and beautiful appendage of woods, lawns, and plantations, which encircle the Duke of Argyle's proud territory of Inverary, to which the rapid and winding course of *the Aray*, with its two superb bridges, adds no inconsiderable ornaments. The modern pile of Inverary Castle stands on an elevated lawn above its new-built town, distinguished by a great variety of groves, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills cloathed with wood. In front, *the Aray* precipitates itself into that beauti-

ful arm of the sea called *Loch Fine*, whose broad sheet of water is covered with vessels, and bounded on each side by bare and lofty mountains, which grandly contrast the wooded pride of Inverary. The military road from Glasgow to Dumbarton traverses the northern bank of this loch, which employs a considerable her-ring fishery, and extends far below Inverary to the point of Skipness in Cantire, below West Tarbet. The district of Knapdale, which covers the southern part of this territory between the sea and *Loch Fine*, is well inhabited, and great improvements have been made in its cultivation by some spirited proprietors. At West Tarbet, an arm of the sea advances from the north, within a short distance of *Loch Fine*, where a canal has been judiciously projected, which would insulate the district of Cantire, and prevent its difficult and dangerous circumnavigation. This considerable peninsula stretches out far to the south-west, in front of the Isle of Arran, abounding in villages, and graced

with the fine port of Campbell-Town, at the bottom of a small bay. The Mull of Cantire forms the extreme point of this coast, from which the North of Ireland is distinctly visible.

LOCH LOMOND, the most beautiful and extensive of all the lakes in Scotland, is properly formed by several small streams originating in the western corner of Perthshire, not far from the source of *the Tay*. Its course is almost directly to the south for 36 miles, and near its extremity, *the Entrick*, flowing westward from the heart of Stirling-shire, discharges itself into it. *The Leven* descends here also from *Loch Lomond*, inclining to the south-east, and after a course of about six miles, falls into *the Firth of Clyde* near Dumbarton.

This lake contains a wonderful mixture of the sublime and beautiful, varying its features perpetually, as the traveller advances. Its northern part is narrow, winding, and hemmed in by vast, bare, impending mountains, which perpetually divert its course. In the centre of one

of these masses, on the eastern side, the mighty head of Ben-Lomond exalts itself in unrivalled majesty, and protrudes its enormous cliffs into the lake. Beneath this mountain, the waters expand themselves into an immense basin, profusely studded with a great variety of islands, many of which are clothed with wood, and some decorated with buildings. The scene changes entirely from the savage aspect of the northern district; fertility occupies all the space between the mountains and the lake, villages and some large houses are scattered over the whole profusely, and the military road descending to the small town of Luss, traverses a pleasant level to the bottom of *Loch Lomond*, which there appears encompassed by a garden in the midst of cultivation and riches, while the distant mountains, with Ben-Lomond in their front, now no longer objects of terror, present a superb back ground towards the north. *The Leven* descends for about six miles from this lake in great beauty, by

the monument erected to the memory of the late Dr. Smollett, to Dumbarton on the *Firth of Clyde*.

THE CLYDE AND ITS BRANCHES.—

This river finds its source in the great hills which bound Lanerk-shire towards the south, between Elvanfoot and Moffatt, on the high road from Carlisle to Glasgow. Its course, with various windings, is generally north-west to Hamilton and Glasgow, where it receives the tide, entering soon afterwards *its Firth*, which pursues the same direction till it meets a considerable arm of the sea called *Loch Long*, united with which, it turns to the south, and makes its exit between Ayrshire and the Isle of Bute. The branches of *the Clyde* are principally *the Douglas Water* from the south-west, *the Calder* from the south-east, *the Avon* from the south-west, and *the Cart* flowing by Paisley from the south, united with *the Grief* of Renfrewshire, neither of which are considerable streams. *The Leven*, which has been al-

ready described, falls into it at Dumbarton from *Loch Lomond*.

This is one of the finest rivers in Scotland, rapid in its origin, and precipitating itself in three highly-picturesque and tremendous falls near Lanerk, the two first of which, called *Cora Lyn* and *Boniton Lyn*, are beautifully encompassed by the grounds and plantations laid out by Sir John Lockhart Ross, of which they form the principal ornaments. At Hamilton, it passes through the princely, but too level territory, surrounding the Duke of Hamilton's palace; after which it again engulfs itself in a hollow between vast rocks cloathed with brush-wood, as it sweeps furiously round the eminence, on which the ruins of Bothwell Castle form the principal feature of the superb seat of Lord Douglas. Emerging from these barriers, *the Clyde* rolls proudly to Glasgow, which magnificent and flourishing city, with its University, lies spread along the northern bank of that river, and the eminences which overlook it, presenting

a grand assemblage of objects to the wondering traveller as he approaches it.

Two magnificent stone bridges cross *the Clyde* at this city; another also has been lately built at Hamilton, and near Lanerk; one created by the taste and spirit of four neighbouring great landed proprietors, exhibits a beautiful structure. Navigation now adds its consequence to *the Clyde*, as, crowded with vessels and gradually widening, it divides the counties of Dumbarton and Renfrew, transporting all the riches of Glasgow to the sea; to which the manufactures of the flourishing town of Paisley are added by *the Dart*, and those of Stirling-shire by *the Grand Canal*, which joins *the Clyde* at Kilpatrick, and forms a communication with the capital and the interior of Scotland, by means of *the Forth*. A vast æstuary now opens, as the high double-headed rock, crowned with the Castle of Dumbarton, forms an extraordinary island in front of its town, far below which Greenock and Port Glasgow appear

spread out on the opposite coast, thickly stored with large vessels. Argyle-shire, intersected with its vast arms of the sea, now forms the north-western boundary of the Clyde, one of which, called *Loch Long*, descends into that river from the central part of the county, separated only by a small neck of land from the middle part of *Loch Lomond*. There the military road divides into two branches, one of which leads northward along the upper parts of *Loch Lomond* to Crienlarich, where it meets the great road from Tyndrum to Killin and Taymouth; the other crossing to *Loch Long* passes round its head, and traversing the dreary heights of Glen-Crow and Glen-Kinlas, descends to *Loch Fine*, and the paradise of Inverary.

Loch Long is environed with lofty mountains about Arracher, where the Duke of Argyle has converted the seat of the Laird of Mac-Farlane into an excellent inn, delightfully situated almost on the margin of the water. It joins *the*

Clyde just below the point where a smaller arm of the sea, called *Loch Gare*, descends through a narrow inlet, and where a ferry is established between the village of Row and Rosineath, a seat of the Duke of Argyle.

The Kyle, a narrow strait, from which two small arms of the sea penetrate into Argyle-shire, separates that county from the Isle of Bute, and communicates with *the Clyde*, near its mouth. An immense bay then is formed, between the Mull of Cantire at the extremity of the Argyle-shire coast, and the opposite promontory of Kirkholm Point in Galloway, starting forth from *Loch Ryan*, and being the *Perignus sinus* of the Romans. The whole coast of Ayr-shire forms the eastern side of this great gulph, the centre of which is occupied by the rocky and mountainous Isle of Arran, whose heights appear proudly exalted over the intervening level. Above this bold object, the smaller island of Bute, comparatively flat in its appearance, extends itself almost to the entrance of *the*

Clyde, exhibiting the fine seat of Mount Stuart, belonging to its Marquis.

THE IRVINE, THE AYR, THE DOON, THE GIRVAN, AND THE STINCHER, are the rivers which discharge themselves on the long-extended coast of Ayr-shire, but neither of them have any remarkable features. *The Irvine* and *the Ayr* (which latter river is joined by *the Lugar*) are in the northern part of that county, each communicating with the bay above described. Both these streams take their names from towns near their mouths, of which Ayr is a considerable port, being also the capital of its large county; their course is very winding, but principally directed to the north-west.

The Doon finds its origin in a lake on the border of Dumfries-shire, flowing northward, a little inclined to the west, till it falls into the sea below *the Ayr*.

The Girvan is a small stream from the north-east, reaching the sea at the town which bears its name, nearly at the south-

ern extremity of Ayr-shire, its course being mostly westward.

The Stincher, joined by *the Dusk*, is another inconsiderable stream descending in nearly the same direction, with the small port of Ballantree at its mouth, and the short course of the little river *Glentworth* terminates Ayr-shire, falling into *Loch Ryan* at its extremity. The coast of Ayr-shire, descending from *the Firth of Clyde* to this fine bay of *Loch Ryan*, which deeply indents Wigtown-shire, is not distinguished by any peculiar features, except the lofty rock of Ailsa, rising to the great height of 940 feet, and forming an island nearly opposite the mouth of *the Girvan*, at about one third of the distance across the great south-western bay, towards the point of the Mull of Cantire. The point of Kirkholm in Wigtown-shire protrudes itself below *Loch Ryan*, and the coast of Scotland then makes a great curve from the west to the east, by the south, in which it forms the oblong peninsula called the Mull of Galloway,

opposite to the coast of Ireland, where Port Patrick presents a short and safe passage to Donagghaddee in our sister kingdom. A little stream called *the Piltaton Burn*, nearly traverses the whole of this extraordinary peninsula in its zig-zag course, flowing eastward somewhat below Stranrawr, which may be called its capital, above which are several small lochs, near the fine territory of Castle Kennedy, the seat of the Earl of Stair.

THE LUCE AND THE CREE are the two remaining rivers of Wigtown-shire, flowing towards the south-east, and forming large bays in the southern coast of Scotland, opposite to the Isle of Man, and the north coast of Cumberland in England.

The Luce, rising on the borders of Ayrshire, is crossed by the great Irish road at the town of Glenluce, and almost insulating the Mull of Galloway above Stranrawr, forms the bay which bears its name between that prominent point, and the opposite promontory of Barrow-head,

which fronts the northern part of the Isle of Man, across the Irish Sea.

The Cree divides Wigton-shire from Ayr-shire and Kirkudbright-shire; making a circle by the west towards the south till it reaches the latter county; it then inclines, with some windings, to the south-east, and, with a considerable æstuary, reaches the sea a little before it comes to Wigton, forming the large bay which bears that name, bounded by Burrow-head on one side, and the Ross Island at the mouth of *the Dee* in Kirkudbright on the other. This river is rapid, and its course is through a mountainous country; the towns of Newton Stuart and Cree are on its banks, and the lesser bay of *Fleet* in Kirkudbright, formed by *the Fleet-water* from Gate-house, falls into the greater bay of Wigton, near its mouth.

THE DEE AND THE ORR are the rivers of Kirkudbright. *The Dee* is formed by *the Deugh* from the northern parts of that county, and *the Ken* from the north-

west of Dumfries-shire, both of which uniting, bear the name of *the Ken* till they reach the town of New Galloway. The river then assuming the name of *the Dee*, it pursues a south-east course, forming *the Loch of Kenmoor* in its passage, after which it makes a compass from the east to the west, by the south, forming a considerable æstuary before it reaches the town of Kirkudbright, and opening into the sea, in front of the small island called the Ross of Balnagar, close to the point of the bay of Wigton, opposite to that of Burrow-head. This river has some fine features, and the surrounding country is wild, though inhabited. The towns of New Galloway and Kirkudbright make a handsome appearance on its banks ; its lake also, with its æstuary, are fine expanses of water.

The Orr is a small stream, without any peculiar character, descending to the south somewhat eastward of *the Dee*, and forming a small bay at last. The coast of Kirkudbright is nearly circular, be-

tween the great channel of *the Cree*, which divides it from Wigton-shire, and that of *the Nith* on the border of Dumfries-shire.

THE NITH is the most considerable river on the south-western side of Scotland below *the Clyde*, rising from some small lakes near Cumnock in Ayrshire, not far from the source of *the Luggar*, one of the branches of *the Ayr*. It then traverses great part of Dumfries-shire, which county it at last divides from Kirkcudbright, inclining chiefly to the south-east, but turning at last to the south.

This is a very rapid and picturesque stream, forcing its way between deep banks thickly fringed with wood, thro' a charming vale bounded by lofty hills. The grand, but deserted palace of Drumlanrig, now stripped of its plantations, makes a naked figure on its banks, yet is still to be admired as the finest specimen extant of an old Scottish castle. Dumfries is a large and opulent town, below which, the river, becoming navigable,

widens considerably as it approaches *the Solway Firth*.

THE ANNAN rises above Queensberry Hill, westward of Moffat, a town famous for its medicinal springs, and pursues a south-eastern course, through a wild district, to the town of Annan, where it is crossed by a handsome bridge just before it falls into the Firth of Solway, over which the great road to Port Patrick passes from Carlisle, that leading to Glasgow following its banks for a long way from Lockerby. It is a clear and rapid stream.

THE ESKE of Dumfries-shire is the last river in the circle of Scotland, as it approaches the English boundary on the south. It rises in Eskedale moor in the midst of wild mountains, flowing to the south-east, and meeting *the Ewes* from the north at Langholm; it is afterwards joined by *the Liddel* of Roxburghshire from the north-east, after which it passes through a corner of Cumberland, turning to the south-west, till joined by *the Lyne*,

it contributes with *the Eden* to form *the Solway Firth*.

This is a romantic and beautiful river, traversing a deep and wooded vale from the Duke of Buccleugh's Castle of Langholm, and beneath Sir James Graham's fine plantations of Netherby, near Long Town. The Solway Moss extends from *the Eske* to *the Sarke* near Gretna, which small river is the proper boundary here between England and Scotland.

CHAPTER IX.

Rivers of England communicating with the Western Sea—The Eden of Cumberland, forming the great Solway Firth on the side of England—The Waver, terminating in the Loch of Kilbride—The Caldew and the Ellen—The Derwent—The Ehen—The Esk—The Dudden, The Crake and The Leven of Lancashire—The Kent of Westmorland—The Lune, The Wyre and The Ribble of Lancashire—Junction of the Irwell and Mersey with their branches, and their course to the great trading towns of Manchester, Warrington, and Liverpool—The Wever of Cheshire—The Dee from North Wales to Chester, and its great Æstuary—Coast of Cumberland, Lancashire, and Cheshire, from the mouth of the Eden, to those of the Mersey and the Dee.

THE EDEN is the first English river on the south-west border of Scotland,

being like *the Tweed* at last a boundary between the two kingdoms. It finds its source in the moors of Westmorland, a little to the south-west of Kirby Stephen; its course is for a short way to the north-east, after which it inclines to the north-west, below Brough, with many windings, till it reaches Cosby on the road between Carlisle and Newcastle; it then turns to the south-west to pass Carlisle, and immediately afterwards resumes its old course to the north-west, till meeting *the Eske* at its mouth, both rivers in conjunction form *the great Firth of Solway*, which separates the south-western parts of Scotland from the Cumberland coast in England for a great distance. Except while it continues within its native moors, *the Eden* is by no means a rapid river; it traverses a pleasant country between Appleby, and its junction with *the Eamont*, which flows from *the Lake of Ullswater*, somewhat on the south-east of Penrith; its banks are highly romantic, and beautifully fringed with wood, near the orna-

mented territory of Corby Castle; soon after which *the Irthing* joins it from the north-east, as well as *the Calder* and *the Petterell* from the south and south-west. At Carlisle, *the Eden* makes a handsome appearance, flowing under a fine bridge with a long cause-way, and beneath the walls of its castle, from whence it is navigable to its mouth. A large tract of marshy ground encompasses it on every side, as it becomes a sea, and prevents *the Solway Firth* from equalling some of the lesser æstuaries in beauty.

THE WAMPOOL, OR WAVER—THE CALDEW—THE ELLEN—THE DERWENT—THE EHEN—THE IRT, AND THE ESK, AND THE DUDDEN, are the remaining rivers of Cumberland; but, except *the Derwent*, there is little importance in their several characters.

The Wampool, or *Waver*, rises among some moors in the upper part of Cumberland, and its course is chiefly to the south-west passing near Clea-Hall, the seat of Sir Henry Fletcher, not far from the neat

town of Wigton, and forming the bay of Kilbride at its extremity.

The Caldew originates somewhat lower in the same central line of moors, and pursues a northward direction to Carlisle, washing its walls towards the west, as it advances to meet *the Eden*.

The Ellen flows westward from a similar source, and meets the sea at Maryport.

The Derwent is a more considerable river, being generated in the wild district of Borrodale, from whence it emerges towards the north, to form the romantic and justly-admired lake of Keswick, encircled by rocks, mountains, and cataracts, and beautifully distinguished with small wooded islands. *The Greata* brings an accession of waters to it, from *Thirlmere* and the foot of Helvellyn, forming St. John's Vale in its passage to join *the Derwent* near Keswick, which, inclining more and more westward from the north, enlarges itself beneath the grassy base of Skiddaw, into the broad and strait ex-

panse of Bassenthwaite water, emerging through the arches of Ouse-bridge. It then encircles a mountain to reach Cocker-mouth, where *the Cocker* joins it from the lakes of *Cromack* and *Lowes-water* in the south, and afterwards proceeds westward through a pleasant valley to the sea at Workington. *The Derwent* is throughout a rapid stream, and the scenery which attends its course is wonderfully striking and romantic.

The Ehen, rising in the same mass of mountains, swells into the wild lake of Enerdale, making a circle by the north to the west, and descending at last southward by Egremont to the sea. It has no particular features.

The Irt and *the Esk* are two small rivers issuing from the mountains, and forming two curving æstuaries, which almost insulate the little port of Ravensglass, but are fordable at low water. Lord Muncaster's splendid house and planted territory covers the back of the hill between these two channels, and exhibits a

paradise strangely placed in the midst of a wild desert.

The Dudden is the last of the rivers of Cumberland, rising near the borders of Westmorland and Lancashire, in the midst of that central pile of mountains which separates the lakes of *Winander-Mere* and *Derwent*, among which the pikes of Lang-dale are most conspicuous. The course of *the Dudden* is nearly south, through a wild, but inhabited district, till it forms a broad tract of sands between the coast of Cumberland and Lancashire, a little below Broughton, which is a neater town than such a district might be supposed to boast.

THE CRAKE is a small stream, highly rapid, and descending southward from the beautiful lake of Conniston, in the higher and detached parts of Lancashire, and forming at last, in conjunction with *the Leven*, a considerable arm of the sea, which terminates in the great bay of Morecambe. Nothing can be more stupendously sublime than the pile of

mountains at the head of *Conniston Lake*, or more wildly picturesque than the whole course of this little river.

THE LEVEN is another Lancashire river, though its proper rise may be described as in Westmorland, near the border of Cumberland. In this region of lakes, it forms the two of *Grassmere* and *Rydal Water*, and meeting the *Braithy* from *Elterwater*, expands itself into the beautiful sheet of *Winander-Mere*, adorned with every profusion of art and nature, and presenting by far the finest lake in England. Its æstuary, and that of the *Dudden*, divide the singular district of *Farness* from the rest of Lancashire and Cumberland, famous for its ruined abbey, its mines, and its neat capital of *Ulverston*.

THE KENT, though a river of some beauty, is not very important in its size, rising in the moors on the north of *Kendale* in Westmorland, and washing the walls of that large town for a considerable extent; its direction is chiefly

southward, till it falls into the great bay of Morecambe, dividing the peculiar district of Cartmel from the rest of Lancashire, in the same manner as *the Leven* separates it from Furness, and *the Dudden* again Furness from Cumberland. The sands formed by these three great æstuaries are all fordable at low water, and guides are appointed with fixed stipends to escort travellers, by which means there is a short passage and considerable intercourse between Lancaster and the opposite points of Cartmel and Ulverston in this great bay, as well as to the coast of Cumberland.

The upper parts of *the Kent* are rather wild and bare, but about the opulent town of Kendale the country is cultivated and finely marked; the river increases much afterwards in width, preserving its original rapidity, and precipitating itself in several romantic falls beneath the fine groves and steep banks of Leven's Park, belonging to the Earl of Suffolk, immediately below which, the extension of

sands, as the shores recede, indicates the approach to the sea.

THE LUNE of Lancashire. This beautiful river rises not far westward of *the Eden's* source in the moors of Westmorland near Kirkby Stephen. Its course is nearly westward to Tebay, and then directly south by Sedbergh to Kirby Lonsdale, after which it inclines a little eastward as it forms the charming district of Lonsdale, through which it passes, environed by every charm of picturesque landscape, below Hornby to Lancaster, in sight of which, making some great curves, it falls into the sea.

Few streams can equal *the Lune* in beauty, from Sedbergh, where it enters a cultivated and inhabited district, to its conflux with the sea; nor can many of the vales in England vie with Lonsdale. Gray's celebrated view is taken from an eminence above this river near the third mile stone from Lancaster, from whence almost the whole of this delightful district is visible, abounding in villages, with the

town and castle of Hornby in the centre; finely intersected by *the Lune* winding between hills cloathed with wood, and backed by the high mountain of Ingleborough in Yorkshire. The approach to Lancaster is indescribably striking, where the river becoming wider, and winding in several bold sweeps, opens to the view of that singular town, descending from a high hill, whose summit is proudly crowned by the bastions of its noble castle, and the lofty tower of its church. It then advances towards a magnificent modern stone bridge, resting on eight parallel elliptic arches, and making a curve beneath the cliff, from which the town hangs descending, forms below the semicircular port of Lancaster, finely built and crowded with vessels, after which it disports itself in similar portions of circles before it reaches the Irish sea.

THE WYRE is composed of several small streams in the moors which divide Lancashire from Yorkshire, and flows southward to Garstang, from whence it

makes a compass to the west, afterwards forming its æstuary near Poulton to the east.

No points of peculiar beauty attend the course of this river, which at first traverses a rude district, and afterwards an extensive level, which partakes of the nature of a fen. This part of the Lancashire coast is very little pervaded by travellers, though well inhabited, yet the sea-bathing place of Black Pool attracts company during the summer months.

THE RIBBLE is one of the largest rivers in the north of England, rising in the high moors of Craven in Yorkshire, considerably to the north of Settle. Its course is southward till long after it has passed that town, but a little inclined to the east; it then turns to the south-west by Clithero, receiving *the West Calder* in its way from Colne, Burnley, and Whalley, before it reaches Ribchester, from whence it flows through Ribblesdale, in a direction more and more westward, a

little on the east and south of Preston, till it falls into the Irish Sea.

The origin of *the Ribble* is at the upper end of that singular division of Yorkshire called Craven, which has been already noticed in describing *the River Aire*. The sources of these two streams, and *the Ure*, form three points of an extended triangle, and enclose one of the most wild and hilly districts in England, *Wharfedale*, *Penyngant*, and *Pendle*, being inferior to few of our mountains, and the rocky *Scar of Giggleswick* with its flowing well, presenting bold objects in the romantic line. The whole course of *the Ribble*, after leaving these moors, is through a highly commercial and well-cultivated country, and the many towns on its banks enjoy a most flourishing trade. That part of Ribblesdale, where it encompasses the handsome town of Preston, is wonderfully grand, this river there being crossed by two stately bridges, soon after which, its æstuary forms a noble

arm of the sea, pervading a great level, after it issues from its dale.

THE IRWELL AND THE MERSEY are the last rivers to be described in Lancashire, winding through the southern parts of that county, and dividing it mostly from Cheshire.

The Irwell rises in the moors which divide Yorkshire from Lancashire, and passes through the district of the manufacturing towns in the latter county, flowing westward through Rosendal forest, somewhat below Haslingden, and then descending in a southward direction to Bury. Meeting *the Roch* a little lower, it makes a great curve to the west, but turns suddenly to the south-east on being joined by a small stream from Bolton, till it reaches Manchester, where it is incorporated with *the Irt* and *the Medlock*. From thence its course is nearly westward till its junction with *the Mersey*, which flows in considerable curves towards the south-west, from the northern boundaries of Cheshire and Lancashire, com-

posed of *the Tame* and several small streams, and passing by Stockport. The union of these rivers takes place near the village of Glazebrook, and they are soon afterwards encreased still more by *the Bollin* from Macclesfield, bearing now the single name of *the Mersey*. The course of this river is still westward by Warrington, somewhat below which town it forms that great arm of the sea, which turning abruptly to the north-west, grows a little narrower as it passes the port of Liverpool near its exit.

There is little of the mountainous character attending these rivers, except just about their source, as they very soon reach a country abundant in population and manufactures, though not distinguished for beauty. Manchester alone, from which *the Irwell* is navigable, supplies it with incessant commerce; and near that busy place it meets the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal, which issuing from its tunnel at Worsley, soon after crosses the river on Barton bridge. After

the junction of the rivers, the title of *the Mersey* alone prevails, when Warrington supplies it with fresh burdens of trade by canals from the north, and *the Weaver* brings its tribute from the southern and eastern parts of Cheshire, communicating with the numerous navigations of Staffordshire. The great basin of *the Mersey* then expands itself, crowded with sails from various quarters, pursuing their destination to the splendid port of Liverpool and the Irish Sea.

THE WEAVER is the last of the streams which contribute to form the great æstuary of *the Mersey*. It rises in the central part of Cheshire, flowing northward to Namptwich and Northwich, where it is joined by *the Dane* from the northern confines of Staffordshire, and *the Wednock* from Middlewich. Its course afterwards inclines to the north-west, and a little below its port of Frodsham, it falls into the swelling basin of *the Mersey*.

This river is not distinguished by any memorable points, its course being chiefly

through a sandy level, in which the three Wych towns are remarkable for their extensive salt works. Hawkestone, the delightful and highly-ornamented seat of Sir Richard Hill in Shropshire, is not far distant from its source.

THE DEE takes its origin in the mountainous district of Merioneth-shire in North Wales, being composed of two rapidstreams, descending from the heights which separate Dolgelly and Dinasmouthy from Bala, and uniting to form the *Lake of Pimble-Meer*, which is the largest in Wales. Issuing from thence, *the Dee* flows eastward beneath the town, and through the bridge of Bala, passing along the valleys of Glenderdwy and Llangollen, with various curves, till it emerges into the great plain of Cheshire, beneath the Park of Wynne-stay, soon after which it turns northward, forming a deep valley for itself through that plain, and then half encompassing the walls of Chester, becomes a great æstuary inclining to the

north-west, and opening a principal channel for the trade of Ireland.

This is a most beautiful and romantic river, nor is there a tract more singularly striking than that of Glender-Dwy once the territory of Owen Glendwr, and the valley of Llangollen. The lake of Bala wants wood to distinguish it, but the position of its neat town is pleasant, and the furious torrent of *the Trowern*, descending to it from the west through the pleasant grounds of Rhiolas, presents a picturesque object. *The Dee* is singular, in encreasing in rapidity as it recedes from its source, fed by incessant streams from the surrounding mountains, one of which called *the Ceiro*, near Corwen, precipitates itself down the curious *falls of Glyn-dyffys*. It thus forms the extraordinary valley of Llangollen, cleaving its way between mountains of the higher order, one of which is crowned with the fragments of Dinas Bran Castle, and foaming over its rocky bed. From the north, a gentle stream descends to it from the ivied walls

of Llanegwest Abbey, the ornament of the sweetly-secluded Vale Crucis, and soon afterwards the bridge of Llangollen appears curiously founded on the broken rocks which strew the bed of the river, above which, the little town hangs suspended on a shelf of its mountain, beneath the elegant retirement of its celebrated cottage. The passage of *the Dee* into its great plain, as the mountains recede, is extremely grand, where *the Cerrig* dashes into it from the territory of Chirk Castle, bounding Shropshire, and it forms at length the romantic scene of Nant-y-bell, beneath the park of Wynne-stay, after which it abates in its rapidity, and becomes a deep and tranquil river before it reaches Chester. It is there discoloured by the tide, and cannot boast much beauty in its curves through a broad marsh, till it swells into its grand basin, marked by the opposite towns of Flint and Park-Gate, and filled with vessels. *The Alan*, flowing northward from Llandegle, encompassing the little town of

Mold, and descending to the south-east, meets *the Dee* in the plain near the small towns of Farndon and Holt, after passing by the neat village of Gressford and its ornamented church. A rapid torrent also issuing from the well and chapel of St. Wynnefred beneath the flourishing town of Holywell, turns a vast number of mills in its short course to *the Dee's* æstuary, near the ruins of Basingwork Abbey in Flintshire.

The coast of Cumberland and Lancashire forms almost a semicircle from the mouth of *the Eden* to the Isle of Walney, which extends itself before the headland of Furness. Towards *the Solway Firth* it is marshy, indenting the country afterwards with the bay of Kilbride. Workington, near the mouth of *the Derwent*, is famous for the inauspicious landing of Mary Queen of Scots, and Whitehaven, remarkable for its extensive collieries; Calder Abbey also, below Egremont, exhibits a picturesque ruin in some ornamented grounds of a

gentleman's seat. At a few miles distance from the coast, the lofty range of mountains which encompass the lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland, exalt themselves in formidable array, and across the level of the Irish sea the towering heights of the Isle of Man are displayed in full view. The bay of Morecambe forms a deep gulph in front of Lancaster, fed by *the Dudden, the Kent, and the Lune*, to which the marshy tract surrounding Poulton succeeds, indented by the great æstuary of *the Ribble*, descending from below Preston. The Lancashire coast then makes another swell to the mouth of *the Mersey*, and Cheshire afterwards extends in a broad neck of land again far into the Irish sea, between that fine river, and the still greater channel of *the Dee*, each of which transports the abundant commerce of the sister kingdoms to each other.

CHAP. X.

Rivers of Wales beyond the Dee—The Clwydd and The Elwy—The Ogwen—The Seiont of Caernarvon—Coast of North Wales, from the mouth of the Dee to the Menai Straits, opposite to Anglesea, and the extreme horn of Caernarvonshire at Porthorion head, opposite to Bardsea Island—Great Bay of Cardigan to St. David's Point, at the extremity of Pembroke-shire, and its rivers belonging to North and South Wales, viz. The Gwynnedd, The Drwydd, The Mawdoch and Avon, The Dovey or Dyffi, The Rhydol, The Ystwith, The Eiron, and The Tivy.

THE CLWYDD AND THE ELWY are two small rivers; *the Clwydd* rising beneath the northern termination of the Berouin mountains which encircle *the*

Dee at Llangollen, and *the Elwy* joining it near its mouth from the west. The course of *the Clwydd* is altogether northward, through a vale about twenty miles in extent, and after its junction with *the Elwy* below St. Asaph, it enters the marsh of Rhydlan, falling into the sea beneath its castle.

The beauties of the Vale of Clwydd have been long deservedly extolled, and all travellers through that charming district must be struck with its happy mixture of cultivation and population, surrounded by a tract of mountains. The pleasant town of Ruthyn occupies a gentle eminence not far from its southern extremity, the antient town of Denbigh with its fine castle descending from a high hill near its centre, and the little city of St. Asaph, with its cathedral and palace occupying the north in front of the marsh of Rhydlan, where the Irish road crosses the Vale of Clwydd.

THE CONWAY rises in that vast tribe of mountains which encompass Snowdon

in Caernarvonshire, and flows mostly northward, with a variety of windings, to the Irish sea, which it falls into soon after it has passed the town and castle of Conway.

This stream is very rapid in its origin, from a small lake, tumbling in successive falls from precipice to precipice till it emerges from the Snowdonia, under the high-wooded cliff of Gwedir. The numerous branches which contribute to form it, of which *the Machno*, *the Ceirw*, and *the Llugwy* are most considerable, are all furious torrents, rising in different tracts of the same mountainous region. *The Conway*, having united these, issues into a beautiful vale bounded by lofty mountains, passing beneath the elegant bridge of Llanrwst, constructed by Inigo Jones, and advancing in placid beauty as it disports itself in various curves along the level. At length it receives the tide, and swelling into a broad channel, is graced with the magnificent pile of Conway

Castle, and the embattled walls of its town, near its exit.

THE OGWEN is a small river, issuing from the same chain of mountains, inclining to the north-west, and falling into the arm of the sea called *the Menai Straits*, a little below the small city and cathedral of Bangor, and opposite to Beaumaries in Anglesea. This, like the rest of the same description, is a rapid river during its short course.

THE SEIONT is a small, but very rapid river, rising in the heart of the Snowdonia, and forming *the lakes of Llanberis* in its passage, which rather inclines to the south-west, till it turns abruptly to the north, to reach the sea beneath the mighty towers of Caernarvon Castle. Its tract, though short, is highly romantic, being the most central stream in the mountainous confines of Snowdon; and nature no where exhibits her rude outline more magnificently than where the peak of that British Atlas elevates itself above the Castle of Dolbadern on the upper lake of

Llanberis. The ruins of Segontium are yet distinguishable on a planted hill near its exit, where the view of Caernarvon, with its castle, and the coast of Anglesea across a great arm of the sea, is hardly to be paralleled.

The coast of North Wales from the mouth of *the Dee*, is for a long time marshy, but the mountains advance towards it near Holywell in Flint-shire, though they again give place to marshes at the termination of the Vale of Clwydd. The point called *The Ormes Head* stretches out far to the north at the mouth of *the Conway*, forming one of the horns of a great bay, with *Trwyndu Point* in Anglesea, at the entrance of *the Menai Straits*. The coast now becomes very rocky, the mountain of Penman-ross rises in considerable points of elevation, and Penman-mawr impends in a tremendous precipice over the sea, strewed with rocks, along which the great Irish road is carried on a shelf. *The Menai Straits* here separate Anglesea from Caernarvonshire, and

abound in peculiar beauties ; sometimes appearing land-locked like a great lake, and at others assuming the form of a large navigable river, flowing with several curves nearly in a direction from north to south. Throughout the whole, the wooded coast of Anglesea, with the noble seats of Lord Bulkley and Lord Uxbridge, and the town and castle of Beaumaries, finely contrast the grand rocky display of Penmanmawr and Snowdon, and the proud bastions of Caernarvon Castle. The northern part of the coast of Anglesea is rocky, and peculiarly distinguished by the singular and rich copper mine in the Paris mountain near Amlwch. Holyhead stretches out far to the west in a peninsula which terminates in a high mountain, and the shore then inclines to the south-west, so as to complete the irregular parallelogram which the island forms. Except towards *the Menai Straits*, Anglesea cannot boast much wood, and Beaumaries, its capital, is the only considerable town within its confines. The

coast of Caernarvonshire then stretches out far to the south, forming with Anglesea the large bay of Caernarvon, and terminating in Porthorion point, beyond which Bardsea Island lies extended. Several great mountains distinguish this long neck of land, of which Porthyndynlleyn head is most conspicuous; a small river descends into it from the *Cwellyn Lake* in the Snowdonia, a few miles below Caernarvon, terminating in a bay, from the point of which the narrow ferry of Aber-menai to Anglesea is established. There are no other streams of consequence in this district, and Nevin is its only considerable village. At this extremity, the coast turning suddenly round the point of Aberdaron, forms the north-west horn of the great bay of Cardigan, the most considerable indenture made by the sea on the western side of our island, and equally distributed between North and South Wales.

Caernarvonshire extends upwards to the north, distinguished by the two towns

of Pwllheli and Crickheith with its castle, running parallel to the coast already described on the Caernarvon bay. This tract abounds in rude villages, but the shore of Merionethshire, which fronts the west, is far more wild and mountainous, where the solid bastions of Harlech Castle appear proudly elevated over the waves, in front of its decayed capital, and the rock of Barmouth exhibits a second Calpè, protruding into the Irish sea. The coast of Cardiganshire is little less wild, fronting the west also for some distance below Aberystwith, after which it gradually diverges so as to present itself towards the north, and that of Pembroke-shire, indented by the lesser bays of Newport and Fisguard, rendered memorable by the French invasion, stretches out in the same direction to the promontory on the north of St. David's, so properly forming the southern horn of this immense gulph, which bears the title of *the bay of Cardigan*. Unless in some favourite spots, mostly at the mouths of the rivers

which open into this vast expanse, nothing can be more wild and dreary than the aspect of this country; exposed to a stormy channel of the Atlantic ocean which separates England from Ireland. Except Harlech, which now bears hardly the consequence of a village, there are few towns but on the banks of the various rivers which descend here from the interior of the five counties of Caernarvon, Merioneth, Montgomery, Cardigan, and Pembroke, in the following succession.

THE GWYNEDD is the first stream of note at the head of this great bay, those which descend into it at Pwllheli and Crickheith, in the extreme horn of Caernarvonshire, being inconsiderable. It rises under the southern base of Snowdon, and passing with great rapidity through that wild district by the poor hamlet of Bethkelert, cleaves its way between the stupendous rocks and mountains which separate the counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, precipitating itself in a succession of falls, where the singular bridge

called Pont Aberglasslyn crosses it, over which is the only practicable road through this rude district. *The Traeth-Mawr Sands* immediately succeed, forming a considerable æstuary, which is fordable from Penmorva at low water.

THE DRWYDD is a river of the same description, rising in the southern district of the Merionethshire portion of the Snowdonia, and pursuing a short but winding course towards the south-west, meets the sea at *the Traeth Bychan Sands*, which unite in the bay of Cardigan with those of *Traeth Mawr*.

The Drwydd is larger than *the Gwynedd*, and abating in its rapidity as it emerges from the mountains, disports itself in gentle curves through the delightful valley of Festiniog, adorned with rich woods, smiling enclosures, and the stately groves which surround the elevated mansion of Tan-y-Bwlch, with its pleasing inn and hamlet. Two fine stone bridges with a long connecting causeway present a grand approach from the south

to this enchanting district, which bursts upon the eye of a traveller from the wild hills confining it on either side with incredible beauty, and appears like a second Tempè, enclosed by a savage outline of mountains.

THE MAWDOCH AND THE AVON are the two most considerable rivers which Merionethshire can boast, as entirely appropriate to itself, though *the Dee* and *the Dovey* partly belong to that county.

The Mawdoch rises on the south side of those mountains which form the barrier of the valley of Festiniog in that quarter, and its course is mostly southward, till it meets *the Avon* about a mile below Dolgelly, which flows through a fine vale from the north-east, and finds its origin in the mass of hills encircling *the Lake of Bala*, not far from the source of *the Dee*. Both these rivers, when united, form a grand æstuary, inclining to the south-west, but turning abruptly to the west at its mouth beneath the rock of Barmouth, and its opposite cliffs.

The course of *the Marwdoch*, though short, is precipitous and rapid, receiving several tributary streams of the same nature, the principal of which are *the Cayne* and *the Mothwaye*, remarkable for their cataracts, and the torrent which produces the celebrated *falls of Dolymyllyn*; in the latter part of its passage, it forms a narrow valley, strikingly wild in its aspect, and beautifully fringed with wood.

The Avon is much larger, and more placid than *the Marwdoch*, watering a delightful vale for a considerable length, where population and cultivation thrive abundantly; at the head of which stands Dolgelly, the little capital of Merioneth.

No display of water can be more superb than the great æstuary of these two rivers at high tide, filling up the whole space between the surrounding mountains, among which Cader-Idris, the second in North-Wales, exalts its three points to the skies, while the rock overhanging Barmouth impends magnificently over the shore. Neither should

that extraordinary effort of art and labour be unnoticed here, by which a noble road is carried along the rocks which form its northern bank, where nature has in vain opposed its obstacles to the genius and active perseverance of man. This extraordinary pass sometimes springs from rock to rock by arches over the frequent torrents which descend from the mountains, and at others occupies highly-exalted terraces, which are formed with great ingenuity in their sides, so that a traveller now approaches Barmouth, which was before almost inaccessible, with equal pleasure and security, enjoying throughout the finest views of this great æstuary, and its amphitheatre of mountains.

THE DOVEY OR DYFFI finds its source on the southern side of those mountains which range themselves round *the Lake of Bala, or Pimble-Meer*, joining the Berouin ridge of Denbighshire. Its course is nearly southward to Dinasmouthy, after which it winds through a rich plain more

towards the westward to Machynleth, and then turns yet more to the west as it approaches *the bay of Cardigan*. Many are the beautiful points of view which *the Dovey* exhibits in its descent through the wilder parts of its district ; emerging from these beneath the wretched village of Dinasmouthy and the hamlet of *Maflwydd*, it traverses a populous, cultivated, and well-inhabited vale to the handsome town of Machynleth in Montgomeryshire, and then receiving the tide, it becomes crowded with vessels, and well provided with docks, as it forms the boundary between North and South Wales, and passes between the mountainous and wooded banks of Merionethshire and those of Cardiganshire into the great bay already described.

THE RHYDOL AND THE YSTWITTH. These are the two first rivers of South Wales in the descent of the *bay of Cardigan*, into which both fall a little below the town of Aberystwith.

The Rhydol rises in Cardiganshire on

the south-western border of Montgomeryshire, being one of the principal rivers produced in that wild and rocky district which forms the base of the great mountain Plinlimmon. Its course is southward, till it receives *the Monach's* torrent at the Devil's Bridge, and it then flows directly to the west, turning a little northward, as it reaches the sea beneath the walls of Aberystwith.

This is a rapid river from its source to its mouth, passing through a singularly wild district, and forming a romantic valley bounded by irregular mountains on each side. Its steep banks are everywhere abundantly fringed with brush wood intermingled with rock, and near its turn to the west it receives the dark stream of *the Monach*, tumbling in a prodigious fall, after cleaving its way through a deep channel, beneath the two curious parallel arches of the Devil's Bridge. Mr. Johnne's highly-improved and planted territory of Havod covers the hills and vallies on the south of *the Rhydol*, whose

vale expands considerably as it advances towards the west, but does not admit much cultivation, till within six miles of its mouth. The stately old church of Llanbadern Vawr appears to great advantage on a high elevation above its right bank, and the large town of Aberystwith, which is its port, graces its exit to the sea.

The Ystwith takes its origin in the ridge of high bare mountains, which divide Cardiganshire from Radnorshire, considerably to the south-east of Plinlimmon; its short course inclines first to the south-west, but turns abruptly to the north-west; and at last flows almost directly northward to Aberystwith where it meets the sea.

The aspect of this stream, though encompassed by as wild a district, is less savage than that of *the Rhydol*; pleasant meadows enclosing its winding banks, where the nature of the country will admit of it, while some shew of population and a few fine seats occasionally grace its

course. The superb buildings, and prominent groves of Havod, which barely shew themselves as boundaries of the vale of Rhydol, appear in all their fairy display in that of Ystwith, presenting a wonderful assemblage of objects, in which the powers of nature and art are most successfully united, to the surprize of those strangers who have traversed the dreary wilds which encompass this paradise. Crosswood park, an old place of Lord Lisburne, and Nanteos, the handsome seat of Mr. Powell, enliven the scene, in descending the vale formed by *the Ystwith*, which river at last meets the sea very near to the mouth of *the Rhydol*, contributing with it to form the harbour of Aberystwith, the principal haven in *the bay of Cardigan*, and of late years much frequented as a public sea-bathing place.

THE EIRON is a small river of Cardiganshire, flowing westward into the bay of Cardigan, where the coast of South Wales begins to turn in that direction to

form the opposite horn, to that of Aberdaron in Caernarvonshire. This stream would be scarcely worthy of mention were it not for the highly pleasing and romantic valley which it creates, as it descends to the sea, and the neat inn of Aberciron, close to its bridge.

THE TIVY is a much more considerable river than either *the Rhydol*, or *the Ystwith*, being the principal stream of Cardiganshire, and pervading great part of that county, which it divides from Caermarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, during the latter part of its course. Rising from a lake among those mountains which form the barrier of Radnorshire, it flows southward to Tregaron, but turns towards the west before it reaches Llanbeder; near Newcastle it inclines rather northward, and actually fronts the north, when it approaches the sea, after passing under the arches of the old bridge of Cardigan.

The Tivy becomes a placid stream, soon after it emerges from its native moun-

tains, and continues so in its passage through the plain of Cardiganshire, except when it is swelled by floods. The monastic remains of Strata Florida Abbey grace the early part of its course, before it reaches the antient town of Tregaron ; it then enters the wild uninteresting plain in which Llanbeder is situated, gradually confining itself within steep banks fringed with wood as it approaches Newcastle. Soon afterwards it becomes suddenly engulfed within two piles of high rocks, from which it acquires the rapidity of a furious cataract, precipitating itself in a fall, which has acquired the title of *the Salmon leap*.

Augmented afterwards by the tide, *the Try* proceeds in a broad majestic stream, winding between the bases of two lofty ridges, on one of which the proud towers of Kilgarren Castle, starting forth from a high mass of rock and wood, are opposed beautifully by the hanging groves and spreading lawns of Coidmore. The exit of the river from this grand pass is at-

tended with a view of the hills bounding the sea, across a small but populous and busy plain, at the extremity of which the handsome town of Cardigan displays itself, with its fine old bridge and castle.

CHAP. XI.

Milford Haven, and its various branches—

The Taave—The Towey of Caermarthenshire—The Lwghor—The Lower Taave, The Neath, The Taaffe, and The Rhumney of Glamorganshire—The Uske of Breconshire and Monmouthshire—Coast of South Wales from St. David's Head in Pembrokeshire, to the mouth of The Wye below Chepstowe in Monmouthshire, extending along the whole Bristol Channel, opposite to the Coast of Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somersetshire.

MILFORD HAVEN AND ITS BRANCHES.

This justly-admired harbour, indenting deeply the southern coast of Pembrokeshire, occupies a large space of that county, with its great basin, and the various curving branches that contribute to

form it, which are fed by some inconsiderable streams from the interior of the country. Few of these are dignified with any certain appellation, except *the Hiog*, though most of them suddenly become great æstuaries from mere rivulets, united with the main basin, as the claws are with the body of a crab, and equally sinuous. *The Hiog* rises near the village of St. Catherine in the north-western part of Pembrokeshire, not far from Fisguard, passing through the centre of the county, and forming a romantic dell for many miles before it reaches the capital town of Haverford-West in its way to the south. It then becomes navigable, and, widening in its course, meets *another branch of the Haven* at *Llanshipping Ferry*, which, fed also by its creative stream, descends from the north-east beneath the groves of Slebatch and Picton Castle. A longwinding course succeeds, till *a third branch* from Loveston in the north-east, and *a fourth* from the noble ruin of Carew Castle in the south-east, unite beneath

the elevated mansion, fine park, and rich woods of Laurennny, and form a second junction with this greater body of water beneath their impending shades. Swelling into various bays, and studded with sails, this increased æstuary inclines towards the west, being soon afterwards joined by a *fifth branch* flowing from the ancient town and majestic bastions of Pembroke Castle. Here the grand basin opens, inclining chiefly to the west, but turning abruptly southward near its mouth, and appearing perfectly landlocked when viewed from within; the ports of Hubberston, Haikin, and Milford occupy one of the many bays near the centre of this great sheet of water, which undoubtedly constitutes the most spacious harbour in the British Island.

Such is the actual display of Milford Haven, abundantly favoured by nature, and immortalized by the description of our first dramatic bard in his play of *Cymbeline*. As a picturesque object, the great basin loses much of its effect from

a deficiency of wood, and the uniform want of grandeur in the surrounding hills; but these points of beauty are abundantly supplied in the course of *its winding branches*, and more particularly *in that of Laureenny*.

As an object of utility to a maritime nation, *Milford Haven* suffers from a want of that attention which has been profusely bestowed on harbours far inferior; and, except where some absurd and expensive fortifications have been erected too far up the country to be serviceable, it languishes in undeserved obscurity. Its trade, notwithstanding, is considerable, though it cannot boast of being a favoured arsenal of the British navy, and it presents the readiest passage to the south of Ireland.

THE TA AVE rises in the range of hills called Procellé, which form the only mountainous district of Pembrokeshire. Its course is short, bearing first to the south-west, then to the south, and lastly, to the south-east.

This stream is not distinguished by any particular circumstance; the country through which it flows being chiefly wild and uninteresting, till it sinks into a pleasant valley near St. Clear, and soon after becoming very wide towards its mouth, falls into the great bay of Caermarthenshire beneath the walls of Llaghuarne and its castle.

THE TOWEY is the most considerable river in Caermarthenshire, finding its source not far from that of *the Tivy*, in the distant wilds of Cardiganshire, between Tregaron and Rhyadergowy.

The Towy flows southward through the dreary waste of Roscol forest to Llanymdover, and then inclines more and more to the west as it passes Llandilo and approaches Caermarthen, where it receives the tide, becoming navigable, and turns southward to its mouth at Llanstephan.

A more varied and interesting district can hardly be described, than that which attends the whole course of this noble river, which, gradually divesting itself of

the wild character marking its origin, at Llanymdoverly waters a fine plain, well diversified by villages and cultivation, but not unattended with a mountainous appearance. At Llandilo it takes a different aspect, and sweeping round the proud domain of Dinevawr Castle, passes beneath its well-wooded territory, and the opposite seat of Golden Grove, to form the rich vale of Caermarthen. Grongar Hill, Russland Castle, Middleton Hall, and numberless villages, decorate this happy territory, which teems with all the beauties that abundant nature, art well applied, and classic fame can bestow. This vale, widening as it proceeds, admits a range of the greenest meadows, through which the river winds in manifold curves, as it flows by the palace of Abertguilly, belonging to the Bishoprick of St. Davids, and approaches the spot on which the county town of Caermarthen is placed. *The Towy*, after passing under the old bridge of Caermarthen, soon becomes an æstuary, crowded with vessels, and discharges itself

into the sea with great grandeur beneath the lofty rock on which the towers of Llanstephan stand exalted, near the centre of the *great Caermarthenshire bay*.

THE LWGHOR is inconsiderable except at its mouth, flowing directly southward from the mountains which enclose Llandilo, and dividing for some distance the counties of Caermarthen and Glamorgan. At Pont-ardillas it receives the tide, falling at length into the recess of *the bay of Cardigan* called *the Burry*, beneath the small town and castle of Lwghor, where a ferry is established to that part of Glamorganshire called Gower, which this stream contributes to render a peninsula.

THE LOWER TAAVE rises in the mountains which separate Glamorganshire from Breconshire, and traversing a wild district towards the south, soon becomes immersed in the coal and copper works with which the vicinage of Swansea abounds, and attended by parallel canals, passes through their sulphureous region to the busy town of Swansea, where

it falls into the Glamorganshire bay. Were it not for the prevalence of these works, and the atmosphere they create, the valley formed by this river would be pleasant, as the hills which encircle it are bold, and not unadorned with wood. An arid sterility, however, marks many of the heights near the copper works, disrobing them of their verdure, and contrasts disagreeably the black soil and aspect of the collieries, combining with them to involve the whole surrounding country in volumes of smoke.

THE NEATH is a much more considerable river than *the Taave*, finding its origin in the same range of mountains, but somewhat to the eastward; descending from these with great rapidity, it forms at last a deep valley, through which it pursues its course southward, inclining a little to the west, to Neath, where it meets the tide, and after several curves in the marsh below that town, falls into the centre of the bay of Swansea.

The rapid encrease of this stream from

a cataract to a rivulet, and from a rivulet to a river, as it descends from its mountainous source, is much to be admired. At Pont-Neath-Vaughan it receives several tributary streams, each of which are adorned with highly-romantic glens, intermixed with rock, and fringed with brush-wood. It then pervades a valley abounding in rich woods and over-hanging groves, which, as it widens, presents a canal and its attendant works parallel with the course of the river. The lawns, plantations, and fine buildings of the Gnock appear next, proudly over-looking the numerous forges and collieries of Neath; a broad marsh succeeds, after which the entrance of *the Neath* into the fine bay of Glamorgan is graced with the groves encircling the beautiful territory of Briton Ferry, and the more distant summit of the high hill of Margam, covered with oaks from its base to its summit.

THE AVON, THE OGMORE, AND THE EWENNY, are three small rivers, pervad-

ing the vale of Glamorgan, and each falling successively into the great bay formed by the coast of that county. Neither of these rivers is attended with any peculiar features, except the collieries and copper works which encircle the exit of the *Avon*, a little below the fine park of Margam, and the town of Bridgend on the *Ogmore*, which rises in a small lake among the mountains, and is soon joined by the *Llanry*. The *Ewenny* meets these united streams at last, and each river pursues a line, but little deviating from the south in its short course.

THE TAAFFE boasts the same mountainous origin with the rest of the Glamorganshire rivers, but is greatly larger and more beautiful than the others; it inclines throughout to the south-east, forming in its passage a great variety of curves.

The source of the *Taaffe* is considerably eastward of that of the *Neath*, within the limits of Breconshire, and on the south side of that vast pile of mountains which

encircle the two lofty summits of the Van of Brecknock. Like *the Neath*, *the Taaffe* hastily forms itself from a torrent, tumbling in successive cataracts till it becomes a river, and attaining that character before it reaches the flourishing iron-works of Merthyr Tydvill, which, covering the interior recesses of a rude and mountainous district, might in classic times have been mistaken for the furnaces and workshops of Vulcan. From thence *the Taaffe* precipitates itself with vast force and rapidity into the deep abyfs of a vale, whose opposite banks are distinguished by a canal, keeping pace with it as it descends by a quick succession of locks on one side, while a road is conducted curiously from terrace to terrace on the other. This hasty descent is principally performed in several miles, yet the vale still apparently sinks as it expands, till the hills swell above it into mountains, whose rugged tops appear finely disposed at every turn of the road, above the profuse cloathing of wood with which

their rocky sides and bases are covered. The road and opposite canal still occupy a shelf on each side of *the Taaffe*, which encreasing in rapidity forces its way with unparalleled fury between the barriers of mountains, woods, and impending cliffs, till it is crossed by the wonderful structure of *the Pont-y-Prydd*, presenting a single arch, which springs from rock to rock with indescribable lightness and beauty. Several miles lower, after passing under the ruins of *Castle Coch*, which was built to defend the entrance of this valley, *the Taaffe* emerges into a spacious and well-inhabited plain, in which the antient monastic city of *Llandaffe*, now little more than a village, and the flourishing county town of *Cardiffe* are situated. Flowing through their bridges, it meets the tide, and traverses a broad marsh to fall into the sea opposite to the high rock of *Pennarth*.

THE *USKE* rises in the mountains which divide Breconshire from Caermarthenshire, flowing eastward to Brecon,

from whence it inclines a little to the south in its way to Abergavenny, and still more so to Uske, where it turns to the south-west towards Caerleon, Newport, and the Bristol Channel.

A peculiar mixture of the grand and the placid in landscape attends this river from its origin, as emerging from the mountains it forms a strongly-featured valley by Leuchynteivin, Devenog, and amidst the rich groves and lawns of Penpont to Brecknock, where *the rapid Honddy* descends to it from the north. A different scene displays itself after passing that handsome town, as the Uske flows by the seats of Peterstone, Skeithrog, and Buckland, till winding round the mountain of the Bwlch, it enters into a more extended vale, highly wooded, well cultivated, and abounding in population.

Crickhowell, with its picturesque spire and castle, occupies an eminence in the centre of this charming tract, surrounded by many pleasant seats, and encompassed

by an amphitheatre of mountains, among which, the Black Mountain, the Sugar Loaf, the Bloreng, and the Desguiffa, bear the most conspicuous forms. A few miles lower, *the Uske* enters Monmouthshire, and soon afterwards reaches the old town of Abergavenny, most delightfully situated just without the gap formed by the mountains, at the entrance of the great plain of that county. Through this plain it winds to reach the town and castle of Uske, joined by a small stream from the north-west, which supplies the town and works of Pontypool. It meets the tide before it approaches the curious town of Caerleon, flowing through the singular bridges of timber which lead to that place and Newport. *The Ewky* and *the Sorwy* rising in the mountainous tract towards the north-west, and, after their union, passing through the extensive and well-wooded park which overhangs the magnificent old seat of Tredegar enter the marshes below that place, and join *the Uske* at its mouth, where

all contribute to enlarge *the Bristol Channel*.

The southern coast of Wales is, throughout Pembrokeshire, almost as dreary and wild as that which opposes *the Bay of Cardigan*; and *the Bay of St. Bride*, fronting the stormy west, and environed with a range of tremendous cliffs, often threatens inevitable destruction to those hapless mariners who are driven towards its inauspicious opening. Milford Haven, immediately succeeding, holds out a safer refuge; but beyond it the coast continues rocky, as well as full of caves and singular apertures, to the entrance of *the Bay of Caermarthen*. Stackpoole Court, the fine seat of Lord Cawdor, exhibits a striking contrast to the bleak outline which surrounds it, in a romantic dell profusely interwoven with wood, near a small creek, which penetrates here into the country from the sea. Manorbear Castle also presents a fine object on the shore, and the rock on which Tenby is situated, marked by its high spire and

happy intermixture of wood, stretches out far into the large *Bay of Caermarthen*, forming also the southern extremity of that wild range of cliffs on the Pembroke-shire coast, which extend from *St. David's Head* and *St. Bride's Bay*.

The beauty of the situation of Tenby, the purity of its air, and its excellent position for bathing (having admirable sands, ever accessible and open to two seas), have made this town to be much frequented by company during the summer and autumnal seasons, so that it may justly be called the pleasantest public place in Wales. The coast of Cornwall and many points of Devonshire are seen from hence at a considerable distance across the channel, in the centre of which the oval rock of the Isle of Lundy is distinctly visible. The opposite horn of *the bay of Caermarthen* to that of Tenby is formed by the point of Penrhyn-Gwyr, the extremity of that singular peninsula in Glamorganshire which is called Gower. Within this vast expanse of water *the*

Taave, the *Towey*, and the *Lugwhor* find their passage to the sea. The bay of *Oxwich*, containing Mr. Talbot's ornamented creation of Penrice, opens on the other side of the point of Gower, and still lower, the greater bay of *Swansea* expands itself from the Mumble's Point, crowned with and exhibiting the fine ruin of Oystermouth Castle, within which is a safe harbour for shipping. The wooded hill of Margam descends to this bay perpendicularly, nearly opposite to the *Mumble's Head*, surrounded by Mr. Talbot's spacious park, beneath which his superb orangery is built, near the elegant gothic remains of the old chapter-house of Margam monastery. The pleasant inn of Pyle, which has been splendidly rebuilt and fitted up by that gentleman, commands the whole of the bay of *Swansea* finely from the terraces of its gardens, but its contiguous bathing place of Newton is rendered unpleasant by the vast hillocks of loose sand with which it is surrounded. The inhabited castles of

Dunraven, St. Donats, and Funmun, grace the district which expands into the sea beyond *the bay of Swansea*, and which opens into what may properly be called *the bay of Glamorgan*, in which the little Island of Barry holds out its attractions to the neighbourhood as a sea-bathing place. The Bristol Channel being here much contracted, the heights of the opposite coast of Devonshire and Somersetshire, between Ilfracomb and Minehead, appear finely elevated, and the two little islands of *the Steep* and *the Flat Holmes*, one of which is crowned with a light-house, divide the expanse of water, but are much nearer to the Welch than the English coast.

The shore of Monmouthshire inclines principally to the south, verging at last towards the east, during the first part of which, marshes extend from it far into the country, till they are stopped by one of those ridges of hills with which that county abounds. The groves of Tredegar appear exalted above this level, and

the church-yard of Newport commands a beautiful view of the opposite shores of Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, with the numerous shipping generally collected at *King-Road* at the mouth of the *Lower Avon*. A new bridge over the Uske at Newport does great credit to the liberality of the county, and facilitates the intercourse with Wales, which the old structure rendered very inconvenient. Beyond Newport, Sir Robert Salusbury's seat of Llanwerne adorns the Monmouthshire coast, and the ruins of Caldecot Castle make a distinguished figure near the black rock, where the *New Passage* to Bristol is constituted, a little below the entrance of *The Wye*.

CHAPTER XII.

The Wye, *and its tributary streams; viz.*

The Eilon, The Irthen, The Crewyn,
The Llevenny, The Lugg, *and* The
Monowe—The Severn, *its sources, and*
three assistant rivers; viz. The Tempe
of Shropshire, The Upper Avon *of War-*
wickshire, and The Lower Avon *of*
Somersetshire.

THE WYE, AND ITS TRIBUTARY
STREAMS.—This noble river rises on the
south side of the great mountain of Plin-
limmon, on the borders of Montgomery-
shire and Cardiganshire, being somewhat
southward of the source of *the Severn*,
and eastward of that of *the Rhydol*. Its
course is at first towards the south, in-
clining gradually to the east, as it sepa-
rates Breconshire from Radnorshire, till
stopped by the protruding mass of the

Black Mountain, it turns to the north-east till it has passed the Hay, and then flows mostly eastward through the great plain of Herefordshire, to the antient capital of that county. Its course is then chiefly southward to Ross, inclining to the west afterwards, as it approaches Monmouth, from whence it is principally directed to the south, till it unites itself with *the Severn*, near which it found its origin, below Chepstowe, thus forming *the Bristol Channel*. Near Rhyadergowy it receives *the Eilon* from the *Cwm-Tythen* hills, and afterwards *the Ython* from the Radnorshire borders of Shropshire. *The Crewyn* joins it at Builth from the edge of Cardiganshire, and as it approaches the Black Mountain, *the Lle-venny*, issuing from *the great pool of Llangors* in Breconshire, descends to it by the old town of Talgarth. Various other small streams are also added to it, as it emerges from the recesses of Wales into the plain of Herefordshire. The turbid stream of *the Lugg* from Presteigne and

Leominster (joined by *the Endwell* from New Radnor, *the Arow* from Kington and Pembridge, and *the Frome* from Bromyard) contaminates for a while the pure waters of *the Wye* below Hereford; *the Monowe* also, joined by various small streams on the border of Herefordshire, and meeting at last *the Trothy* from the interior of Monmouthshire, is added to *the Wye* below Monmouth. None of these branches, or the countries they pass through, have features unconnected with *the Wye*, which require any peculiar description.

The Wye, though not the greatest, may certainly be called the most beautiful of the rivers of South Wales, abounding in grand and majestic features, varying incessantly its course and appearance with the countries through which it passes, and yet preserving strong traits of its original character throughout. Its rapidity is almost unparalleled, as, descending from its native mountains, it dashes with incredible fury through the rocks

over which the single-arched bridge of Rhyadergowy is thrown, and forces its way between two great barriers of mountains to the small but finely-featured plain, in which the pleasant town of Builth, and its bridge and castle, present conspicuous objects. It then forms a highly-romantic vale, bounded by lofty hills on each side, and rolling with inexpressible rapidity and beauty over its rocky channel, winds finely between the bold rocks of Abereddo, and the woods encircling the pleasant little hamlet of Erwood. Soon afterwards it makes a surprising curve, tumbling in a succession of falls over the shelving rocks of its foundation, and roaring like one continued cataract, as it passes beneath the thick groves and expanded lawns surrounding Llangoed Castle in Breconshire. The furrowed sides and protruding angles of the Black Mountain now seem to block up all further passage, when *the Wye*, turning boldly towards the east, proceeds in a broad and deeper stream through a

range of charming meadows, still dividing the counties of Radnor and Brecon. Though it loses here the rugged appearance of a cataract, it yet preserves a great portion of its original rapidity, and in times of flood ravages this delightful valley with destructive fury, of which the ruins of the three fine stone bridges of Glasbury, the Hay, and Whitney, bear tremendous marks. Maesleugh, the elevated seat of Mr. Wilkins, graces the Radnorshire bank, opposed to the shelving eminences of the Black Mountain, and further on, the single tree which marks the point of Clyro Forest, overhanging its village, fronts the old town and castle of the Hay in Breconshire, beyond which rise the high groves of the More-Wood, encircling their verdant lawns with extreme beauty and grandeur.

Such is the proud exit of the *Wye* from Wales, Herefordshire succeeding to Breconshire, though Radnorshire still occupies its northern bank, as it passes between the woods and orchards of Cabalva,

and the village of Clifford, with its high church and the ruins of that castle which gave birth to fair Rosamond. Beneath the few remaining fragments of Whitney bridge, it enters the rich plain of Herefordshire, and glides beautifully between orchards, meadows, corn-fields, and villages, till it passes suddenly through the bold arches of Bredwardine bridge, as if turned by the abrupt and commanding eminence of Mawbech hill. It then forms a sweet valley for itself in the midst of the plain, decorated with many handsome seats, among which, Sir George Cornwall's groves and park at Mocca's Court, and Major Cotterell's fine spot of Garnons, are most observable. *The Wye* loses itself at length in the flat encircling the antient city of Hereford, whose cathedral appears restored in renovated beauty from the late fall of its western tower, together with its palace and the pleasant walk of its Castle Green, overhanging the river, which here becoming navigable, seems prematurely infected by

the subsequent junction of *the Lugg*, its clearness being sullied, and its rapidity apparently lost for a time. Thus it sluggishly creeps on through a country, which, though by no means level or unadorned with seats, that of the Duke of Norfolk at Holme-Lacy being a striking object, does not abound in picturesque beauty. At Ross it emerges from this temporary eclipse, and recovering with tenfold energy from its late state of apparent repose, resumes the brightness and rapidity of its pristine character, as it forms the admired curve which the church-yard of that town commands. The celebrated spire of Ross-church, peeping over a noble row of elms, here fronts the ruined castle of Wilton, beneath the arches of whose bridge *the Wye* flows through a charming succession of meadows, encircling at last the lofty and well-wooded hill, crowned with the majestic fragments of Goodrich Castle, and opposed by the waving eminences of the forest of Dean. The mighty pile of Symond's rock succeeds, round

which the river forms an astonishing peninsula of seven miles, joined by the narrow isthmus which this cliff connects. High hills and thick woods now encompass it on every side, till turning beneath the groves of Hadnock, it approaches the picturesque spire and old bridge of Monmouth, in a broad and strait reach with considerable majesty. Contrary to the usual course of rivers, the rapidity of *the Wye* encreases, and the objects surrounding it enlarge as it terminates its course ; after the junction of *the Monowe*, it is for a while buried in the deep abyss of the valley it forms, rolling over incessant shoals from Redbrook, through a wild and ill-inhabited district, till it passes the villages of Llandogoe and Brockware, at the latter of which it meets the tide. Swelling at once there into a majestic æstuary, it fills the space between the impending woods and rocks on either side, and winding with inexpressible grandeur round the ivy-mantled fragments of Tintern Abbey, it encompasses

the rocky promontory of Llancaut in Gloucestershire, while its Monmouthshire bank is enriched with all the profusion of mighty cliffs, thick plantations, and that happy combination of nature and art, with which Persfield is ornamented. Rolling proudly with an impetuous stream amidst this grand assemblage of objects, *the Wye* approaches the embattled walls of Chepstow Castle, starting from a lofty cliff, beyond which, its highly commercial town descends to its celebrated bridge of timber, where the tide rises eighty feet perpendicular; beneath the flourishing port of this town it is still encompassed by cliffs, through which it rushes into the Bristol Channel.

THE SEVERN, ITS SOURCES, AND ASSISTANT RIVERS.—This is certainly the principal river in Wales, and second only to *the Thames* in England, belonging alternately to both countries. It finds its origin in the northern district of the county of Montgomery, and then pervading great part of Shropshire, Wor-

cestershire, and Gloucestershire, becomes an æstuary below Gloucester, and takes the name of *the Bristol Channel* on its union with *the Wye* and *the Lower Avon*, thus rejoining the ancient borders of its native principality, as it divides Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, Caermarthenshire, and Pembrokeshire, from Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall.

The principal of the sources of *the Severn* rises in a small lake on the eastern side of Plinlimmon, not far from the heads of *the Wye*, and *the Rhydol*, bearing the title of *the Hafren river*, as it flows through a wild district towards the south-east to Llanidloes. It then turns to the north-east, between hills pleasantly fringed with wood, as it approaches Newtown, assuming its proper name of *the Severn*. From thence its course is almost due north, through the delightful vale of Montgomeryshire, which is highly cultivated, and adorned with numerous towns, villages, and seats. Beyond Welch-Pool it enters the great plain of Shrop-

shire, and making a considerable compass turns abruptly to the south-east ; it then almost encircles the town of Shrewsbury, pursuing the same direction till it has passed Colebrooke Dale, soon after which it flows southward to Bridgnorth, Bewdley, Worcester, and Gloucester, dividing near the latter city into two channels, which, re-uniting soon afterwards, constitute a great tide river. Except a large semicircle which *the Severn* makes at Newnham, its course is chiefly to the south-west below Gloucester, till it assumes the title of *the Bristol Channel*, expanding and insensibly losing itself in the Atlantic ocean, between the Land's End of Cornwall and the extreme point of Pembrokeshire, just at the entrance of St. George's Channel, which separates Great Britain from Ireland.

The character of *the Severn* does not much assimilate with its mountainous origin, and it soon loses its native rapidity, forming large vales, and generally burying itself within deep banks. Its

colour also is far less transparent than that of *the Wye*, nor does it in any respect equal that river in picturesque beauty or variety of grand scenery, though it is greatly superior in commercial importance, and the population of its several districts, with their rich plains and fine cities. Even at Llanidloes it ceases to be a torrent, and from thence it forms a delightful valley, more like the extensive vales of England than those stripes of cultivation which prevail within the mountains of Wales. Every appearance of fertility exists in this happy district, and agriculture with its attendant population contribute to enrich it. Innumerable villages lie spread beneath the hills, the handsome town of Newtown adorns its banks, and the fragments of Montgomery Castle start forward on a high mount, sheltering the remains of a town, once more considerable. As *the Severn*, turned apparently by this bulwark, inclines to the north, the vale expands greatly in front of the insulated hills of *Brythen* and

Moelogolfa, while the river flows beneath the superb groves, lawns, and terraces of Powis Castle, to commence its early commercial importance at the opulent town of Welch-Pool. Soon afterwards, it enters the great plain of Shropshire, where it glides almost undistinguished till it approaches Shrewsbury, whose walls it nearly girds with its encircling stream; the churches, public buildings, walks, and two grand bridges of this county town, present very striking objects from the heights they occupy above it. *The Severn* then pervades a pleasant district near the foot of *the Wrekin hill*, by a fine seat of Lord Berwick, where *the Tern* joins it, and passing under an old bridge by the ruin of Buildwas Abbey, sinks at once into that deep abyss profusely cloathed with wood, which is crowded with the almost innumerable works of Colebrooke dale, and the incessant forges of Broseley. A most abundant population, with all the busy aspect of trade, pervades this sooty region; vast manufac-

tories of various kinds are dispersed every where about it; and the river, filled with vessels to transport its craft, rolls in gloomy state between the livid glare of furnaces and the deafening clangor of their hammers, through a curious bridge of cast iron, the produce of these works.

This is the only part of the course of *the Severn* which can properly be called picturesque, for as soon as it emerges from the smoke of Colebrooke dale it forms an enchanting object, as viewed in two great reaches from the terrace of Apley Park, descending almost perpendicularly in red rocks, and profusely cloathed with wood from the very margin of the river to its summit. The latter of these leads to the singular town of Bridgnorth, which, built on a high cliff, descends abruptly to its antient bridge, and presents several striking objects to the adjacent country in the contrasted buildings of its old and modern churches, and the leaning tower of its castle.

The Severn after this relapses into its

former undistinguished sameness of appearance till it reaches Bewdley, a town of some trade, with a handsome new stone bridge; near which the late Sir Edward Winnington most successfully embellished a high cliff surrounding his modern mansion with charming circular walks, which command the river and the country very happily. A little lower, *the Severn* is joined at Stourport by those numerous canals, which bear all the commerce of Birmingham, Kidderminster, and the various trading towns of Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, this being their principal port, where a considerable town has lately risen into existence, and a bridge has been thrown over *the Severn*. That great river, crowded with barges, now rolls through a pleasant country in a broad and tranquil stream between high banks to approach the elegant capital of Worcestershire, whose magnificent stone bridge crosses it as it divides that city from its western suburb. It then traverses a part

of the vale of Evesham, by Upton, to Tewkesbury, between the fine ridge of the Malvern hills, in front of which their Gothic abbey stands distinguished, and the bold eminence of Bredon ; after this, buried within its banks, it almost disappears in the midst of the vast plain of Gloucestershire. Here its temporary division into two channels takes place, one of which washes the walls of Gloucester, now rising from the dullness of the western cities into a state of great commercial importance, and likely to rival the port of Bristol by means of a canal of immense magnitude running parallel with the river, and capable of transporting large vessels. The cathedrals of Worcester and Gloucester, with the numerous churches of those cities, present fine objects to the course of *the Severn* ; the tower of Gloucester, in particular, is greatly admired for its chaste Gothic ornaments, and its four pinnacles highly finished in fret work.

When *the Severn* has re-united its two

branches, it is shortly joined by various canals from the cloathing districts of Gloucestershire, a delightful tract of country, sinking into vallies within the Cotteswold hills, one of which unites it with *the Thames*. It then becomes considerably extended, and, swelling into a broad æstuary, forms the principal ornament of its expanded vale, no longer creeping through the plain in invisible obscurity. The cliff on which the church of Newnham is finely situated, commands its immense semicircle with admirable effect, while the Cotteswold range, terminating in the bold elevation of Stinchcombe Hill, bounds the vale to the east, and the undulating hills of the forest of Dean close in upon it on the west, opening into various sweetly-picturesque glens. *The Severn*, after this, studded with sails, and gliding between a range of fine pastures and villages, grows wider gradually till it receives *the Wye* near Chepstow, and *the Avon* from Somersetshire, thus forming *the Bristol Channel*.

The three remaining sources of *the Severn* should be noticed in describing its assistant rivers. These are called *the Bacho*, *the Glasslyn*, and *the Graylin*, rising likewise from small lakes under Plinlimmon, and concurring with the larger stream of *the Hafren* to form *the original Severn*, before it reaches Llanidloes. Neither of these differ from common mountain torrents in their short course, nor are *the Vernieu* from Llouvair and the borders of Merionethshire, or *the Rhaidr* from its celebrated cataract of Pistill Rhaidr in the Berouin Mountains, more considerable. *The Tern*, from the north, falls into the Severn in Lord Berwick's grounds, a little below Shrewsbury, *the Wort* near Bridgenorth, and *the Stour* below Bewdley, neither of which are distinguishable for any thing, except the trade attendant on the latter, and its numerous parallel canals.

The Teme is a more considerable river, rising in those mountains which divide Radnorshire from Montgomeryshire, and

flowing eastward by Knighton, through the pleasant vale of Brampton Bryan, beneath the Camp of Cæsar, by Mr. Knight's animated creation surrounding Downton Castle, to Oakley Park, once celebrated for the Court of Comus, and the splendid fragments of Ludlow Castle, with its handsome town and high church. *The Teme* then proceeds in a placid stream beneath the Cley Hills to Tenbury, and falls into *the Severn*, after traversing a romantic hollow, through which the road from Bromyard to Worcester passes.

The Upper Avon brings a large influx of waters from the north-east, rising on the borders of Leicestershire, and adding great beauty to the delightful territory of Warwick Castle, as it flows beneath the cliff on which those lofty towers, projecting before the fine town and church of Warwick, are situated. It then glides through a charming country to the celebrated spot of Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of our immortal Bard, and the repository of his bones. From thence

it traverses the great level of Worcestershire by Evesham, having received *the lesser Stour* at Stratford, and turning to the south at Perthshore meets *the Severn* at the flourishing town of Tewkesbury.

The Chelt, the Stroud, the Cam, and the little Avon, fall respectively into the Severn after its junction with *the Upper Avon*, but have no peculiar characters to distinguish them, except that *the Chelt's* small stream gives a name to Cheltenham, whose sulphureous well in the centre of a well-planted walk fronting its handsome spire, attracts the public world powerfully during the summer months. The beauty of the surrounding country, the fine form of its bold hills, and the exquisite views commanded from them, united with the delightful walks surrounding Cheltenham in a plain rich with foliage and luxuriant in verdure, hold out strong temptations to those whom nature can charm; neither is art deficient, every accommodation being abundantly supplied, and its management

as a public place being superior to most in England, in ease and regularity, through the influence of some very amiable and respectable families residing there, who wisely stem the present fashionable torrent of private parties. The other small streams issue mostly from the cloathing districts, and join *the Severn* below Gloucester, *the Stroud* accompanying its canal from the town of that name, and *the little Avon* washing the memorable walls of Berkeley Castle.

The Lower Avon rises in the hilly district of North Wiltshire, bordering upon Gloucestershire, not far from Wootton Bassett; but various springs are assigned for its origin as well as for that of *the Thames*, from whose numerous sources it is also not far distant. Emerging from the hills, it makes a compass to fall into the vale which leads from Christian Malford to Chippenham, after which its windings are numerous from the hilly nature of the country through which it passes, as it advances through the cloathing district

of Wiltshire, bordering upon that of Somersetshire, and for some space divides the counties. Its course is at first southward, and it makes a long compass by the west towards the north, and then to the west, at last encircling the city of Bath on two sides, from whence it pursues nearly the same direction, with frequent meanders, to Bristol. It then inclines to the north-west, as it conveys the abundant trade of that opulent city to *the Severn*, by its conflux constituting *the Bristol Channel* at *King-Road*.

This river is more remarkable for the romantic vallies it forms, and the rich country it winds through, than for its extent, being generally buried within deep banks ; its colour also is liable to be strongly affected by storms, those from Wiltshire tinging it with white from a chalky soil, and those from Somersetshire with red, from the ochre prevailing in that county ; but it naturally presents a dark and deep stream, except where shallows intervene, and is occasionally rapid. About Chip-

penham the country is extremely beautiful, and yet expanded, on the north of which neat town, the seat of Harden-Hewish occupies a charming position, the friendly and hospitable virtues of whose late owner, Joseph Colborne, Esq. will long be remembered gratefully in that neighbourhood. Mr. Methuen's extensive park and domain of Corsham lies farther in the vale, and his fine old house exhibits a striking and pleasing contrast of the antient British architecture, with two fronts of the Grecian, presenting at the same time a most magnificent and well-disposed collection of paintings. Bowden hill rises boldly in front, crowned with the splendid new-built seat of Mr. Dickinson, and backed by Sir Edward Baynton's thickly-wooded territory of Spye Park, while in the vale the noble remains of Laycock Abbey, the venerable seat of the Talbot family, mark proudly the level near the river. The towns of Melksham and Bradford crowd its banks now with the great population of a tra-

ding country, and a canal has been studiously formed to transport their commerce, *the Avon* not being capable of navigation above Bath. Below Bradford, joined by *the Were* from Trowbridge, *the Frome* from the venerable remains of Farley Castle, and a brook from the interior of Somersetshire (near the fine hollow of Limpley Stoke) flowing through Mr. Smith's much-improved territory of Combe-Hay, *the Avon* forms a deep and hollow valley between high impending hills, some of which are rocky, and others profusely cloathed with wood; abundant villages are scattered along these eminences, and some few seats are beautifully dispersed, so as to command the river and its striking accompaniments in perfection.

I must not here let a fear of the imputation of egotism or vanity restrain my noticing the enchanting position of that little territory which became mine by descent, and was eminently improved by the taste and attention bestowed on it by my late most excellent father, Warley

is situated on a gentle eminence above *the Avon*, beneath a rocky hill, thickly cloathed with wood towards its base, and descending almost perpendicularly to the house, so that the public road is obliged to be carried on a shelf above it. The mansion, which is inconveniently irregular in old buildings, with a modern front, looks to the south, commanding a valley of about four miles in length, the boundary of which is an extensive chain of woods descending abruptly from the borders of Wiltshire, and enriched with much magnificent timber. A small, but beautiful lawn, expands towards the river, and fine clumps of oaks and elms mark the various undulations of ground in front of the woods, interspersed with cottages, while *the Avon*, precipitating itself from a broad basin down a wear in full front, rolls beneath the slope in which the gardens descend. The opposite hill rises still more abruptly, terminating to the north in some bold cliffs above Hampton, which front the antient camp of Sales-

bury, impending over Batheaston, and the pleasantly-clumped grounds of Mr. Whittington on the more distant borders of Gloucestershire: About midway in this ascent, immediately overlooking Warley and the river, the pleasing village of Claverton seems to hang suspended, where its large Gothic mansion (renowned in the civil wars) and its little church, with the pyramidical tomb of the late much-esteemed Mr. Allen, are striking objects; neither is its parsonage less pleasing, the little grounds of which are laid out in a truly classic taste by the Rev. Mr. Graves, the friend and literary rival of Shenstone, where that worthy veteran closes the placid evening of his days in the retirement he has so happily embellished, deservedly beloved and respected. Monkton Farley, a seat of the Duke of Somerset, occupies the opposite height, enjoying extensive views over Wiltshire, whose circular clump forms a kind of land-mark to this tract of country.

The Avon, emerging from these re-

cesses beneath the eminence on which the handsome village of Bathford is placed, meets a stream issuing from Box on the borders of Wiltshire, and passes beneath the handsome mansion of Mr. Wiltshire at Shockewick; another small brook joins it near that of Mr. Walters at Bath-easton, pervading the romantic valley and hamlet of Catherine; and a third descends to it from the heights of Lansdown, memorable in history, to Lambridge by Swanswick, which village is reputed to be the theatre of King Bladud's extraordinary metamorphosis. Thus increased, this river approaches the splendid city of Bath, which, from its banks, appears to rise from the venerable pile of its abbey; in a succession of fairy palaces to the clouds. Prior Park, the elevated seat of Lord Hawarden, overlooks it grandly from the south; the heights of Lansdown rise boldly on the north; and on the west, at the distance of three miles, a beautiful knoll seems to close the valley, crowned

with a handsome house, and embellished with extensive lawns and plantations by the taste of the late Sir Cæsar Hawkins, its base being thickly wooded towards the river. This delightful place is fronted by the ascending groves of Newton Park, the fine seat of Mr. Langton, which crown the summit of one of the highest hills in this part of Somersetshire, below which the extensive collieries of that opulent county are established. A more expanded vale succeeds, as the Avon winds between the villages of Keynsham and Bitton to Bristlington, where it becomes discoloured by the red mud imported by the tide, and environed by numerous superb villas belonging to the Bristol merchants. That proud city appears on this side in all its splendour, spreading over several high hills, (one of which is crowned by Mr. Tyndall's handsome edifice and grounds of the Fort,) with its numerous towers and spires starting up on all sides amidst incessant

volumes of smoke from various glass-houses and forges, and the abundant masts of its shipping. Here is the last bridge over *the Avon*, *the Froome* descending to it in the centre of the city, crowded with vessels, and forming its principal quay. Numberless docks attend it afterwards to the celebrated springs and buildings of the Hotwells, placed beneath the impending rocks of St. Vincent, projecting from a hill overspread by the ornamented village of Clifton, where houses of a superior order are piled on each other in wonderful profusion. The country here is inexpressibly grand, commanding *the Severn* backed by the mountains of South Wales to the north-west, the immense population of the Kingswood collieries on the north-east, Lansdown with the hills about Bath on the south-east, and the rich plain of Somersetshire crossed by the ridge of Dundery, with the lofty tower, and the more distant range of Mendip on the south-west. *The Avon*

alone declines in beauty, becoming more discoloured with mud as it emerges in a contracted channel at low water from its rocky barrier, beneath the fine groves of Kingsweston, at Pill, and advances through marshes to join *the Severn*.

C H A P. XIII.

Great swell of the coast of Somersetshire between the Avon and the Axe—Rivers of Somersetshire below the Avon—The Yaw, The Axe, The Brue, The Parrett, and The Thone—Rivers of the north of Devonshire—The Taw and The Torridge, with their ports and basins of Barnstaple and Biddeford—The Bude, The Camel, and The Heyl, in the north of Cornwall—Coast of Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, from the commencement of the Bristol Channel at King-Road to the Land's End, and from thence to Plymouth Sound—Southern rivers of Cornwall—The Loe, The Hel, The Fal, The Free-Water, The Fowey, and The Looe—The Tamar of Devonshire and Cornwall, terminating in Plymouth Harbour and Sound, with its

various branches, viz. The Helscot, The Tavy, The Tidi, and The Plym.

THE coast of Somersetshire encircles a wonderfully rich and beautiful plain, between *the Avon* and *the Axe*, but being in a manner insulated either by ranges of hills or small streams, and mostly removed from the great roads of the country, this delightful tract has been fully explored but by few, and travellers have not been enough excited to visit it. This rich plain is both encircled and intersected by lofty hills; Leigh Down extending in an irregular and waving line towards *the Avon* and the coast, Dunderly Hill, crowned with its high tower, and Backwell hill forming grand intermediate ridges, while the great range of Mendip skirts the western horizon with a magnificent background. Numerous and most beautiful are the villages dispersed about this happy district, in which Brockley Combe exhibits a picturesque dell and stream not unlike those of Derbyshire; and Barrow

Court stands finely exalted in the neighbourhood of the pleasant seats of Bourton, Walton, and various others, within a short distance of Bristol. The views also from Dunderly hill, Leigh Down, and the several eminences, are uncommonly striking, expanding over the course of *the Avon*, *the Severn*, the mountains of Wales, and the sea; marshes at length intervene between this cultivated tract and the coast, but several neat villages advance to it under the impending ridge of the Mendip hills, of which *Weston Super Mare* is most considerable.

THE *YAW* is the first river of any note in this district, below the small stream, which, rising under Leigh Down, and passing through Bourton, pervades the sweet hollow of Brockley Combe, and reaches the sea in two channels. *The Yaw* finds its origin on the eastern side of the Mendip hills, flowing through this rich territory in a north-west direction to the Bristol Channel. Its course is short, and its size not considerable, but the hills

which encompass it may boast much grandeur, and the town of Wrington, with a handsome church, decorates its banks.

THE AXE rises in two small branches on the western side of the Mendip hills, one of which has its source in the cavern called Wokey Hole, which is a natural perforation of the rock, not unlike those so much celebrated in Derbyshire, provided also with its witch and its legendary tale. Its short course is to the north-west, being joined by a little stream issuing from the stupendous cliffs of Cheddar in the Mendip hills. The little town of Axbridge stands near the point where *the Axe* is traversed by the western road from Bristol at Cross, after which it winds through a tract of marshes to fall into *the Bristol Channel*.

THE BRUE rises just within the western border of Wiltshire, flowing first to the south-west, then to the north-west, and meeting *the Bristol Channel* near the

mouth of *the Parrett* in the Bay of *Bridgewater*.

The delightful scenery of Sir Richard Hoare's proud territory of Stourhead covers all the hills above the source of this stream, to which the clear stream issuing from the Urn of *the Stour*, (one of the six sources of that fine Dorsetshire river,) in the grotto of the nymph of those grounds, adds its tribute, while the lofty tower erected on the spot where Alfred fixed his standard overlooks the vast plain through which the *Brue* winds undistinguished. Long-Leat, the splendid seat of the Marquis of Bath, (not unlike those co-temporary grand edifices of Burghley, Hatfield, and Audley-End,) covers a great portion of these fine hills of Wiltshire, in whose ornamented grounds *the Frome* finds its origin; Maiden Bradley also, a respectable seat of the Duke of Somerset, occupies another portion of the same range, very boldly marked by Knowls; and Lord Ilchester's fine place of Redlynch lies in the vale near *the Brue*,

which passing its town of Bruton, and washing the noble remains of Glastonbury Abbey, becomes lost at last in those extensive marshes that approach *the Bristol Channel*.

THE PARRETT AND THE THONE form their junction near the centre of Somersetshire, the former flowing from the south-east by Crewkerne, and the borders of Dorsetshire, and the latter rising in the Quantox hills in the south-west near Wyvescombe, after which it makes a considerable compass to the south, pursuing at last a north-east direction from a little below Wellington to Taunton and its junction with *the Parrett*, whose course it assumes, together with its name, as they traverse the extensive marsh of Sedgmoor to *Bridgwater Bay*.

Neither of these rivers, nor *the Yeo*, which joins *the Parrett*, have strong features, but all flow through a populous country. The handsome county town of Taunton, in the midst of one of the richest vales of England, exalts its lofty and

ornamented Gothic tower above *the Thone*, and the elegant grounds of Hestercombe, formed by the taste of the late Mr. Bamfylde, command it with the best effect. Bridgewater, the port of these united streams, may boast a considerable portion of trade, with a newly-constructed iron bridge of curious mechanism; the fine grounds of Halswell, formed by the late Sir Charles Tynte, and Enmore Castle, the seat of Lord Egmont, are near this town, below which *the Parrett*, being navigable, creeps in a sluggish and muddy stream to form a bay in *the Bristol Channel*, nearly opposite to Cardiffe in Glamorganshire.

THE TAW AND THE TORRIDGE.— These are the only rivers of note on the northern coast of Devonshire, contributing to form the great bay of Barnstaple and Biddeford, on the broad part of *the Bristol Channel*, opposed to Tenby in Pembrokeshire.

The Taw finds its source in the central mountains of Dart-moor in Devonshire,

flowing northward with various curves till it nearly reaches Chumleigh, and then inclining a little to the west, increased by *the Moule* from South Moneton to Barnstaple, from whence (making a short circle in its course) it turns directly westward to meet *the Torridge*.

The Torridge rises close to the head of *the Tamar* near the border of the northern part of Cornwall, forming the district of Stratton; its course is eastward, somewhat inclined to the south at first, from which it makes a curve to the north-west below Sheepwash, and increased by *the Okement* from the park and castle of Okehampton, pursues a direction varying little from due north by Torrington to Biddeford and its junction with *the Taw*. Both streams incline to the north-west to find their mouth, where *the Bristol Channel* loses itself in the open sea.

The country through which these rivers flow is populous and well cultivated, but abounding in successive sheep hills, and hollow dales, beyond any other

in England. Sir Bouchier Wrey's fine seat of Tawstock graces the descent of *the Taw* to Barnstaple, and its great basin (afterwards uniting with that of *the Torridge* from Biddeford) presents a beautiful object to the extensive and well-managed grounds belonging to the stately mansion of that place, which overlooks great part of the northern bay of Devon and these bold sheets of water, uniting with it, together with their towns, across a rich and populous vale. Barnstaple is a place of considerable trade, with a handsome public walk, and *the Taw* is navigable for large vessels from thence to its mouth. *The Torridge* also admits ships of some size at Biddeford, where a long and narrow stone bridge crosses it to that picturesque town, whose whitened buildings, mixed with wood, cover the side of a high hill.

THE BUDE, THE CAMEL, AND THE HEYL, are the only rivers of note in the north of Cornwall, which is also intersected by various inconsiderable streams, *the Bude* penetrating part of the district

of Stratton, and *the Camel* rising near the rocky hills of Rhutter in the north-east; after which it passes by Camelford in a southern direction, a little inclined to the west, and then turning with a great compass below Bodmin almost to the north, it flows by Wade's Bridge into the great harbour of Padstowe, whose mouth at last inclines to the west. *The Heyl's* course is at first westward through the lower part of Cornwall to St. Hillary, almost insulating the extreme end of that county, from whence, turning northward, it forms a noble æstuary opening into a large bay, on the western side of which, the port of St. Ives, to which the bay owes a name, is situated. Padstowe on *the Camel* is a port of greater importance, and its bay much more considerable, but neither of these rivers have any other distinguishing features.

The western coast of England may be said to begin, where the shipping of *King-Road*, at the junction of the *Lower Avon* with *the Severn* properly constitutes that

great æstuary of *the Bristol Channel*, a little below the opposite conflux of *the Wye* from Wales, though some navigators do not allow it that title till it reaches the islands called *the Holmes* near Cardiff. The Somersetshire shore stretches out at first in the broad plain before described, bordered by marshes, while the undulating range of the Mendip hills, covered with fern and abounding in mines, closes the horizon, as it advances through the country from the borders of Wiltshire, above the pleasant city of Wells with its neat Cathedral, towards the great expanse of water below Ax-bridge.

Great marshes afterwards spread far into the country, of which the rich level of Sedgmoor is the most considerable, and the coast continues chiefly level till the waving line of the Quantox hills in the south-west opposes the parallel ridge of the Mendip in the north-east, between which the insulated terrace of Powlett, or Polden Hill, exalts itself, traversed

beautifully by one of the western roads from Bath to Bridgwater. Two great plains are thus formed, through the first of which *the Brue* descends by the magnificent pile of Glastonbury, whose conic hill, crowned with the tower of its Torr, is visible at a vast distance; the latter expanse comprehends the vale of Taunton Dean, one of the richest in the west of England, between the ranges of its high impending barriers. *The Parrett and Thone*, united, pass through this territory to form *the Bay of Bridgwater*, to which *that of Minehead* succeeds, where the majestic pile of Dunster Castle appears proudly elevated on a high mount above its town. This delightful spot has been much improved by the taste of its owner Mr. Luttrell, with the numerous plantations of whose park many of the neighbouring hills are covered, one of which is marked by a lofty but unfinished tower. This part of the Somersetshire coast, together with that of Devonshire which soon joins it, may be

called mountainous, abounding in dark cliffs and rocky hollows, incessantly following each other, of which the valley of Stones, near Linton, is an extraordinary specimen; a few romantic streams (but none of any note) descend through these clefts, and the towns of Ilfracomb and Comb Martin occupy bold positions on the edge of the sea, the former of which (being in Devonshire) is resorted to as a bathing-place from the grandeur of its surrounding scenery. The shore of Glamorganshire, Caermarthenshire, and Pembrokeshire, fronts these towns across *the Bristol Channel*, which is here become almost an open sea; while that of Devonshire deeply indents the country, forming the bays of Barnstaple and Biddeford, and terminates in the bold point of Hartland, in front of Lundy Island, and a little beyond the singular village of Clovelly, which descends in precipitous stages through a rocky hollow to the sea. The Devonshire coast now inclines to the south, soon uniting with that of

Cornwall, bounding there the rich and level district of Stratton; after which, high hills advance again before Camelford, enclosing the plain and villages of Bossineo and Bossicastle, where the fragments of Tintagel Castle occupy a cliff which stretches out far into the sea, exhibiting the curious, though imperfect, remains of our British King Arthur's palace. The coast turns more and more westward from the south, after it has formed the bay and harbour of Padstow at the mouth of *the Camel*, being indented at last by the semicircular bay of *St. Ives*, at the extremity of the broad basin formed by *the Heyl*. Thus is the extreme western point of Cornwall almost insulated, in the same manner with the northern peninsula of Scotland, the two seas advancing towards each other, and large inland streams dividing the country so as almost to join them. The little port of St. Ives graces its bay, after which, the coast descends in a south-west direction till it makes its grand and final compass by the south

towards the east, round *the Land's End*, enclosing a naked tract of country, where the melancholy villages of Senan and St. Buryen exhibit the last poor habitations of England to the Atlantic ocean, whose waves, dashing against the black rocks which rise in piles around this dreary peninsula, roll afterwards with uninterrupted force towards the continent of America.

The islands of Scilly, so dangerous to the navigation of this sea and the entrance of *The English Channel*, are visible from the point of the Land's End, where a rock at a small distance from the shore is furnished with a light-house of a very curious construction for the direction of mariners. After compassing this extraordinary point, the Cornish shore advances southward, with some swells to the east; and presently expands itself into the capacious bay of St. Michael, in the centre of which rises a singular insulated rock, crowned with the striking remains of an abbey, which was formerly dedicated to

that saint. Sir John St. Aubyn, the proprietor, has converted this into a temporary dwelling, adding where it was necessary to make the pile habitable, and uniting the antient style of building with the modern very judiciously. St. Michael's Abbey thus presents a singular mansion, highly exalted on a stupendous cliff, curiously overhanging the sea in perpendicular rocks, and commanding in great perfection the strong features of its appropriate bay. These are not less bold than the rest of the Cornish coast, but they are happily intermixed with a very interesting display of cultivation, pastures, woods, and villages, among which the handsome town of Penzance overspreads an eminence on the west above the sea, backed by some fine groves; and the little port of Merazion, or Market Jew, occupies the centre of the bay in the north, while the Lizzard Point closes the view towards the south-east at a considerable distance. Thus is this extraordinary building of St. Michael's Abbey situated, being

approachable at low water from Mera-
 zion only by land, but completely insu-
 lated by every flow of the tide ; it is also
 very difficult of access from the rugged
 and winding flight of steps by which
 alone its rock can be surmounted.

The Lizzard Point stretches out fur-
 ther to the south than any part of the
 western coast of England, which after-
 wards inclining for a while in a north-
 east direction, and turning then irregu-
 larly towards the east, fronting to the
 south, becomes indented throughout
 Cornwall to the southern Horn of the
 Ramshead, which opposes Devonshire,
 with various bays, each of which are fed
 by their rivers. Many of these basins
 strongly resemble that of *Milford Haven*
 in Pembrokeshire, the streams which
 supply them being small, and their
 curving branches intersecting the country
 for a considerable distance. The æstua-
 ries of *the Loe* and *the Hel* are the first of
 these, and that which forms the harbour
 of Falmouth is much larger ; those of

the Forwey and *the Looe* follow in succession, that of *the Tamar* being the last and most important, where the harbour and sound of Plymouth are formed between the shores of Cornwall and Devonshire. The detail of the Cornish rivers on this side of the country, discharging themselves into the English Channel, is as follows; from the Land's End.

THE LOE AND THE HEL descend from the town of Helstone in two different directions to the sea, the former flowing southward to St. Michael's Bay, and the latter eastward to the gulph in which *the Fal* opens. The æstuaries alone of these streams are memorable, being wide, and in some parts wooded.

THE FAL, though but a small river in its origin, is the most considerable in the central parts of Cornwall, rising not far from St. Columb, and swelling into a large basin near Truro, to which place one of its curving branches extends.

Truro is one of the handsomest towns in the west of England, though by no

means large, and is the mart of those abundant Stannaries, which enrich, and deface at the same time, great part of Cornwall, despoiling the soil of its verdure, and giving it the arid appearance of being burnt with fire. These winding arms of *the Fal*, one of which is fed by *the Free-water* from Grampound, unite at last in the general reservoir of a capacious basin, the town of Penrhyn standing at the head of one, and the port of Falmouth nearer its mouth, below which, the rock, crowned with the fortress of Pendennis Castle, stretches out into the sea, fronting the opposite town of St. Just, at the mouth of the bay. Falmouth is a place of consequence, being the station from whence our packets sail to Lisbon, but its streets are both steep and narrow, and rendered offensive by the putrid oil exhaling from the exposure of the fish called pilchards, in heaps for drying; this peculiar fishery is regulated by a code of particular laws and customs,

both employing and enriching many on this coast.

THE FOWEY AND THE LOOE are the next rivers in succession ; two inconsiderable streams descending by St. Austle and St. Blazey to the sea. *The Fowey* rises high in Cornwall in a downish tract between Bodmin and Launceston, flowing at first southward, and then making a great compass by the west to reach Lestwithiel, soon after which it expands into a broad basin inclining to the south, and joined by several winding branches, issuing from small creeks. It traverses some of the pleasant parts of Cornwall, forming a sweet valley above Lestwithiel, in which the pleasing remains of Restormel Abbey, finely surrounded with wood, grace a gentleman's grounds, which are well laid out. *The Looe* is composed of two branches, one of which descends from Leskard, both uniting where the port of Looe is situated near their mouth, but having no singular features.

THE TAMAR is one of the most con-

siderable rivers in the west of England, rising in the northern point of the district of Stratton in Cornwall, (not far from the source of *the Torridge*, which flows to the northern sea by Biddeford,) and dividing for a long distance Cornwall from Devonshire. *The Tamar's* course is mostly southward, with some little variations, to the vicinage of Launceston ; it then inclines somewhat to the east till its junction takes place, first with *the Lyd* from its cataract, wooded dell, and rocky bridge of Lydford, and then with *the Tavy* from Tavistock, after which that great æstuary is formed, which descending to the south in several bold sweeps from Salt-Ash, incloses the dock of Plymouth, and afterwards co-operates with *the Plym* to create that large body of water, which constitutes *Plymouth Sound*, thus communicating with the sea.

The Tamar abounds in fine features, and excels in a majestic outline, occasionally attended with rocks, woods, and the usual appendages of romantic beauty.

Launceston, the county town of Cornwall, occupies a fine eminence on the west, above its steep banks, (which are there thickly fringed with wood,) remarkable for the lofty mount which forms the keep of its castle, and divided from Newport by the little river *Atterry*. Somewhat above, *the Werrington* descends to *the Tamar* from the north-west, flowing through the Duke of Northumberland's pleasant park of Werrington. On the Cornish side, a little below Tavistock, Culteal, a curious old seat of Lord Edgecumbe, exhibits the wild beauties of *the Tamar* in great perfection, and contrasts delightfully his ornamented and extended territory of Mount Edgecumbe. *The Tavy*, from Tavistock in the north-east, soon afterwards joins *the Tamar*, (which is still further increased by *the Lynher*, from Callington, and *the Tidi*, from St. Germans on the Cornish side,) and increasing in importance, as the tide more and more influences it, soon becomes

crowded with vessels, and stretches out in broad curving branches, which intersect the country on each side. At length, its receding shores form the winding basin of *Plymouth Harbour*, between the new town created by its Dock, and the Cornish Borough of Salt-Ash, presenting an assemblage of objects in its splendid exhibition of that grand repository of the British navy, which is difficult to be described, and no where to be matched.

The Plym here adds its tributary waters to the *Tamar*, rising on the west side of Dartmoor, and inclining to the south-west, till it forms a large basin beneath the old town of Plymouth, and the fine woods and plantations surrounding Salterham, the seat of Lord Boringdon. Here is constituted a commodious haven for the numerous merchant vessels which come to Plymouth, separated from the greater bay filled by the men of war in the *Tamar*. The conflux of these two branches with the sea produces that

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noble road for shipping called *the Sound of Plymouth*, between Cornwall and Devonshire, opening to the south-east in front of that distant rock in *the English Channel*, on which the famous light-house of Eddystone has at last been successfully constructed, after various failures. The high grounds extending from the promontory of the Ram's Head defend this expanse of water from the west, above which Maker Tower exalts itself, from whence signals are hoisted relating to vessels appearing in the channel. The enchanting groves, lawns, and plantations of Mount Edgcumbe, clothe the sides of this noble eminence with the utmost grandeur and beauty with which nature and art can be attended, and the choicest evergreens flourish here almost spontaneously, with a degree of verdure which is indescribable. Thus is formed a terrestrial paradise in the midst of the busiest naval display, which commands most happily the grand objects of the town,

dock, garrison, and hospitals, of Plymouth and Stonehouse, with the basins of *the Tamar* and *the Plym*, crowded with shipping, and the greater bay of *Plymouth Sound*, varied with alternate striking views over sea and land.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rivers of Devonshire eastward of the Tamar—The Yealme, Erme, and Aven—The Dart, The Teign, The Ex, The Otter, The Syd, and the Axe—Rivers of Dorsetshire—The Char, The Eype, The Wey, The Froome, and the Stoure—The Hampshire and Wiltshire Avon—The Anton, The Test, and the Itchin, uniting at last to form The Southampton River.

THE YEALME, ERME, AND AVEN, are three inconsiderable rivers, rising in Dartmoor, and reaching the sea in the southern projection of Devonshire coast. The pleasant spot and Inn of Ivy-Bridge, on the great western road to Plymouth, are found on the banks of *the Erme*, which is there a mountain torrent. The course of all these rivers is southward, a little

inclined to the west, and each has a considerable æstuary.

THE DART originates in the mountainous region of Dartmoor, descending first southward, and then inclining considerably to the east, before it quits that rude district; its winding course is afterwards to the south-east, as it passes Totness, and falls into the sea between Dartmouth and Kingsweare.

The Dart is the principal of all those rivers that are produced by the rocky range of Dartmoor in the centre of Devonshire, which in wildness at least, though not in height or extent, may emulate most of the mountainous tracts of Wales or Scotland, and can display a stronger contrast to the extraordinary fertility and riches of the surrounding districts; than those countries are generally capable of exhibiting. Rapidity is its first characteristic, and this quality it retains long after it leaves those mountains which enclose its source, as it descends into the rich plains of the southern part

of Devonshire. A little west of Ashburton it forms a charming valley, and flows in placid beauty beneath the high hill, which is finely distinguished by the castle and church of Totness. Here *the Dart* is crossed by its last bridge, and, soon afterwards receiving the tide, it rolls in a majestic stream between bold hills covered with cultivation, woods, and villages, disclosing new beauties at every curve, and presenting a grand object to the adjacent country, varied perpetually both in its form and attendant features. The noble ruin of Berry Pomeroy Castle, an old seat of the Duke of Somerset, occupies an eminence on the east, at some distance from the river, below which a very picturesque rivulet descends through a dark winding dell, adding much to the solemnity and beauty of the scene, where the deep gloom of the overhanging wood, which encircles several majestic towers cloathed with ivy, inspires that kind of awful dignity which seems suited to the most romantic periods of our antient

history. The eminences which enclose the channel of *the Dart* become at last almost mountainous, forming on the west a barrier to the southern peninsula of Devonshire, between that river and *the Tamar*, and on the east to *the Road of Torbay*, while the river, winding between their wooded and rocky bases, passes the very striking position occupied by the hamlet of Kingsweare on its eastern bank, and the singularly irregular town of Dartmouth on its western, the whitened fronts of whose houses, built in stages over each other, and beautifully interspersed with wood and rock, form a curious assemblage of interesting objects. The ivied walls of Dartmouth Castle, with its rustic spire, starting out from beneath a bold rocky hill, close the prospect with great majesty, and strongly mark the proud exit of *the Dart* towards the sea.

THE TEIGN is the most eastern of all the Devonshire rivers, which take their rise in Dartmoor; its principal source is found near the village of Chegford on the

eastern side of that wild district, not far from Moreton-Hampstead. Its course is at first eastward, inclining afterwards to the south till it reaches Chudleigh, a little below which place, the smaller and more western branch joins it; both thus united, form a broad, but short æstuary, inclining to the east, which terminates in the bay of Teignmouth.

No peculiar character marks either of these streams before their union, but the large basin they at last form is a very striking object, filling the whole space of a winding valley between the protruding eminences, each side of which is beautifully interspersed with woods, pastures, and villages. Teignmouth is one of the pleasantest bathing places on this coast, and the bold red rock, which forms the western barrier of *the Teign* on its exit into the large bay at its mouth, exhibits a grand object, variegated with stripes of green herbage, and protruding its massy pile into the sea.

THE Ex, rising in the wild hills of

Ex-Moor in the western corner of Somersetshire, inclines first to the south east, but afterwards falling into a deep valley flows southward, a little inclined towards the west, to Exeter, from whence it again pursues a line, bearing somewhat to the east from the south, as it forms a grand æstuary to Exmouth, where it meets the sea.

The Ex is a most beautiful river, rapid in its origin, but soon disporting itself in a tranquil stream amidst verdant meadows, and surrounded by a well-cultivated district. Its descent from its mountainous origin is curiously featured, and its change of character, from a furious torrent to a placid rivulet, so abrupt as to require a peculiar description. Cleaving a passage through the wild hills, which form the ridge above Minehead, and the barrier between the two seas, *the Ex* insinuates itself imperceptibly into an alpine valley between eminences richly cloathed with wood, which in some parts feather down to the very margin of the

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the west, cloathed with the plantations of Lord Clifford at Ugbrook, and Lord Lisburne at Mam-Head. Powderham Castle commands *the Ex* finely, and its park is richly wooded, but the situation disappointed my expectation, being in a low and marshy ground; its venerable walls also are encrusted and defaced by a rough coat of plaster miserably white-washed, and the internal decorations seem more suitable to an Asiatic palace than the antient seat of an English nobleman. Star-Point stretches out far here, into the æstuary of *the Ex*, where it disembogues itself into the sea beneath the port of Exmouth, which, covering the side of a hill with ranges of handsome houses, has long been a well-frequented bathing place.

THE OTTER, THE SYD, AND THE AXE, are the three remaining rivers of Devonshire on the southern coast, eastward of *the Ex*, each of them rising near the border of Somersetshire, and flowing mostly southward.

They are not considerable streams, but all form deep vallies between very high impending hills. The extraordinary beauty of Sydmouth has been deservedly admired, placed in a well-wooded and populous amphitheatre of high grounds, which terminate towards the sea in red rocks, variegated with green like those of Teignmouth. The rural aspect of this place, together with its mild air and sheltered position, have rendered it the resort of much company, and it may now aspire to the fame of a favoured public place, attended with every convenience.

THE CHAR, THE EYFE, AND THE WEY, are the three rivers of Dorsetshire, bordering upon Devonshire, but none of them are particularly distinguished by the features of landscape, the country through which they flow being a dreary compound of bare heaths and downs, intersected with marshes, and scantily provided with villages. That celebrated bathing-place, which is formed by the combined towns of Melcoln Regis and

Weymouth, graces the exit of *the Wey* to the sea, remarkable for its grand semicircular beach, and its excellent, as well as level, sands. These advantages, and the preference given to this place by the Royal Family, have raised it into high consideration; splendid rows of houses being formed, with a superb esplanade in front of them towards the coast; for a great extent, where they command the whole of the bay, bounded by great chalky cliffs, and backed by the downs of Dorsetshire. The pier of Weymouth stretches out beneath an opposite rock, crowned with its garrison, which defends the harbour from the south and west winds, offering a convenient refuge to shipping, and employing no small portion of trade. The village and high church of Wyke Regis occupy the highest point of this ridge of hills on the west, immediately opposed to the vast protruding mass of Portland Island. Happily situated on an elevation in the descent to the shore, and environed by some admirably growing

plantations, (which have a double effect in the midst of so bare a country,) the elegant villa of Mrs. Buxton rises in all the pride of Grecian architecture. To this place numbers are attracted by the beauty of the spot, and its command of the bold outline of the coast, but more by the internal charms of society which it exhibits, and the hospitality of its worthy owner.

The Char, and *the Eype*, which come in succession before *the Wey*, have no striking points, except that Charmouth, at the exit of the former, on the great western road, is preferred by some as a bathing place to Lyme, which is far more beautifully situated in its neighbourhood; *the Eype*, joined by *the Brit* from Beminster, and another stream westward of it, falls into the sea in Bridport harbour, a few miles below that town. These rivers all descend from the Dorsetshire Downs, and their course is nearly southward.

THE FROOME may be called the most considerable river in Dorsetshire, rising

like the rest in that vast tract of downs which divides it from Somersetshire, its two channels uniting in a pleasant bourn at Maiden Newton, from whence it pursues a south-east course to Dorchester, fed afterwards by various streams from the hollows in the downs in the south, and meeting *the Piddle* from the north, as it turns more and more eastward to reach Wareham, and forms the great expanse of water constituting *Peole Harbour*.

The country through which this river takes its course is but thinly inhabited, and bare of wood, but the range of downs that extend parallel with the latter part of its course, separating its vale from the coast, are formed by nature in the boldest manner, containing many tumuli and antient encampments, with the singular curiosity of one perfect Roman amphitheatre, near Dorchester, within view of the old fortress of Maiden Castle. Dorchester may be called a pleasant town from the neatness of its streets, and above all, from the avenues and planted walks

by which it is environed and approached, after the manner of many French towns, which has an increased effect in the midst of so bare a country; Mr. Pitt's handsome seat of Kingston lies near this town, in a well planted park. Wild heaths succeed to the downs before *the Frome* reaches the sea, and *Poole Harbour* is a very extensive sheet of water, bounded towards the south-west by the Isle of Purbeck, in which the towers of Corfe Castle make a considerable figure. Poole is a flourishing port on its north-east shore.

THE STOURE finds its source in six streams at Stourton in Wiltshire, three of which are in the Park of Stourhead, already described. Winding through Gillingham forest, round the high hill on which Shaftesbury stands exalted, it penetrates through several downish bourns, increased by their rivulets, and descending southward to Stourminster, afterwards pursues nearly a south-east direction aslant the eastern division of Dorsetshire, joined

by the *Allen* from the north at Winborn, to Christ-church in Hampshire, where, meeting the *Avon* of that county after being a little increased by the *Blackwater* from Cranbourn, both fall into the sea opposite to the Isle of Wight.

Though, perhaps somewhat less than the *Froome*, this is certainly by far the pleasantest of the Dorsetshire streams, forming in its passage the charming dell beneath the cliff of Brianstone, which Mr. Portman has so successfully embellished with walks, groves, and a magnificent mansion house. Blandford, one of the neatest towns in the west of England, rises on its banks like a phoenix, from the ashes to which successive fires had reduced it. The vicinage of this river in particular, and indeed Dorsetshire in general, are noted for a profusion of fine seats, and a race of noblemen and country gentlemen, who exercise the splendid and captivating hospitality of past ages, yet uncontaminated by the encroachment of manufactures. Lord

Dorchester's extensive plantations, surrounding his noble structure and park of Milton Abbey, occupy a central point north of the great road from Blandford to Dorchester, and *the Stoure*, in its way to the east from the former town, passes by many others; Murley, at a small distance from Winborn, may boast a library superior to most in Europe, nor are the seats of Mr. Sturt at Critchill, (lately occupied by the Prince of Wales,) of Lord Shaftesbury at Winborne St. Giles, and of Mr. Drax Grosvenor at Charborough, less conspicuous, though more distant from the river. *The Stoure* here forms a pleasing vale between gentle hills covered with woods, and a downish ridge marked with several encampments, of which Badbury Ring, adorned with a high clump, is most remarkable. The antient towers of Winborn minster mark the pleasant position of that town, but the country becomes flat and heathy as the river advances to the Hampshire coast.

THE WILTSHIRE AND HAMPSHIRE

AVON pursues a course directly southward, from the junction of its three early component branches, one of which rises at the edge of the forest of Savernake in Lord Aylesbury's well wooded territory near Marlborough, and the two others in the downish district, between that tract and the Devizes. After their union, *the Avon* forms a valley between the Marlborough downs and the great plain of Salisbury, descending southward by Amesbury, and under Old Sarum, to Salisbury, on one side of which city it is joined by *the Willey*, enlarged by *the Deverell* near Warminster, and united with *the Nadder* from the north and southwest, and on the other by *the Bourne*, flowing southward from Collingbourne, in the downs adjoining to the forest of Chute in Hampshire. None of these rivers are very considerable till their junction, after which *the Avon* continues in a southward direction through a part of the New Forest by Fordingbridge and Ring-

wood, till *the Stoure* meets it at Christchurch, where it falls into the sea.

Many and curious are the remnants or antiquity, and the works of art, on this river, and its assistant streams, though towns are for the most part rare in these open tracts, and the villages clustered in their several bourns throughout the downs. Stonehenge, Amesbury, Harrodon Hill, Yanesborough Castle, and Old Sarum, present great objects to the antiquarian, nor are numberless others wanting, in a tract which has been so often the theatre of wars in remote ages; though changed in some degree by the modern encroachment of cultivation, it still exhibits abundance of encampments and tumuli. Various handsome seats mark the descent of *the Avon* to Salisbury, of which the Duke of Queensberry's fine mansion and park of Amesbury Abbey (now cruelly despoiled of its timber, and converted into a French nunnery) is the most remarkable. *The Nadder* and *the Willey* have still more to boast of in contributing to

adorn the magnificent mansions and grounds of Wardour Castle and Wilton; a brook joining *the Nadder* also is swelled into a great lake in Mr. Beckford's superb domain of Font-Hill, where an abbey of surprising grandeur is now constructing on a lofty eminence, under the judicious auspices and taste of Mr. Wyatt. The handsome city of Salisbury, with the elegant fabric of its Gothic cathedral and lofty spire, famous for its select society and its happy cultivation of music, occupies the spot where these rivers join, surrounded by an opulent and respectable neighbourhood. Longford Castle, the fine seat of Lord Radnor, lies on the banks of the Avon below this city, which flows beneath the elevated mansions of Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Shafto, and at no great distance from General Bathurst's noble territory of Clarendon Park, with the seats of Norman Court and Dean, as it approaches Downton, and the borders of Hampshire. The country now becomes delightfully wooded, as *the Avon*

forms a charming vale with the New Forest on one side, and various seats on the other, of which Sir Edward Hulse's at Bremmer is most conspicuous. A less interesting sandy level succeeds below Ringwood, from whence the high tower and town of Christchurch at its mouth appear almost to rise out of the sea, opposite to the rocks called the Needles, and the cliffs of the Isle of Wight.

THE ANTON AND TEST, THE ALNE AND ITCHEN, contributing with smaller streams to form THE SOUTHAMPTON RIVER.

The Anton rises about twelve miles on the north and north-east of Andover in Hampshire from two sources, one of which passes Whitchurch, and meeting *the Test* at Wherwell, it then proceeds nearly southward to Stockbridge and Romsey, joined by several streams from the New Forest at Redbridge, where it forms the head of *the Southampton River*.

The Alne and *the Itchen* rise near Alresford, uniting below that town, and af-

terwards bearing the sole name of *the Itchin*, which makes a compass by the west to reach Winchester, and then descends southward to Southampton.

All these rivers, flowing for the first part of their course through a bleak and downish country, surrounded by water-meadows and chalky hills, have little of the beautiful to grace their banks. The landscape improves, however, as they approach their exit, the soil changing to gravel, and a pleasant wooded territory succeeding to the bleak downs in which they find their origin. Whitchurch, Andover, Stockbridge, and Romsey, are the towns on *the Anton and Test*, but they have no considerable features; Lord Palmerston's seat of Broadlands, near the latter town, is well worthy of admiration, and the river adds much to its beauty. Lord Rodney's seat above Alresford commands *the Itchin* and *the Alne*, together with a large pool of water, which may be called a handsome lake; *the Alne* also (previous to its junction) passes

by the venerable pile of Tichbourne. Avington, lately the seat of the Duke of Chandos, and Worthy, a fine place of Sir Chaloner Ogle, lie on the banks of the united rivers, while Mr. Bathurst's high situation of Lainston covers a considerable eminence at some distance with its groves which appear to descend into the plain in a magnificent avenue. The downish hills here form a dreary amphitheatre, breaking out in chalky cliffs, and inclosing a bleak vale, in which Winchester is rather unpleasantly situated, but it exhibits six interesting objects, in its palace, its ruins, its walls, its cross, its cathedral, and its college. Each of these is highly attractive to a traveller, and the cathedral in particular displays some of the finest monuments in England, to which the gloomy weight of that venerable pile adds considerable effect. The college, united with New College, Oxford, is magnificently endowed by the bounty of William of Wykeham; and its towers, with the adjacent hill of St. Catharine,

which is surrounded by the circular trench of an encampment, and crowned with an ornamental clump, cannot fail to interest those who, like myself, passed many of the years of their youth in these consecrated bounds, profiting by the classic taste, genius, and information, of the late worthy Dr. Warton, for many years head master of that noble institution. The hospital of St. Cross, about a mile below Winchester on the banks of the river, presents a fine foundation for the support of old men, whose venerable church (a miniature of Winchester cathedral) forms one side of a regular quadrangle, fronting the antient gateway and the master's handsome lodgings, between which, on each side, the old pensioners are comfortably lodged in separate apartments. Below this structure, *the Itchin* glides on between water meadows to the pleasant village of Twyford, and soon afterwards enters a well-wooded country, passing by Bishops-stoke, and between the two fine places of Mr.

Fleming and Mr. Sloane at North and South Stoneham. Villas and seats in great abundance (of which Sir John Mordaunt's place of Bevis Mount is most observable) cover every eminence, as the broad mirror of the *Southampton River* becomes visible, towards which the *Itchin* hastens, being navigable from Winchester, and full of docks for ship-building below Southampton. That handsome town, approached by a grand suburb with a fine old gateway, extends in a noble street to the water, surrounded by walls, which, projecting into the great basin, enjoy beautiful views across it to the wooded shore of the New Forest, while in front, at the point of its junction with the sea, the high hills of the Isle of Wight appear conspicuous. Southampton has long been a favourite public place, to which its beautiful situation and splendid buildings fully entitle it, together with every article of refined and luxurious accommodation.

The Southampton River, composed of

those above described, immediately on its formation at Redbridge becomes a considerable arm of the sea, flowing to the south-east between the New Forest groves (in which Mr. Drummond's fine seat of Cadlands is embowered) and the venerable remains of Netley Abbey, near which *the Hamble*, swelling from an inconsiderable stream into a broad estuary, descends into it from the interior of Hampshire. Beneath the fortress of Calshot Castle, its proper exit to the sea may be determined, where an angular strait divides the Isle of Wight from the Hampshire coast, near the entrance of Portsmouth Harbour.

CHAP. XV.

The Coast of Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Hampshire, from Plymouth Sound to Portsmouth Harbour—Rivers of Sussex—The Arun, The Adur, The Ouse, The Cockmare, and The Rother—Rivers of Kent—The Stoure, The Medway—The Coast of Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent, from Portsmouth Harbour to the mouth of the Thames.

THE coast of England, throughout the channel from the entrance of *Plymouth Sound* to *Portsmouth Harbour*, chiefly fronts the south, though it is deeply indented with various bays formed by great projecting head-lands. The town of *Kingsbridge* in *Devonshire* is situated in the first of these protruding tracts, at the head of a large basin called *Salcoln Haven*, and communicating with the sea; it is

in the midst of a finely featured country, which is rarely visited by strangers on account of the steepness of the hills, and the difficulty of the roads. *The Bay of Dartmouth*, at the exit of that romantic river *the Dart*, is formed between Start Point on the south-west, and Froward Point on the east, below which the promontories of Berryhead and Tor Quay enclose the spacious road of Torbay, the coast of which beautiful expanse of water, holding out a safe refuge to our navy in contrary winds, is distinguished by the three villages of Brixham, Churston Ferrers, and Peignton. This bay fronts the south-east, and the Devonshire coast lies in the same direction, beyond *the Teign*, as far as the mouth of *the Ex*, when it gradually turns towards the south as it unites with that of Dorsetshire near Lyme, which town is delightfully situated on the slope of several precipitous hills towards a southern sea, and though ill built, with steep, narrow, and winding streets, has been preferred by many to the

numerous sea-bathing places on this coast. The shore from hence turns gradually to front the south-west, terminating far to the south in the huge rock of Portland Island, which is connected with it near Abbotsbury, by that extraordinary beach of pebbles called *the Chessil Bank*, which runs for many miles parallel with it.

Thus is that immense gulph formed, which includes the greater part of the south of Devonshire, and much of Dorsetshire, together with the several smaller bays of those counties, between the opposite horns of *Start Point* near Kingsbridge, and *the Bill of Portland*, which is covered with two light houses. On the opposite side another bay opens, little inferior to this in extent, stretching out to the borders of Hampshire, and bounded by those vast cliffs which terminate the Isle of Wight to the south, between Chale and St. Lawrence.

The rock of Portland, which is ^{above} seven miles in circumference, commands these spacious bays in great perfection

from an abrupt perpendicular height, which overhangs the sea tremendously on every side, except towards the north, where it descends in a steep, but practicable hill, to its little port close to the *Chasik Bank*, from which ridge a short ferry is established to the main land of Dorsetshire. Here are found those quarries of white stone, which have been so deservedly held in high repute, and with which so many of the great buildings in our metropolis, and in the interior of England, have been constructed. Numbers are employed in working them; and this barren rock is thus rendered a populous, as well as a cultivated district, with a neat village in the centre of its level summit, which is adorned with a handsome church.

The Bay of Weymouth opens immediately below Portland; and that tract of Dorsetshire called the Isle of Purbeck stretches out on the opposite side to the south-east, terminating in the point called St. Alban's Head. The range of cliffs which bound this coast, as well as the

shoals called *the Race of Portland*, are extremely dangerous to shipping, and wrecks are very frequent here in stormy seasons.

The Cove of Lullworth presents an occasional refuge to small vessels, but its entrance is so narrow as to render it of little use. Immediately behind it, Lullworth Castle, the fine seat of Mr. Weld, occupies a charming elevation, and exhibits a grand baronial pile in the midst of some ornamented grounds, commanding the sea with good effect through a gap in the rocks. In the centre of the Isle of Purbeck, Corfe Castle displays its ruined towers on a high eminence with great majesty, and this pleasant district is inhabited by several respectable families, whose seats make a handsome appearance. Mr. Bond's of the Grange being the most conspicuous. Turning round the point of Purbeck towards the north, *the Bay of Studland* fronts the east, within which the great expanse of Poole Harbour intersects the country, marked with several islands and distinguished by the

port of Poole. The Isle of Wight terminates this bay grandly with a vast range of cliffs in full front, where the broken rocks of *the Needles* and the advancing point of Hurst Castle exhibit strong grounds of conjecture that the main shore of Hampshire was once united with that island. The coast of Hampshire, adjoining to Dorsetshire, now fronts the south-east, as the Avon descends by Christchurch, and the wooded tract of the New Forest extends to the entrance of *the Southampton River*, intersected by the *Lyming*, the *Beaulieu* and the *Dark-Water*, and throughout fronting the Isle of Wight. Lord Bute's superb mansion of High Cliff is boldly situated near Christchurch, and the country is delightful from thence to Lymington, which occupies a gentle eminence about two miles above the coast, with a level below, which abounds in salt works.

My visit to this place bore a melancholy aspect, being in consequence of the death of a much-lamented mother and

sister in the summer of 1800, the latter of whom, alas ! followed the former in a few days to the same grave ; having paid every respect their memory claimed, I took a short review of the pleasant town they had fixed on as their residence, which had undergone much improvement since I saw it many years before, and is capable of still more, by an amendment of the paving, and the removal of a heavy market place in the centre of the high street. The cheerful, yet rural, appearance of this place, unlike the superb display and crowded streets of Weymouth and Southampton, has very powerful attractions ; and, independent of the great influx of company during the summer months, it may boast a very elegant assemblage of its own, in various respectable families which reside at Lynton or its vicinage, where every advantage of society, medical attendance, and accomplishment, is to be obtained in an eminent degree, nature having also embellished the surrounding country with

every captivating charm to the eye, both in sea and land views.

The channel, after the junction of the *Southampton Water*, turns round the northern point of the Isle of Wight, gradually making its compass, till the coast of Hampshire fronts the south-west, opposite to that part of the Isle of Wight where the *River Medina* descends in a broad sheet from Newport, its handsome capital, backed by the noble ruin of Carisbrook Castle, to its principal port of Cowes. The great station of the British navy at Spithead and St. Helens stretches out here between the island and the shore of Hampshire, where Portsmouth expands its large bay and harbour, opposite to the narrow neck of land occupied by Gosport, where a small river from Fareham swells suddenly into a vast estuary, the *Meon* descending from Lord Clanrickard's territory near Wainford, Wickham, and the interior of Hampshire, in another valley a little further to the west. All these objects, backed by

the numerous buildings attending the dock of Portsmouth, surrounded at high water by the great curving arms of the sea which appear to insulate these tracts, and fronted by the lofty hills of the Isle of Wight, with the wooded range of the New Forest, are seen, in the greatest perfection, from the high ridge of Ports-Down, extending in a waving line parallel with the coast, about five miles behind Portsmouth and Gosport; on the land side, the noble old mansion of Southwick, backed by the forest of Purbeck, and on the sea-side, the venerable walls of Porchester Castle, lie under this beautiful hill, which may be justly described as commanding one of the finest prospects in England.

THE ARUN is the first river of note we come to in the course of this progress in Sussex, flowing nearly southward, through a country of deep clay from the borders of Surry, till it penetrates through a hollow of the South Downs to reach

Arundel. The Duke of Norfolk is rebuilding the castle of that place (to which his earldom is said to be affixed) in a style of princely but irregular magnificence; backed by a bold and well-wooded park, it overlooks the level coast of Sussex proudly from its high cliff, the town descending abruptly below it in a broad and steep street.

THE ADUR, THE OUSE, THE COCK-MARE, AND THE ROTHER, are the remaining rivers of the long, but shallow, county of Sussex, the three first rising in that deep and rich tract called the Weald, and penetrating the South Downs to reach the sea.

The Adur thus descends southward by Steyning to New Shoreham on the coast; and *The Ouse* pursues a similar course from Uckfield by the handsome town of Lewes to Newhaven. The vales which these rivers form are pleasant, but have no strong features. *The Rother* is very different, rising near the picturesque vil-

lage of *Mayfield* in Kent, in a very hilly, cultivated, and thickly-wooded country, fed also in its course by various streams from vallies similar to that which it forms. It no where approaches the Downs, but following a south-east direction till it emerges from its hills, and becoming a sluggish stream as it sinks into a sandy level, turns at last southward to make a great basin on the east of the port of Rye, at the extremity of Sussex, which is the least improved of any town of considerable trade I have seen. *The Brede* from some pleasant vallies behind Battel, joins *the Rother* below Winchelsea, which is now to its exit surrounded by a dismal fen from the high grounds of Sussex to Romney Marsh in Kent.

THE *STOURE* of Kent is a very circuitous stream, taking its source in the Weald of that fine county, near Charing. Its direction is south-east to Ashford, from whence (receiving *the Lesser Stoure* from the Downs in the east, and another small stream from the Weald in the west)

it gradually turns almost north to reach Canterbury, and the edge of the Isle of Thanet; it then makes a circle again by the east towards the south to Sandwich, and turns at last again northward to fall into the sea below the Bay of Hope.

The Weald of Kent is a wonderfully rich, but level country, overlooked by the town of Ashford with its lofty tower; from thence the *Stoure* traverses a sweet vale, which is commanded by the high groves and avenues of Eastwell Park, spreading into extensive lawns, and adorned with a magnificent new mansion by its present owner, Mr. Hutton. The vale of the *Stoure* afterwards becomes narrower, including Olantigh, the highly finished seat of Mr. Sawbridge, Mr. Knight's handsome place of Godmersham, and Mr. Heron's venerable pile of Chatham Castle. Shortly after, Canterbury displays its extensive walls and noble gates, overtopped by its numerous churches, and above all, by the magnificent towers and

body of its metropolitan cathedral. A sandy flat attends *the Stour* from the borders of the Isle of Thanet, to the miserable old port of Sandwich, from whence it makes its exit to the sea.

THE MEDWAY is the only remaining Kentish river of any note, and by far the most important of any except *the Thames*. It rises on the borders of Surry and Sussex, somewhat north of East Grinstead, and takes a north-east course to Tunbridge and Maidstone, met by various streams of less note on each side. It then turns with a long compass by the north to the east, to reach Rochester and Chatham, winding still with various curves eastward, till it joins the arm of the sea called *the Swale*, (which cuts off the Isle of Shepey from the main land of Kent,) and turning again northward to enter *the Nore* under the fort of Sheerness, near the mouth of *the Thames*.

The Medway flows almost every where through a pleasant and populous country, but adds little to its beauty at first, being

small river Lavent contributes to fill this basin, descending southward by that neat city, the high spire of whose cathedral appears to great advantage, rising out of the sandy level which approaches the coast, and backed by the waving line of South Downs at some distance. Along this ridge various fine places are scattered, of which Stanstead, Up-Park, and Goodwood, are most observable, the heights above the latter being embellished with some striking buildings, while the most complete dog-kennel in England is constructed in the lower parts of the park. In the vale behind these downs, which are here very narrow, the noble park of Cowdrey near Midhurst, (whose Gothic mansion, containing the invaluable paintings of Hans-Holbein, was some years ago consumed by fire,) and the extensive grounds, and plantations encircling Lord Egremont's stately mansion of Petworth, are conspicuous objects. The prospects on each side are delightful; Goodwood and Hainiker Parks commanding the

southern view towards Chichester and the coast most happily, and Mr. Sargent's new-built house at Lavington, in the midst of a pleasing territory, opening finely to the northern view.

The point of Low-land, called Selsea Bill, terminates this level coast towards the south, and a little further the new public bathing place of Bognor has started into eminence, near some low rocks in the sea, which render the navigation difficult on this side. Littlehampton, a small public place near Arundel, in a dreary marsh, appears deservedly in great measure relinquished, yielding to its more successful neighbours of Bognor and Worthing, the latter of which, further advanced towards the east, occupies a pleasant position in the midst of a fertile and well-wooded level. The South Downs now form a nearer back ground, and soon advancing towards the coast, break into stupendous cliffs, where the splendid buildings of Brighthelmstone, which may be called the capital of the numerous

public places on the southern coast, rise in almost oriental magnificence, teeming with every product of successful art and luxury. The easy access to London, and the fine roads by which this place is approached, joined with its pure air, its open sea, and surrounding downs, exhibit strong natural attractions, to which the artificial display of *the Steyne*, its pavilion, and contiguous modern structures, add their fairy powers in fascinating the motley succession of public visitors, who make Brighthelmstone their summer residence.

The South Downs from hence occupy a great portion of the country, impending over the sea in chalky cliffs, till terminated by the bold point of Beachy-Head. A delightful valley, well-wooded, and thickly sprinkled with villages, here stretches northward up the country at the foot of these receding downs, where the retired, but not unornamented, spot of East Bourn presents one of the pleasantest public places on this coast, and is

well frequented by those to whom the bustle of Brighthelmstone is offensive. The sandy and marshy level, surrounding the castle of Pevensey, extends from hence to the rock of Hastings, behind which the high grounds of Sussex and Kent arrange themselves in a considerable amphitheatre, the bold ruin of Hurstmoncea Castle fronting the coast at the extremity of its enclosure, the fine park of Lord Ashburnham covering the hills above with its extensive drives and plantations, and the inhabited pile of Battel Abbey forming a prominent feature on the eminence where William the First obtained his conquest. The port of Hastings fills a hollow between two cliffs somewhat below, and soon afterwards great fens succeed, in which the rock, covered with the town of Rye, and a neighbouring high hill, crowned with the decayed village and curious ruins of Winchelsea, appear like islands rising in a boundless ocean, as the vast marsh of Romney, justly celebrated for its fertility,

expands towards the Weald of Kent, occupying a considerable division of that large county. The towers and towers of New Romney and Lydd appear as beads on its island wholesome level, which stretches out far into the channel in the low point of *Deegre Ness*, being defended afterwards for a great distance against the sea by the curious and very expensive bulwark called *Dimchurch Wall*.

The coast from *Seachy-Head* turns farther eastward from the south, resuming its original direction from *Rye Haven*, where Sussex joins with Kent, to *Deegre Ness*, after which it bears again considerably to the east. Kent by no means abounds in rivers, as there is not one of any note from the *Rother* of Sussex, to the *Stour* at the edge of the Isle of Thanet. The port of Hythe properly terminates the level of Romney Marsh, being built on the side of a rock, on which its church is placed, and behind it are the church and ruined castle of Salt-wood. The beach, though narrow, continues still flat,

and abounding in sand and pebbles as far as the long street of Sandgate and its castle, of which (like those of Walmer, Deal, and Sandown) is a garrison with round towers, constructed on the plan pursued by Henry VIII. The hills closing in here, a steep and downish tract succeeds, descending from the interior of Kent to the coast in a fine ridge, and terminating in abrupt chalky cliffs, from which the heights of Bologne and a large portion of the coast of Picardy in France, are distinctly visible across the channel. Folkestone descends in one of the hollows of this range from its high church to the sea-shore; and that cliff so strikingly described by Shakespeare rises perpendicularly over the beach, opposed by the still bolder eminence on which the noble fabric of Dover Castle stands exalted. Between these two grand points a narrow semicircular range of cliffs is formed, receding a little from the coast, beneath which the long and winding port of Dover occupies all the space open to the

sea, whose curious position is finely overlooked from the almost perpendicular height of its castle, to which an admirable ascent from the town has been lately formed by government. This castle is now a very extensive and well-formed garrison, but its antient remains are most striking; the view it commands is very singular, and the spires of Calais may be easily distinguished from thence, rising apparently out of the water from the level coast which unites France with Flanders.

The downs continue along the shore far beyond Dover, ending in high cliffs, and sinking occasionally into hollows, which open to fine sea views. At length they finish towards the coast in the heathland called the South Foreland, from whence the shore fronts the east, receding apparently to surround a large sandy area, which appears to have been in distant ages a dereliction of the sea, and is terminated in front by the high grounds of the Isle of Thanet. Here that safe

road for shipping, which has obtained the name of *the Downs*, and is crowded with vessels, expands itself before the busy port of Deal, which is situated between the castles of Walmer and Sandown, and lately provided with a most superb range of barracks. The old decayed town of Sandwich, now reviving in trade, is placed near the end of this level, and Ebbs-Fleet, famous for the landing of Hengist, closes in with the Isle of Thanet, which is apparently cut off from the rest of the Kentish coast by *the little river Sarr* from the north, uniting with *the Stoure* in the south.

This beautiful and fertile district covers a high eminence, descending in abrupt cliffs on three sides to the sea, and projecting far into it. The coast turns rapidly to the North Foreland, and then makes a second sweep to encompass this tract, fronting the north. This circumstance, added to the elevation of the ground, creates a great variety of striking views, and the circle of the Isle of Thanet

presents one of the most interesting rides in England. Ramsgate at first exhibits its handsome crescent, and protrudes its magnificent stone pier far over the sea, and the shipping in *the Downs*, as well as towards the French coast. The bold point of the North Foreland follows, headed by a light-house, and Kingsgate fronts the eastern sea, adorned with various eccentric buildings by the late Lord Holland. Margate, the most considerable of these public places, fronts the north bay, below which the two extraordinary spires of the Reculver church, together with their romantic history, engage the attention of travellers. The gardens of Dandalion frequently attract the company of Margate to their agreeable shades, and Mount Pleasant, situated in the centre of the Isle of Thanet, commands all its sea views at once, together with the enchanting fertility of the interior district, and its neat villages.

Below this island, the coast of Kent becomes marshy, still fronting the north,

as it descends by **Whitstable** to the narrow arm of the sea called *the Swale*, which encircles two sides of the **Isle of Shephey**; it then turns eastward, till it reaches the point where *the Medway* terminates its course by its junction with *the Swale*, beyond which the fort of **Sheerness** projects, and *the Mouth of the Thames* opens.

CHAP. XVI.

The Thames, and its auxiliary streams—

Uncertain origin of the Isis, its principal branch—Reputed to be a small stream on the northern border of Wiltshire—Its passage through a part of Gloucestershire, and most of Oxfordshire, joined by several lesser rivulets, and the Evenlode near Woodstock—Grand view of Oxford from its banks—Junction of the Cherwell below that City—First view of the Chiltern Hills—Union of the Thame with the Isis, thus constituting the classic name of Thamesis—Beautiful country which the Thames traverses, forming also the principal object of it, in its passage through Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Buckinghamshire, by Reading, Henley, Marlow, and Maidenhead—Junction of the Kennett from North Wiltshire at Reading, with an account of the country

pervaded by that river—Accession of the Loddon from the northern border of Hampshire, and a small stream from High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire, with the interesting character of some Seats and Families in the vicinage of Beaconsfield—Great change of country in descending into the flat below Maidenhead—Mimic display of Monkey Island—Superb approach to Eton College and Windsor Castle, backed by the hills of Windsor Forest and Park.

This mighty king of all the British rivers, superior to most in beauty, and to all in importance, remains last to be described, as this tour has now made the complete compass of our island.

Like the source of *the Nile*, the position of the original fountain of the Thames has been variously assigned, and its birth-place has been almost as much contested as that of Homer, by divers contributing springs on the borders of Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, through which its several early

branches hasten to form their union previous to their reaching Oxfordshire. Cricklade in Wiltshire is the central town of this district, and some attribute the honour of forming the head of the *Thames* to a clear fountain in its vicinage, which has long borne that title, and been considered almost as a consecrated spot by the veneration of the surrounding villages; while others prefer a stream issuing from the vicinage of Kemble, marked by its neat spire; others again take the rivulets which advance from Swindon and Highworth in Wiltshire (one of which is called *the Rey*); and many argue for *the Churn* of Gloucestershire, which rises in the hilly tract of the Cotteswold, encircling the vale of Cheltenham, and flows to the south-east, by Cirencester, and through the extensive woods of Lord Bathurst, to Cricklade. The dispute is not of consequence, as none of these fountains in their origin differ materially from a common rivulet, and each country may innocently enjoy the fan-

cied, distinction; while the subjects of their contribution unite near Letchlade, and creep in obscurity through the plain of Oxfordshire, attended for some distance by the parallel canal, which has been lately made (with immense) expense to join *the Severn* with *the Thames*, and so to form what should seem the most important inland navigation of Great Britain, by transporting the influx of foreign as well as internal wealth to and from the capital. This canal, which has been noticed before in this work, when its exit from *the Severn* was mentioned, perforates the long subterraneous tunnel of Salperton in Gloucestershire, but even when it advances to the river, does not form its junction immediately, but pursues a similar course to Letchlade, on the west of which place *the Coln* descends from the pleasant villages of Bibury and Barnsley, and on the east, *the Lech*, from North Lech, adds its tributary forces; after which the combined streams bear together the classic name of *the Isis*. Here the navigation of

this river properly commences, but it is understood to be long very imperfect from its winding course, and its prevailing shallows; neither is the country it first traverses, dividing the counties of Oxford and Berks, at all pleasant, as it pursues its way, almost unseen, in the midst of an unvaried plain, first towards the east, and afterwards inclining to the north. In this level the *Windrush* joins it from Burford and Witney, and the pleasanter stream of the *Evenlode*, pursuing nearly the same direction from the north-west, descends from Whichwood Forest and the great ridings of Charlbury, united at last with a smaller stream which forms the great lake in Woodstock Park in the centre of the proud domain encircling towers of Blenheim. The *Isis*, thus augmented, turns suddenly to the south, washing the ruined walls of Godstone Nunnery, the chapel of which contains the tomb of the unhappy Rosamond, overhung on the west by a finely-wooded hill, which still bears the traces of the

park belonging to the deserted pile of Witham house, an old seat of the Abingdon family.

The vale now expands itself into a spacious amphitheatre, bounded by some striking hills, in the centre of which the majestic towers, domes, and spires of Oxford burst upon the sight, appearing proudly ranged behind the thick shade of the venerable groves. Here *the Isis* divides itself into various small channels, as it traverses the meadows of Witham, leaving Oxford on the left, and passing through several handsome stone bridges connected by a grand cause-way, which forms its principal approach from the west. These streams soon re-uniting, the river turns round the city towards the north-east; and crossed by an antient stone bridge, which was once decorated with the study and gateway attributed to Friar Bacon, glides beautifully through the enamelled and ornamented meads of Christ Church. That magnificently-endowed, and admirably-conducted establishment, occupies

a vast portion of the ground on which Oxford stands, and exhibits some of the finest antient and modern structures in its university. These interesting objects (with the treasure of painting, sculpture, historical grandeur, and the possession of literature which they contain) can be viewed by few with indifference, but must ever be approached with peculiar satisfaction by those who, like the author of these sheets, may justly boast a pride in having received there the academical part of their education. A superb walk of elms beneath this spacious College fronts its meadow, over the deep foliage of which, the Gothic buildings of Christchurch appear in stately pride, as they display themselves gradually, with a succession of all the numerous towers of our University, in the descent of *the Isis*. A little lower it is joined by *the Cherwell*, flowing from the north by Banbury, and passing on the eastern side of Oxford through the arches of the magnificent bridge of Magdalen, (close to the rich

Gothic tower of its College with its charming walk,) thus, together with *the Isis*, almost insulating the city and university of Oxford.

The country becomes now for a while more enclosed, and the numerous plantations surrounding Lord Harcourt's noble seat of Nuneham on the Oxfordshire bank of *the Isis*, are finely opposed by the thick woods of Bagley in Berkshire, beneath which, a handsome place of Sir James Stonehouse appears, backed by the town of Abingdon, with its picturesque spire and long bridge. The Chiltern hills occupy all along the back ground at a distance, forming a waving line towards the south, from the high clump of Farringdon to the vicinage of Aylesbury, sometimes cloathed with thick woods of beech, and at others protruding their chalky sides and downish summits into the plain. The windings of the river through this great level are frequent, but its direction is mostly southward, a little inclined to the east, as it passes between two high

Berkshire hills, and the long straggling town of Dorchester in Oxfordshire, whose antient church still displays some traits of its pristine magnificence, having been reputed the site of a bishopric. Somewhat below this place, *the Thame* advances from the north-east to meet it, passing through the antient bridges of Wheatley and Dorchester, and joining *the Isis* a little above the point where the more modern pile of Shillingford Bridge crosses both combined; at this junction *the Thames* first obtains its proper name, being originally called *Thamesis* from the union of *the Thame* and *the Isis*. Various are the smaller streams which contribute originally to create *the Thame*, some descending from the central parts of Buckinghamshire, some even from the borders of Hertfordshire, and many from the lower parts of Oxfordshire; not a few of these make their pretensions to be reputed the heads of *the Thames*, and perhaps their title might stand every test with the heads of *the Isis*, except that of

distance. The country through which *the Thames* flows is not remarkably pleasant, but the high tower of Thame Church is a striking object, and the ancient mansion of Lord Abingdon in its neighbourhood is worthy of observation, embowered in the groves of Rycot-Park. Shillingford Bridge occupies a romantic position, which strikes the eye more strongly from being unlike the rest of the country, which bears an open and dreary aspect; the more antient pile of Wallingford Bridge succeeds below its town, and Mungewell, a pleasant seat of the Bishop of Durham, graces the Oxfordshire bank of *the Thames*. The inclination of that river from Wallingford to Pangbourn is almost due south, but it there begins to form a considerable circle by the east to the north, below Reading, till it reaches Henley, and then another by the north-east to the south, to approach Maidenhead, from whence its direction is nearly south-east with various windings, till it passes Windsor and Stanes. It then

makes a vast circle by the south to the east, till it reaches Brentford ; after which its direction is principally to the north-east as it approaches London, turning then in a bold swell to the east, and maintaining that direction, after disporting itself in various broad curves as an æstuary, till falling into the sea, it forms that deep bay, which penetrates far into the kingdom in dividing the counties of Essex and Kent. So much for the course of this important river, which I have given a short description of distinctly from the objects that attend it, as those objects now begin to increase in magnitude and beauty, and consequently to demand a more particular attention.

A little below Wallingford *the Thames* forms an indented valley through the range of the Cotteswold hills, which losing insensibly their downish character, become at last adorned with most of the varied beauties of art and nature, that could be comprehended within their outline. High beech woods cover their sides,

and summits, while rich meadows attend the descent of the river ; towns and villages are sprinkled about in all directions, and magnificent seats appear on the heights which overhang the Oxfordshire and Berkshire banks. Basildon, the modern creation of Sir Francis Sykes, and Caversham Park, the striking territory of Major Marsac, are the places most likely to attract the eye forcibly ; beneath the latter, the handsome county town of Reading occupies a pleasant position, and the valley formed by *the Thames* expands into a rich plain, full of verdure, woods, and population.

The Kennet here joins its tributary waters, flowing eastward from the Downs of Wiltshire, where it rises near a village of that name. This tract obtains the title of *the Marlborough Downs*, to distinguish it from the still more extensive range of *the Salisbury Plains* in the same county, from which it is divided by a broad and rich vale. It is boldly marked out, especially where its extremities ter-

minate abruptly towards the great and populous vale which includes the cloathing towns of North Wiltshire; and these boundaries, commanding striking views towards the ridge of Salisbury Plain far to the west, the borders of Somersetshire adjoining to Bath, and the upper districts of Gloucestershire, are adorned with several fine seats, among which the Marquis of Lansdown's highly-ornamented and well-disposed domain of Bow-Wood is most to be admired. The interior of these downs is chiefly remarkable for its beautiful swells, and the verdure of its extensive pasture, overspread with numberless flocks of sheep, each attended by its shepherd, and a watchful dog. Except where agriculture has of late encroached on their sides and summits, these appear the sole denizens of the surrounding wilds, which in fine weather by no means impress a stranger with melancholy, bearing a smiling aspect, that differs widely from the rugged tracts of the Yorkshire moors, or even the dreary

heaths of Surry. Remains of antiquity are frequent in this open country, which was long the seat of wars, and still preserves their vestiges in various encampments and numerous tumuli, of which one called Silbury Hill, near Beckhamp-ton, is the largest in England. The Saxon boundary of Wodensdike, or Wansdike, is in high preservation here, running in a line aslant the Downs towards the south-east; Avebury also exhibits the remains of a Druid's temple, and those vast stones called "*The Grey Withers*," are scattered irregularly about the country, composed of materials not unlike those of Stonehenge. Towns are thinly sprinkled, but neat farm-houses occupy many sheltered spots, and villages follow the various bourns formed by the streams, that of *the Kennet* being the most considerable. Marlborough makes some figure on its banks, whose castle has undergone various transformations, being at one time a strong fortress and a royal residence, then becoming a scat

of the Dukes of Somerset, who built the present house, and now being converted into one of the principal inns on the Bath road. There are no remains of the old fort, except its keep, which is ascended by a circular winding walk between cut hedges, and by its easy rise contributes to the amusement of the numerous travellers who frequent these gardens. The wooded tract of Severnake Forest, surrounding the park and mansion of Lord Aylesbury, and intersected by his numerous ridings, covers the hills on the south-east of Marlborough in front of the borough of Great Bedwin, round which *the Kennet* winds in a compass by the north, passing by the town of Ramsbury, and the antient seat of Littlecott to Hungerford.

The valley of *the Kennet* enlarges into a considerable plain, as it approaches Newbury, beneath Lord Craven's woods of Benham Park, and its two ornamented gateways, where the Downs of Hampshire succeeding to those of Wiltshire

range themselves in bold forms towards the south above the plantations of Lord Porchester. A delightful vale succeeds pervading much of the pleasant county of Berks, well-ornamented with seats, woods, and villages, and terminating in the gentle knowl on which Reading is situated. *The Loddon* brings a further increase to *the Thames* somewhat lower, rising a little within the limits of Hampshire, and pursuing a north-east direction. This small stream, traversing a charming country, adds a considerable ornament to the delightful place and park of Lord Rivers, at Stratfield Saye, and skirts those commons which unite afterwards with Windsor Forest.

The Thames, thus augmented, swells into a majestic river, full of commercial craft, and glides in a broad silver mirrour through the plain, till it becomes engulfed amidst the fine chain of hills surrounding Henley. A more beautifully-marked country than this cannot easily be formed by the most romantic fancy,

and nature has placed this British paradise within forty miles of the capital of our country, to decorate the banks of its principal river. *The Thames* throughout divides the counties of Oxford and Buckingham from Berkshire, rolling in a broad transparent stream between hills cloathed profusely with beech woods, and ornamented with the splendid seats of some of our principal nobility. The extensive and finely-disposed territory of 'Lord Malmesbury bears among these a strong pre-eminence, covering several bold hills with its plantations, between the hollows of which, delightful lawns descend to the margin of the river. The exquisite taste of the late General Conway formed this charming place, to which its present noble owner has added a stately mansion on one of the highest points in the grounds. Every effort of successful art to aid and improve nature has been used here, nor can any thing be imagined more singularly beautiful than the succession of views from the principal terrace, which,

winding along the summits of the lawns above their hollows, and profusely decorated with evergreens, exhibit all the striking features of this enchanting district to the highest advantage. Immediately below, the handsome town of Henley covers the Oxfordshire bank, whose lofty flint tower and elegant stone bridge form distinguished objects, from whichever side they are viewed, and more especially from the terrace of Park Place.

A little below Henley, on the Oxfordshire bank, the delightful district of Fawley Court, the seat of Mr. Freeman, expands itself in great beauty, covering a fine undulating range of hills with its plantations, woods, and terraces, and commanding a variety of beautiful prospects, in which the bold sweep formed by the *Thames*, with its two subsequent long reaches, and the church, with the town of Henley, present the principal objects. Charming drives penetrate these woods, and follow the terraces with excellent design, leading each way to the house,

which stands in the flat near the river. Buckinghamshire soon succeeds to Oxfordshire, where a small stream descends from the north to *the Thames*, passing by the pleasant village of Hambleden, whose ornamented parsonage and venerable old hall command delightful views. I must break the thread of my description here, to speak in grateful remembrance, with a merited degree of enthusiasm, of the friendly and hospitable reception I for many years found at the hall-house of Hambleden, then occupied by my amiable relation Mr. Lockwood, when it was constantly the seat of cheerfulness and good-humour, dispensing to a numerous family and assemblage of friends all the choicest blessings of society.

On the opposite shore of Berkshire stands the handsome mansion of Culham Court, with its pleasant appendage of Rose-Hill, and Buckinghamshire soon again claims our notice by the ivied walls of Medmenham Abbey, consecrated some years ago to a novel kind of mockery of

monastic institutions. Delightful woods cover all this tract of country, through which various drives are connected with the great road, crossing it to the seats of Danesfield and Harleford. The former of these, surrounded by an antient encampment, crowns a hill immediately above Medmenham, and the latter, environed by various swelling groves, occupies a knoll of extreme verdure rising gently above *the Thames*. This charming river now appears in all its glory, traversing a more extensive vale, and washing almost the walls of Bysham Abbey in Berkshire, as it approaches the old town of Marlow in Buckinghamshire, placed beneath a noble hill on the Berkshire side, which is thickly overspread for a great extent from its summit to its base with beech woods. At the extremity of this vale, it is joined by a small stream near the village of Woborn, which descends from the interior of Buckinghamshire from the north-west, ornamenting the fine seat of West Wycombe in its

passage, and flowing through the Marquis of Lansdown's lawns near High Wycombe.

This is indeed an interesting country, both in its aspect, in its seats, and in the character of its inhabitants, new objects starting up on every side to command our attention. Surrounded by woods, the antient town of Beaconsfield exhibits its venerable church and wide street, above which the elegant retirement of the late Edmund Burke fronts the classic ground of Hall-Barn, the old seat of the Waller family, which preserves a happy mixture of the formal magnificence of antient gardening, united with some nice touches of modern improvement, within its spacious outline. Every thing here perpetuates the memory of the poet, the favourite haunts of his meditation being still recorded, his bench and his dell preserved with care, and his tomb regarded with veneration. The house also was the seat of hospitality in the life-time of its late worthy owner, Mr. Waller, where, dur-

ing a long course of years, I experienced the same kindness and attention which I before commemorated at Hambleden, both these neighbouring families being nearly allied, and keeping up the pleasantest intercourse with each other.

It is a melancholy pleasure to retrace these interesting scenes, where the fervid imagination of youth and the society of friends (who are now either no more, or removed from these once-favoured spots) combined to create charms which can never be renewed when life inclines towards its descent. Favoured by these circumstances, I had frequent opportunities of surveying the delightful spots of Hambleden and Hall-Barn, with their vicinage, in the most interesting manner, and of repeatedly pervading the whole surrounding country in those various excursions of walks and rides, which a cheerful domestic circle, enlivened by a succession of friendly visitors, is sure to inspire. This second digression, flowing from the same source with my former,

must be defended by the same apology of gratitude for the past ; it has led me in each instance to a short distance from the banks of *the Thames*, to which it is now time to return.

The upland country, which encircles the groves and thick woods of Penn, Hampden, and Beaconsfield, terminates towards the west and the south in a waving line of hills, facing on one side the vale of Marlow, and on the other the more spacious plain bounded by the eminences of Windsor Park and Forest, in front of which the regal display of their Castle makes a most impressive figure. Throughout the whole of these two different vales the windings of *the Thames* form the most interesting features, and the command which this eminence obtains over that great river, with its rich surrounding scenery, has covered it profusely with the seats of the noble and opulent.

Dropmore Hill, the new creation of Lord Grenville, fronts Windsor Castle

directly, its contiguity to which, as well as its easy distance from the metropolis, and the charms of the surrounding country, prove the taste and judgment which formed it for the occasional retirement of a minister of state from the duties of his office. The neighbouring and connected territories of Taplow and Clieffden, have still superior points of view from their bold positions, and the latter in particular embellishes a long reach of *the Thames*, which terminates in the stately stone bridge of Maidenhead, with an almost perpendicular bank of rich wood, decorated with temples and other ornamental buildings. These places are too well known to need a minute description from my pen, but one sequestered spot at Clieffden, where a clear spring under the covert of a thick wood bursts forth and joins the river, should not be unnoticed. To those who navigate *the Thames* for pleasure, its retired position, the coolness of its surrounding shades, and its access to the numerous walks of

the place, abundantly recommend it. Hedsor-house, the seat of Lord Boston, is the last of these magnificent villas towards the west, and principally fronts the vale leading to Marlow, though it has some command of the other sweep of the river, and the scenery about Windsor. It is a large pile, surrounded by considerable rising plantations on a high ridge, descending precipitately into the level at a short distance from Woborn, and near the spot where *the Thames* makes its sudden turn to approach Maidenhead Bridge beneath the wooded bank of Clieffden. That river has here formed an island, which Sir George Young has not only planted and adorned, but even embellished with a handsome house, connecting it by a bridge with the Berkshire shore. Though a singular position for a residence, this new creation must give an additional beauty to this striking part of *the Thames*, as the plantations grow up; the pleasant retired village of Cookham is close to it, and the town of Maidenhead,

in the descent of the river, not far distant.

We may now be considered as almost satiated with the beautiful scenery, which from Wallingford for so long and circuitous a tract has embellished the banks of *the Thames*; and nature seems for a while to repose in one of those dead flats, which often follow her exertions in emerging from the mountains and vallies she has formed, into a spacious level. Other objects, now, however, arrest our attention, without being attracted by the mimic display of Monkey Island, further than regards its whimsical singularity in shewing so many resemblances of that animal to man. There is, indeed, nothing else in that flat district to entice the eye, which, languishing for the fine scenes it has left behind, views the great expanse before it almost with horror, and dwells with momentary amusement on any trifle which it can seize in its passage. This idea can alone account for the introduction of an exhibition so totally con-

trary to the nature of the country in which it is placed, and so full of absurdity in every other point of observation.

After a short progress, not far from the broad Tower of Bray, once memorable for its politic vicar, bolder objects, of a different kind from any we have passed, begin to occupy the whole of our attention, and the numerous towers of Windsor Castle, from the proud elevation of its rock, form an assemblage of commanding features, which are in no other direction approached with so strong an effect as across this great intervening flat. The noble edifice of Eton College, backed by its venerable groves, and ever-interesting to so many of the first youths in England, create a striking addition to the vast object in front, as it enlarges to our view with the extended display of its numerous bastions and St. George's Chapel, backed by the town of Windsor and the eminences of its great Park and Forest, which now form a grand and striking outline. Gray's elegant ode impresses

itself forcibly on a *stranger's* recollection, as he approaches at Eton its consecrated objects; how much more powerfully then must an *Etonian* feel it, when he reviews "*the antique towers, the distant spires, the fields belov'd in vain?*" An air of superior grandeur and propriety marks the whole of this pile, far beyond our other similar foundations, for Westminster has nothing in architecture, except its Abbey, to boast of; and Winchester, though princely in its endowment, and venerable in its antiquity, is but an irregular mass, when compared with Eton. The beauty also of this situation on *the Thames* in full view of Windsor and its groves, which inspire a pleasing gloom unmixed with melancholy, cannot fail of striking forcibly on the imagination.

The royal palace of Windsor Castle rises in grandeur as we approach it, and the view from its terrace (which surrounds it every where, except to the west) is most commanding as well as beautiful, taking in an immense outline

over a number of counties, and limited only towards the south by the spacious amphitheatre formed by the wooded hills of its Park and Forest. To describe the features of a spot so well known, and so constantly visited, is unnecessary; wherefore I shall close my account with this appropriate observation, that *the Thames* forms a principal feature throughout the great expanse below, and that the immense plain through which it rolls appears the work of its creation, as this superb river collects its tributary forces, and seems to march in state towards the metropolis of our island.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Thames, and its auxiliary streams;
*continued—Vast plain traversed by the
Thames below Windsor—Cooper's Hill,
Runny-Mead, Egham, Stanes, and Lale-
ham—Mr. Fox's seat on St. Ann's Hill
near Chertsey—Fine prospect from that
eminence—Still greater view from the
ridge of St. George's Hill—Junction of
The Colne and the Wey with the
Thames—Woborn Farm—Lord Port-
more's seat at Weybridge—The Duke of
York's fine place of Oatlands, and its
Grotto—Ashley Park--Walton on Thames,
and the villas on its common—Walton
Bridge, and the adjacent seat of Lord
Tankerville—Descent of the Thames to
Sunbury and Hampton—The late Mr.
Garrick's Villa, and Temple of Shak-
speare—Hampton Court Palace, its Gar-*

den, and its Parks—Junction of The Mole of Surry with the Thames—The peculiar character of that romantic river, its winding course, and the seats and towns which adorn its banks—Thames Ditton—Kingston—Ham—Petersham—superb villas about Twickenham, Isleworth, and Richmond—Delightful view from Richmond Hill—Richmond Park, and the site of its Palace—Richmond Gardens, and the opposite view of Sion House with its Park, Sion Hill, and Osterley Park.

EMERGING with *the Thames* from the groves and splendid towers of Windsor, we observe the ridge, which before formed a distant boundary on the Buckinghamshire side, gradually losing itself in the blue horizon, and the level becoming unbounded, except where the insulated hill of Harrow exhibits its lofty spire amidst tufted groves, and the more distant heights of Hampstead and Highgate appear in the back ground. The Surry

shore is far more elevated, and the bold eminence of Cooper's Hill, protruding from the extreme point of Windsor Park before the many ornamented villas of Englefield Green, form a striking barrier at last to the plain on the south. Beneath it, *the Thames* washes the verdant level of Runny Mead, memorable of yore for the signature of Magna Charta, but now chiefly distinguished by being the spot on which Egham races are celebrated. A little below, the new and handsome stone bridges of Stanes and Chertsey divide Surry from Middlesex, between which Laleham exhibits the singular feature of a ruined and almost deserted village, close to *the river Thames*, and in the midst of a populous and flourishing country. Mr. Wood's extensive groves, surrounding his old seat at Littleton, cover a large tract of this level behind Laleham on the east; and on the southwest, the well-inhabited town of Chertsey with its whitened church presents a distinguished object; many respectable fa-

families have sought a residence in this town and its vicinage, and the remains of its antient abbey have long ago been converted into a modern house.

This part of Surry and Middlesex is particularly marked by abrupt hills, which, rising in the midst of a vast plain, appear when viewed from its distant boundaries like islands elevating themselves from a lake. Harrow, in the centre of the level of Middlesex, is the most distinguished of these eminences; and those of St. Anne and St. George, in Surry, bear a similar character, though they all differ in their features materially. Harrow on the Hill, so emphatically called, has the advantage of a more extended flat around it, and attracts the eye powerfully by the rich groves which adorn its summit, and its handsome spire, which in almost every direction appears to emerge from them. Thus, it forms a peculiar land-mark to the intervening flat, and the distant heights which appear to bound it, rising itself alone about ten miles on the north-

west of London ; but here the charm ceases, for the view most commonly disappoints the expecting traveller, objects being universally wanting in so vast an expanse, as the wearied eye again and again descries the circle. The towers and domes of our capital, involved in smoke, appear here in an unpleasant point of view, not being relieved by any intervening shades of sufficient consequence, and the Thames being invisible, except in time of flood ; the ranges of the Kentish hills and the Surry downs are too distant to have their full effect as boundaries ; and the groves of Windsor, with its noble fabric, no where appear so little imposing, an arid and nearly uniform level of cornfields and pastures insulating the eminence, from whose abrupt rise Harrow perhaps loses some of those advantages which should be connected with it, as a bird's sight view is seldom that which a painter would select as most excellent in landscape. Harrow has, however, still to boast one of the most ex-

tensive prospects this kingdom can shew; and on the north, the ridge of Bushy Heath, adjoining to Hertfordshire, circumscribes the horizon at a favourable distance across the extensive commons of Pinner, exhibiting some fine features; nor are Hampstead and Highgate too far removed to be striking features. It cannot also be too highly spoken of, when viewed as an external object, even from the most remote heights where it can be discerned, its church and its wood being most happily placed; within, it contains a school, which is excellently conducted, and has rivalled our greater foundations frequently in the scholars, with whom it has frequently done honour to the British establishments for the education of youth.

St. Anne's Hill starts up abruptly on the south-west of Chertsey, having once also been the site of a monastery, which was once I understand dependant on the other, and of which there are yet some small remains on the extreme point of the eminence. The lower parts of it are

cloathed with wood, but the ridge is almost level, after it gets above the enclosures, presenting a delightfully-verdant walk to the neighbourhood, and terminating in two venerable elms, where the descent is almost perpendicular into the plain. The prospect here is more happily marked than at Harrow, yet wonderfully extensive, except towards the south and west, where the bluff point of Cooper's Hill excludes the view of Windsor, and the bare ridges of Bagshot Heath circumscribe the horizon. On the east, the Surry Downs appear well ranged behind the nearer heathy ridge of St. George's hills, and with the eminences of Norwood, Sydenham, and the more distant summit of Shooter's hill in Kent, together with those of Highgate, Hampstead, Bushy, and Harrow, in Middlesex, form the outline of that immense plain, in which the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the lofty pile of Westminster Abbey, enveloped in perpetual smoke, mark the proud position of the metropolis of Eng-

land, surrounded by a numerous tribe of villages, and a most abundant population. The Thames here shews itself to great advantage, making a bold sweep to approach Chertsey Bridge, and intersecting the plain with its various meanders. A little under this terrace, encircled by plantations, and adorned with the most exquisite taste of classic decoration, stands the delightful villa which forms the retirement of the Hon. Charles James Fox. Observations on political characters are altogether foreign to the design of this work, or the disposition of its author, especially, as he is no farther acquainted with the gentleman now mentioned, than by having accidentally met him many years ago at Berne in Switzerland, and there passed a few hours in his company. He had then a short opportunity of witnessing those convivial talents, and that happy ease of manner for which Mr. Fox has been so long and justly admired, and by which so many have been fascinated. In this elegant re-

treat, that once-busy statesman is said to forget his public occupations, and amuse himself with rural sports, and literary pursuits. Neither is his retirement solitary or unsociable, for various youths of high consequence in his line of politics, are his frequent visitors, and some of the most respectable families in his vicinage have formed that strong attachment to him, which his talents are prone to create, and his manners to rivet most forcibly.

St. George's Hill presents an oblong ridge in the midst of those wild commons which extend, with little intervals, from Walton and Weybridge, almost to Bagshot, occupying in its range nearly the whole space from Weybridge to Cobham. It is of very considerable magnitude, running out into vast angles, which protrude themselves into the plain between deep hollows, and its summit is almost entirely level, being marked by a few clumps of firs at certain distances from each other, and adorned with turfed drives winding round the angles, which

are understood to have been originally made by the Portmore family. They are curiously contrived, pervading every part of this ridge in circular mazes, so as to vary the scenery delightfully, and to present a charming airing to the vicinage. On the south-west angle are the perfect remains of a very considerable Roman encampment, which is attributed by Mr. Gough, in his fine edition of Camden's *Britannia*, to Cæsar, who is supposed to have crossed *the Thames* below Oatlands.

St. George's Hill is not only greatly larger, but considerably higher than that of St. Anne, though it rises so imperceptibly at first from the plain that this circumstance does not immediately impress itself as you advance towards it. Its upper parts are more abrupt, and in some of the hollows almost perpendicular; when viewed from a distance its elevation is most distinguishable, as all its protruding angles then appear united in one mass, stretching across the horizon, and differently featured from all the eminences of this country. The prospect it commands is

almost unbounded over Middlesex, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Essex, and Kent, to the north and east, but Cooper's Hill and Bagshot Heath form a strong, though by no means a near, outline on the west, beyond which (towards the south) the ridge called "*The Hog's Back*," between Guildford and Farnham, terminates in a bold clump, and the points of *the Hind-head Hills*, in Sussex, on the Portsmouth road, rise to view, piled on each other like Pelion over Ossa. From this clump, above Guildford, the whole range of the Surry Downs extends in a waving line, rising abruptly with the high street of that county town from the bridge over *the Wey*, which forms the intermediate valley, to a very considerable eminence. These bold summits create the southern boundary to St. George's Hill as far as Croydon, distinguished by various plantations, and a great number of fine parks and seats, beyond which some distant parts of Kent close the prospect, as the eye in its circle approaches

the east, one of which (near Sevenoaks) is crowned with the singular clump of *The Knockholt Beeches*. Richmond Hill, appearing to advance from the east beautifully towards the eye, cloathed with thick groves, hides London from our view, but its attendant cloud denotes the position of the capital, and the two hills of Highgate and Hampstead appear in their usual bold display as we pursue the circle towards the north gradually. Harrow on the Hill takes a prominent position in this level, backed by the ridges of Bushy Heath and Moor Park ; westward again from the north, a very high and distant spot in Buckinghamshire is marked with a clump planted by the late Lord Despenser, not far from Wycombe, and called Whittington Park. Few points in England command so extended an horizon ; and the almost desert wildness, which prevails on the west and the south, is singularly contrasted by the numerous towns, villages, and cultivated districts on each other side. Some of the nearer

objects are peculiarly striking, among which the majestic pile of Windsor Castle stands pre-eminent; the great mass of Hampton Court Palace also makes a conspicuous figure, and the groves and shrubberies of St. Anne's Hill finely overhang the town of Chertsey. Below, *the Thames* winds in several bold sweeps through the meads which separate Sheperton from Weybridge, beneath the park of Lord Portmore, and the long-extended plantations of Oatlands.

The Colne advances from the north to meet *the Thames* near Stanes, making a great compass by the east as it traverses this level. Rising under the Chiltern hills not far from Dunstable, it first flows towards the south-west, passing between the eminence on which the remains of Verulam are visible, and the opposite hill covered with the town and venerable Abbey of St. Albans. At Rickmansworth it forms a charming valley beneath the groves of Moor Park, whose splendid, though heavy edifice, was ori-

ginally built by Sir John Vanbrugh for our naval hero Lord Anson. *The Gade* from Berkhamstead, and *the Missbourn* from Amersham, with various similar small streams, join it in its course to Uxbridge, *the Missbourn* pervading a sweet vale, confined between beech woods, and decorated with a noble sheet of water at Mr. Drake's fine place of Shardelois, opposite to which the ornamented grounds surrounding the parsonage of Amersham rise in great beauty above that neat town. Below Uxbridge, *The Colne* falls into a flat, which continues to the junction of its principal branch with *the Thames* near Stanes; another division of it traverses the extensive level of Hounslow Heath by Stanwell and Feltham, and at last crosses a part of Bushy Park to meet the *Thames* near Teddington.

The Wey rises in two branches in the eastern part of Hampshire, bordering on Surry, one of which forms a pleasant vale to Farnham. After their union, their course is eastward by Godalming, till

joined by a third stream from the south, after which *the Wey* flows northward, a little inclined to the east, by the hilly town of Guildford, and through Lord Portmore's park, to reach *the Thames* below the pleasant village of Weybridge. This little river flows for the most part through an undistinguished level below Guildford, and is joined by the two canals of the Basingstoke and Guildford navigation near the end of its course; a small stream from Chobham also meets it, passing beneath a waving ridge covered with the plantations and fine seats of Ottershaw and Botleys, and surrounded by wild heaths, in the centre of which that great expanse of water, called *the Shire Pond*, swells almost into the dignity of a lake.

The Thames, in the mean while, advances in stately grandeur through the handsome stone pile of Chertsey bridge, from whence a most beautiful and verdant amphitheatre on the Surry bank marks its progress, ornamented with the elegant display of Woborn farm, (the

creation of Mr. Southcote,) Lord Portmore's well-wooded park, and the far more striking outline of Oatlands. That place was formed with exquisite taste and design by the late Duke of Newcastle, who augmented it greatly by subsequent additions from the common of Walton, which are likely to be still further increased by a general inclosure. Plantations of every kind flourish eminently in this paradise, extending in an easy waving line from Weybridge to Walton Bridge, and adorned with a noble sheet of water, which was very judiciously made to appear connected with *the Thames*. The Grotto of Oatlands has been deservedly admired as a fine work of art, and the sequestered dell in which it is placed, on a small lawn overshadowed with a thick grove, still farther recommends it; but the grand terrace in front of the house forms the most striking feature in this noble place. It was originally a strait walk in the old formal style of gardening, but the Duke of Newcastle

very wisely modernized it into a grassy lawn, descending occasionally in fine hollows towards the water, and still preserving its pristine magnificence, but without the offensive appendage of extreme regularity. The ground is every where most happily disposed, sinking occasionally into the most charming verdant hollows, and marked with a profusion of the finest old trees, admirably placed to embellish the landscape. The prospect it commands towards St. Anne's Hill, Cooper's Hill, and the outline of Buckinghamshire, Middlesex, and Hertfordshire, is much the same with that already described from St. George's Hill, which overhangs it, but still more distinct in its outline of objects, as they are taken from a less elevated point. The nearer scenery is astonishingly beautiful, where *the Thames* rolls between its enamelled meadows, dividing the counties of Middlesex and Surry, crossed at last by the high arches of Walton bridge, beyond which a further reach is distinguishable

almost as far as Sunbury. Oatlands is now the residence of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, who has lately added considerably to the house in a species of Gothic, casing the whole with stone, but without aiming apparently at any material effect, beyond that of convenience and elegance. Its position being near the centre of the terrace, great powers of architecture as well as expence must have been required to create a palace equal to the spot it commands, and it may have been more judicious to avoid attracting the eye by the figure and regularity of a superb pile, which might at last fall short of its effect. On an opposite projection of the terrace, the Duke of Newcastle had built the shell of a magnificent circular chapel and mausoleum, crowned with a dome, but it remains yet unfinished; a thick wood succeeds, where the walk connects itself with the drive, which passes through the park on the opposite side of the house, some fine sweeps of *the Thames* being

visible, as the road advances to the two lodges, which form the principal entrance to this place, close to Walton bridge.

Ashley Park, the seat of Sir Henry Fletcher, here closes in with Oatlands, covering a large tract of ground adjoining to Walton, and exhibiting much of the magnificence of former times, connected with the hospitality of the past and present. The house is a large pile, built originally by Wolsey, and added to, as well as modernized, by the late Lord Shannon, though not quite in an appropriate style with the old structure, Italian windows being substituted for the antient English, and heavy parapets replacing in parts the pointed roofs of our forefathers. The hall, gallery, and kitchen, are noble apartments in a singular style, and the park, with the gardens, (walled in on every side, except towards Oatlands and the common,) abound in fine old trees and evergreens, which shade some grand terraces; there are also several striking avenues, and one in particular, which

leads to the house from Walton, is distinguishable by a happy curve about its centre, whereby its effect is much improved.

The outskirts of the common adjoining to Ashley Park are decorated with several handsome villas, among which one superbly fitted up and highly ornamented by Mr. Peppin, is by far the most extensive in its domain. In a smaller, well laid out by its late owner, Mr. Shakspear, the author of these sheets has (as a tenant) pursued his lucubrations for some years, looking from its front towards the distant range of the Surry Downs, and the nearer ridge of St. George's Hill, opposite to Sir John Frederick's Park across a smiling common, soon alas! to be polluted by the formality of modern enclosures. Some few shrubberies which he has found a pleasure in creating and embellishing, and a handsome open grove of elms leading to a planted mount, on which a small pavilion dedicated to solitude commands the contrasted views over

Middlesex towards Sunbury and Richmond Hill, form the favorite features of this pleasant little spot. The considerable village of Walton, extending in three straggling streets happily intermixed with trees and fields, covers a large tract of ground between the common, Ashley Park, and *the Thames*; the venerable fabric and tower of its church appear to much advantage at its eastern extremity, backed by some old trees, and the pleasing retreat of its parsonage is an agreeable object, opening to a delightful view behind, being much improved by its present worthy incumbent, the Rev. Mr. D'Oyly. Walton Bridge is a bold structure of brick with stone facings, but appears rather deficient in ornament and too plain for the importance of its size; its effect also is much lessened by a large white house on the Middlesex side, which was once an inn, but now is become a gentleman's seat, advancing almost to the very arches. A long-connecting causeway over a channel, which seems once to

have been the bed of the river, and is still covered in times of flood, unites this bridge with the Surry shore, where the villa of Lord Tankerville stands immediately opposite to the gates of Oatlands. In the delightful grounds which surround this place, the bank of *the Thames* is decorated for a considerable space with a terrace admirably planted and designed, from whence a noble reach of that river, terminating in the cupola of Sunbury Church, is commanded with good effect. His Lordship's kitchen gardens are very extensive, and he has been uncommonly successful in the choice and culture of his evergreens and exotics, which are superior to most collections.

Sunbury, on the Middlesex bank, may truly be called a "*Village Ornee*," abounding in splendid seats, most of which are finely situated so as to front *the Thames*; of these a house of Mr. Boheme in the centre of that pleasant village, and Barwell Park, a superb mansion at the eastern extremity of it, (cre-

ated formerly by Lord Pomfret,) are most conspicuous. This place also is remarkable for one of the best scholastic establishments I have known on experience, where more than seventy boys of the first families in England profit materially during their early years, by the uncommon care and attention bestowed on them by Dr. and Mrs. Moore, pursuing their studies and sports with the utmost regularity, and rapidly advancing themselves so as to be fitted for the greater fields of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester. Kempen-Park, the seat of Sir John Musgrave, full of avenues, fine trees, and luxuriant hawthorns, occupies all the high ground between Sunbury and Hampton, where the memory of Garrick is perpetuated by his elegant villa with its garden, and the temple dedicated by him to Shakspeare. This handsome edifice, in the Grecian taste, and situated at the edge of a small sloping lawn, which is well sprinkled with weeping willows and evergreens, looks across the verdant ex-

panse of Molesey Hurst to the wooded hills of Esher and Claremont, commanding a noble reach of the river, which terminates in the light wooden bridge of Hampton Court, the Middlesex bank being profusely cloathed with the long-extended groves of Bushy Park. The numerous turrets of the great palace of Hampton Court appear in a fine confused mass of Gothic buildings at the extremity, and though irregular, bear a very venerable aspect. The modern fronts, towards the park and garden, have that formal kind of magnificence which prevailed in the reign of their founders Charles II. and his immediate successors, containing also a very superb range of apartments. These two fronts, meeting in a right angle, overlook *the Thames* across the park and gardens, both of which (being quite flat) are laid out in the regular style of those ages. Some of the avenues and single trees in Hampton Court Park are very grand, but the great walk of chesnuts (surrounding a large basin) in the contiguous royal

park of Bushy is more striking, and the luxuriance of its hawthorns is very remarkable.

The Mole of Surry brings a considerable accession of waters to *the Thames*, opposite to Hampton Court, and is the one of its auxiliary streams which most merits a specific description, being more like the rivers that are produced in mountainous districts, than those which pervade the central plains of England. *The Mole* rises in the forest of Tilgate, just within the borders of Sussex, pursuing first a northern direction, and then inclining westward to Dorking, northward again to Leatherhead, after which it makes a considerable compass by the west to the north to encompass Cobham. Though the course of this river is short, its windings are very numerous, and it has the peculiar attribute of burying itself in many places underground, and after pursuing a subterraneous course for some miles, bursting again into sight. The spots where this incident takes

place, bear the denomination of "*The Swallows*," and from hence *the Mole* seems to have obtained its name. It flows at first through a flat and rather uninteresting country, till it approaches that great barrier of downs which extends through the whole of this part of Surry, proudly overlooking the wooded flat of Sussex. *The Mole*, passing beneath the venerable groves and avenues of Betchworth Castle, enters into one of these defiles near Dorking, where it is joined by another stream issuing from between the Guildford downs and the heathy hills bordering upon Sussex in the west, and passing between the park of Sir Frederic Evelyn, and the plantations of Mr. Lomax. It then forms a most romantic valley beneath the almost-perpendicular height of Box-hill, (an eminence extraordinarily covered throughout with that shrub, which here arises to the dignity of a tree,) nor can a more delightful scene in nature be described than this narrow stripe of beauty between two

downish ranges, receiving a profusion of ornament from the magnificent villas which decorate it, with their structures and their rich plantations. Dorking appears to great advantage from the high hill on which Denbighs, the seat of Mr. Denison, stands exalted, and Mr. Lock's fine modern house of Norbury crowns the summit of his beautifully-wooded park, which descending in fine shelving hollows overspread with evergreens, overlooks the whole valley to Box-hill, with the pleasant village of Mickleham and the town of Dorking below, backed by the bold elevation of the Leith hills on the border of Sussex. At Leatherhead *the Mole* makes its exit from the hills, and winding through a range of commons by Stoke, the old seat of Sir Francis Vincent, almost encircles the village and shingled spire of Cobham, as it winds through the enchanting territory of Pains Hill. This justly celebrated place was entirely the creation of the late Hon. Mr. Hamilton, who rescued it from a rude uninteresting

common, and embellished it with every successful effort of taste and judgment. Thick plantations cover all the steep banks which incline to *the Mole*, fine lawns are formed between them, and the central hollow of these extensive grounds is floated by a considerable lake. The buildings are not numerous, but well designed and happily placed, and the temple of Bacchus in particular is a splendid room. A very considerable house was added by Mr. Bond Hopkins the late proprietor, overlooking *the Mole*, and the village of Cobham, opposite to the late Lord Ligonier's Italian edifice of Cobham Park. *The Mole* is here crossed by two long bridges, after which it winds through a plain intersected by large commons to Esher, leaving Burwood Park, the seat of Sir John Frederick, on the left, and Claremont on the right, where the superb mansion erected by the late Lord Clive occupies a high eminence in the midst of its extensive and well-wooded park. Esher

Place, built by Wolsey, but in later ages the favourite spot

“ Where Kent and Nature vied for Pelham’s love,”

stands on a gentle elevation above *the Mole*, undertwo finely-planted hills which form its park, and distinguish this part of the country from afar in every direction. Little of Wolsey’s architecture is discernible through the modernizing additions of Mr. Pelham, but Esher Place still preserves, without, the figure of a castle. Its rooms are not so conveniently disposed within as might be expected, and its situation is too low to command the country, nor is the place so well kept as in former times. All the beauty of *the Mole* ceases at Esher, from whence that once-charming river winds in unobserved sluggishness through an uninteresting flat to the villages of West and East Molesey, losing all the spirit of its original character, till *the Thames* opens to receive it opposite to Hampton Court.

A great circular sweep brings that

noble river from the junction of *the Mole* to the antient county town of Kingston on Thames, and its miserable wooden bridge, after which it rolls through a range of broad meadows to Twickenham, the richly-wooded heights of Richmond Park overhanging the level in front, and forming a magnificent back ground. Villas here abound in every direction, and the banks of *the Thames* from hence may be said to be covered with palaces, following each other to the eye in rapid succession, as the stream advances. Strawberry Hill, a Gothic edifice formed with a singular degree of taste by the late Lord Orford, the elegant retirement of Alexander Pope, and Marble Hall, are the most striking of those on the Middlesex side, while on that of Surry large avenues of old trees distinguish Lord Dysart's antient mansion, Petersham appears crowded with fine houses intermixed with wood, and Richmond shews its numerous villas piled on each other, as the hill gradually rises from the town to the high-wooded

summit of its park. The prospect from this justly-celebrated height is too well known to need minute description, commanding an infinite variety of views over the countries already described, most happily disposed, and wonderfully abundant in population. The nearer scene, however, is most enchanting, where the broad silver stream of *the Thames* rolls in majestic state, as well as placid beauty, between the green meadows, wooded precincts, and splendid villas of Ham, Petersham, Twickenham, and Isleworth, making a bold sweep to reach the elegantly-formed stone bridge of Richmond. Richmond Park covers an extensive and high tract of ground above the town, being throughout finely wooded, but most profusely so to cover its abrupt descent into the plain; it is intersected by numerous roads leading to its various outlets, which present pleasurable walks and drives to its populous neighbourhood. Its Palace stood on the Green below the town, but all the traces of it are now

vanished, except the garden, which extends delightfully along the Surry bank of *the Thames* to Kew; it was once intended to have been rebuilt in the park, but that design was laid aside in favour of the modern additions at Windsor; yet is it highly probable that some sovereign of this kingdom will be tempted to resume it, by the beauty of the spot, and its commodious distance from London. Nonsuch Palace, not many miles distant from Richmond, in the same county, has suffered a similar fate, and having passed through the hands of several private proprietors since its alienation from the crown, no vestiges of it now remain, except some old walls and avenues. Such is the fate of palaces, as well as of more humble buildings, the course of a few centuries sweeping them from our eyes, and either accident, or the instability of their possessors, determining their premature fate. The gardens of Richmond, notwithstanding, still exhibit occasionally a splendid display of company, being

opened to the public on stated days during the summer ; their walks are then crowded with an assemblage of modern beaux and belles, not inferior, perhaps, to those which graced the antient splendour of the court of Richmond.

C H A P. XVIII.

The Thames, and its auxiliary streams,
concluded—Sion House—Sion Hill—Osterley—Accession of the Brent at Brentford—Kew Bridge—Its Palace and Gardens—Great increase of the Thames on the accession of the tide, and the union of almost all its component streams above London—Chiswick—Hammersmith—Putney and Fulham, with their Bridge—Great ridge, adorned with the villas of Ree-hampton, Putney Heath, and Wimbledon Common, with their various views—The Vandal from Croydon—Wandsworth, and Clapham, with its Common—Battersea and its Bridge—Chelsea and its College—Gardens of Ranelagh and Vauxhall—Magnificent approach to London by the River—Grand display of the capital of England from Westminster and Black-Friars Bridges—London Bridge,

and its shipping—Union of the Lea with the Thames—The Isle of Dogs—Deptford—Greenwich, and its Hospital, with its Park—Woolwich—Extensive view from Shooters Hill—Finely-featured prospect towards the interior of Kent—Mr. Pitt's elevated seat on Holwood-Hill—The Roding of Essex, with the Cray and the Dart in Kent—Extension of the marshes as the Thames advances towards the sea—Tilbury Fort, and Gravesend—The Fortress of Sheerness in the Isle of Shepey, at the mouth of the Thames and the Medway—Peculiar character of the Thames, and short recapitulation of the several objects which create its importance.

IMMEDIATELY opposite to the walks of Richmond, Sion House, the princely seat of the Duke of Northumberland, displays on the Middlesex shore its large quadrangle and towers in the midst of a spacious park, and the delightful villa and grounds of Sion Hill, (formed by the late Lord Holderness,) attract the eye of

every passenger. The rich domain of Osterley also glows with all the grandeur arising from the opulence of successful commerce, at the distance of about two miles northward of the river; its menagerie is peculiarly striking, and superior to most in England, both in its extent, and the management of its ground.

The Brent, flowing from the north-east, and rising not far from Barnet, adds the last stream of note to *the Thames*, which it receives before it reaches London. Except about Hendon (where the exquisite taste of the late Mrs. Aislabiè created a fairy scene on its banks, embellishing it occasionally with the most magnificent display of festive decoration, and the choicest selection of company) *the Brent* is but an insignificant river, and the long street of Brentford, (to which it gives a name,) with its numerous quays, does not add much beauty to *the Thames*, though it may boast of being the county town of Middlesex. Kew-bridge, at its eastern extremity, is a

plain but handsome structure, and the view it commands down the river towards Chiswick is very striking and beautiful. The present Palace of Kew, which was the favourite residence of the late Princess Dowager of Wales, is a plain building, more like the house of a private gentleman, than the mansion of a prince ; his present Majesty has at various periods of his reign distinguished it by a temporary residence, and is now said to meditate building an appropriate palace, which will amply replace the loss of that of Richmond. The gardens of both these royal establishments join, and those of Kew are peculiarly to be admired for their exotics, and a profusion of curious plants, with several buildings, among which a lofty Chinese Pagoda is a conspicuous object in every direction, as well as a perfect model of that oriental species of architecture. These grounds are most neatly kept, but they do not command distant prospects, nor have they even a view of the river, but this disadvantage

may easily be surmounted, if they become incorporated with those of Richmond, which will probably be the case, when the new palace is constructed, and the royal family make Kew a permanent residence.

The Thames, now having for some time admitted the tide, and being swelled to the size of a vast river crowded with various kinds of boats and barges, flows proudly from Kew between two populous shores, lined with villages and fine seats, the most observable of which is that elegant Italian edifice which the late Lord Burlington placed in a delightful garden at Chiswick, which is also ornamented with various buildings in an appropriate taste, and exhibits two magnificent cedars of Lebanon to the river. It soon afterwards passes Hammersmith, where its bank abounds in villas, and is crossed by a long old wooden bridge between the corresponding towns and towers of Putney in Surry and Fulham in Middlesex. The scenery attendant on *the Thames* is

most beautifully impressive in passing this bridge, its width being greatly increased, its curves gracefully formed, and its busy assemblage of boats and barges, presenting a series of objects in perpetual motion; the Surry bank is decorated with Sir Richard Hoare's fine seat and plantations of Barne's Elms, while that of Middlesex boasts the palace and park of the Bishop of London.

Though the shore of Middlesex has throughout languished in an invariable flat, that of Surry continues elevated, and the heights of Putney Heath and Roehampton exhibit a chain of the most delightful villas stretching westward as far as Richmond Park, and eastward to Wandsworth. Wimbledon Common lies behind these, towards the south, covering a large tract of uncultivated ground, nearly level, which circumstance has rendered it peculiarly convenient for the occasional display of military reviews, being so near to the metropolis. Each side of this extended parallelogram commands

very extensive views, that fronting the north overlooking the river with the vast plains of Middlesex, Hertfordshire, and Buckinghamshire, while that towards the west looks directly to the wooded heights of Richmond Park, with an aslant view of the Surry Downs, the Leith Hills in Sussex, and those of Hind-head on the borders of Hampshire, across a singularly wild near ground, called Combe-Wood. The southern ridge, as well as a small portion of the western near the village of Wimbledon, is covered with a succession of charming villas, each of which vies with its neighbour in beauty, all commanding the range of the Surry Downs, with their intermediate vale, in great perfection, and one in particular, (which belongs to Mr. Chaliè) being distinguished by a grove most happily placed, and a choice collection of plants, exotics, and evergreens. The finely-wooded park of Lord Spencer covers all the eastern ridge, presenting a considerable terrace also to the south, on which

stood that magnificent mansion, which some years ago perished by fire, but is now about to be replaced. The views from this noble and extensive place are singularly grand and varied, while the near ground is ornamented with a superb sheet of water, towards which the richest plantations feather down amidst various sweet lawns and hollows, interspersed with a profusion of timber. On the south, the vale of Surry, with all its villages, appears grandly backed by the heathy ridges of Sydenham, and those above Croydon, extending to the waving line of the Downs as far as Leatherhead; on the east that greater plain expands itself beneath the still-advancing eminences of Surry, through which *the Thames* flows proudly towards the mighty capital of England, whose numerous towers and spires cover the whole horizon, vastly surpassed in height and bulk by St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and backed by the distant hills of Highgate and Hampstead.

The little river *Wandle* descending to the Thames at Wandsworth in a small obscure stream, Battersea Rise and Clapham Common terminate the high grounds on the Surry side, which here at length becomes flat and marshy towards the river; both these eminences are overspread with villas which command delightful prospects, and some of these are very superb as well as extensive in their grounds. Through the modern wooden pile of Battersea Bridge *the Thames* proceeds in a broad stream to divide that village from Chelsea, where it forms one of its boldest reaches, often dangerous to boats in storms.

This noble expanse of water is most perfectly commanded from the fine terrace and octagon building at the extremity of the late Mr. Aufrere's delightful garden. This superb villa was formed, or greatly added to, by Lord Orford, when prime minister, and has been still more considerably improved by its late accomplished owner, who, together with his

worthy surviving lady, enlivened in this elegant retirement the cheerful evening of an active life with the charms of select society, dispensing those of conversation, enhanced by an impressive hospitality, in which I have from my earliest years partaken. The collection of paintings here does credit to the taste of those who chose and arranged them; the garden also is laid out admirably, in the centre of which a fine print-room overlooks *the Thames*, taking in the distant hills of Surry. Chelsea Collge is close adjoining, with its three large fronts opening to the river across an extensive garden; this highly-laudable institution is well conducted, and the noble rooms of its chapel and hall are worthy of notice, but it loses something in figure by being built of red brick. The ornamented grounds of Ranelagh adjoin to the garden of Chelsea College, in the midst of which its grand rotunda starts up, often displaying a second court of Comus to *the Thames*. The not-insimilar scenic shew of Vaux-

hall graces the opposite shore somewhat lower, beyond which the river opens at once upon the majestic arches of Westminster Bridge, dividing the lofty piles of its abbey and hall from the venerable fabric of Lambeth Palace.

Such is the superb approach made by this noble river to our capital, which for more than five miles covers its banks with a profusion of spires, towers, and palaces, finely exhibited from the three bridges of Westminster, Black-Friars, and London. The bold sweep made by *the Thames* between the two first of these bridges, adds greatly to the effect of the whole, and the vast Cathedral of St. Paul, with its dome, proudly elevated above the numerous churches of the city, appears in all the pride of Grecian architecture. The lofty pillar of the Monument, and the high bastions of the Tower, front the great borough of Southwark below London Bridge, where the view of the river terminates in a crowd of shipping of all nations, which apparently closes up its

channel with a thick forest of masts. A more minute description of such great and well-known objects would be both difficult and unnecessary, yet could not they be passed over more cursorily in an account of *the Thames*, and its striking attendant scenery.

The populous appearance of a city by no means terminates at the Tower, for the suburb of Wapping unites with the outskirts of Stepney; and Lyme-house, with a train of houses and its lofty church, covers the shores of Middlesex and Essex, as they unite. On the opposite side, Rotherhithe almost incorporates itself with Southwark, and stretches out to Deptford within the borders of Kent; all these places abound in public and private docks towards the river, but a vast design of improvement is about to be adopted in these great naval repositories.

The Fleet, an inconsiderable stream, descends southward from Lord Mansfield's fine grounds at Caen-Wood between Hampstead and Highgate, to the

central parts of London, where it formed in its way to join *the Thames* the offensive hollow of *Fleet Ditch*, which is now covered over ; nothing else distinguishes the course of this river.

The Lea divides Essex in great part from Middlesex, and falls into *the Thames* a little below Stepney. It rises near Luton in Bedfordshire, pursuing a south-east course to Hertford and Ware, after which it flows throughout nearly southward. Though in itself but a sluggish river, *the Lea* traverses for the most part a very pleasant country, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Hertford. It is joined and increased by various small streams about the central part of its course, of which *the Stort*, *the Quan*, *the Bean*, and *the Maran*, are the principal, though unattended with any memorable features. Soon after its outset, the late Lord Bute swelled *the Lea* into a considerable lake to adorn his fine park of Luton Hoo, which is proudly overlooked by the stately, but unfinished, pile of his

house. Had the immense design been completed, this would have been by far the first modern seat in England; in its present state, it boasts many grand apartments, and exhibits a library of vast extent and beauty, adorned with a noble collection of pictures. *The Lea* soon afterwards undergoes another artificial enlargement in the park belonging to Brocket, the ornamented seat of Lord Melbourn; it then traverses part of the Marquis of Salisbury's domain at Hatfield, but is too distant from the house to add much to its prospect. That noble pile overlooks great part of Hertfordshire from its proud eminence, and is one of the finest specimens of old English architecture, about the reign of James I. when the Grecian orders were somewhat oddly engrafted on the Gothic fabric, though their union gave an air of considerable grandeur to large buildings. Burghley, Longleat, and Audley-End, are co-temporary structures, but they have an advantage over Hatfield in being built with

stone, the latter being of brick, with stone facings and ornaments. Hatfield, nevertheless, is a very grand edifice, and its stone colonade in front is in particular wonderfully light and elegant. *The Lea* passes a number of fine seats in the valley it forms by Hertford and Ware, the most striking of which is Ware Park ; it afterwards becomes much enlarged, and runs for some distance parallel with the great canal called *the New River*, which is of so much importance to our metropolis. *The Lea* then enters a larger vale, bounded on one side by the wooded hills of Epping Forest, and on the other by the heights of Barnet and Highgate ; the level afterwards becomes very considerable as this river approaches Hackney, and still more so, as it advances towards *the Thames*.

Between the mouth of *the Lea*, and that chain of populous villages which form the outskirts of London on this side, a very extraordinary semicircular compass is made by *the Thames*, almost en-

closing a marshy flat, which has obtained the title of the Isle of Dogs, and is said to be remarkably rich in its pasture. Opposite to this level, where the small stream of *the Ravenhorne* descends from Hayes and Louisham, the lofty spire of Deptford, and the magnificent hospital of Greenwich, backed by its well-wooded park and observatory, grace the Kentish shore with great splendour, above which the elevated ground of Blackheath displays its numerous villas and pleasant villages, commanding striking views over London, and across the river towards Essex. Greenwich seems fated for superb institutions, having been once the favourite palace of Queen Elizabeth, and the theatre of those gay courtly displays which distinguished her reign. In the time of her successors and the commonwealth it gradually fell into neglect, but was afterwards converted to the noblest of all purposes in a maritime country, when the present splendid edifice was erected, and destined for the relief of aged and infirm seamen. This

structure is far superior to any of our palaces, and greatly excels that founded for soldiers at Chelsea, both in extent, architecture, and its surrounding territory; it is built of the finest white stone, and finished in the most exquisite Grecian taste, with a most superb chapel and hall, each of which is covered with a dome. Abounding in well-chosen ornament, and stretching out in a great compass to front the river in two piles, it nowhere appears heavy or gaudy in its decoration, which is everywhere chaste and proper; could a defect be stated, it should seem to be the want of a sufficient central edifice to unite two such magnificent corresponding wings, which is but indifferently supplied by the low structure of the governor's house. Such a building as that of the elegant dome of the Maison des Invalids at Paris would accomplish this purpose, and I understand some such structure was originally intended, but has been left to a future age to finish. As it stands at present, the mind of a

stranger is most pleasingly affected with the liberality and propriety of the design, as well as with the beauty of its execution, especially when he surveys such crowds of these veteran defenders of their country, either sitting at their ease under the colonades or on the benches in the park, or sometimes from the terrace in front, overlooking the numerous shipping transported by the *Thames*, and thus calmly contemplating the former theatre of their active life.

Greenwich Park, descending in an abrupt slope from Black-heath, charmingly planted both in avenues and single trees, and commanding the noblest prospects, is open to the public, its summit being crowned with an observatory, where the office of professor is now most respectably occupied by the distinguished talents of Dr. Maskelyne. So circumstanced, Greenwich is the favourite residence of many agreeable families, and few spots can excel it in the singular advantages of its select society, as well as in

its delightful walks and rides, and its easy access to London.

From the mouth of *the Lea* and the extremity of the Isle of Dogs, *the Thames* makes another sweep to reach Woolwich, which great repository and foundery of our artillery lies spread on the Kentish shore beneath some well-formed high grounds covered with woods, whereof one is occupied by the delightful village of Charlton, and the old Gothic mansion of Sir Spencer Wilson. Shooters Hill rises with considerable grandeur above these to a kind of *apex*, over which the great Dover road passes, and is covered with several high buildings, the principal of which (on the south-west side, which is well-wooded) is a tower built in the upper part of the spacious grounds of Lady James at Eltham. The justly-celebrated prospect from Shooters Hill has often been thought to bear away the palm from that of Richmond, but, in my opinion, the features of these rival eminences are too different to admit easily

of comparison; and it might be little less absurd to compare the naval display from Portsdown in Hampshire, with the mountainous scenery of Wales or the Highlands of Scotland. From Shooters Hill, the great windings of *the Thames*, filled with sails, and the superb display of the metropolis at the distance of eight miles, are the chief objects; but the scenery immediately on the banks of the river being marshy, is by no means equal to the rich meads of Twickenham, Ham, and Isleworth, nor is *the Thames* itself so clear, though far more extended. Almost the whole of Essex lies stretched out below, and many parts of Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Oxfordshire close the horizon towards the north. On the west, the curiously-formed hills of Sydenham seem to join the Surry downs by the long ridge of Norwood, and the southern view covers a great part of the interior of Kent, to the boundary of the delightful vale of Riverhead.

Within view from Shooters Hill, in

this expanse, a bold mount rises abruptly from a singularly wild, but by no means level plain, (which bears a forest-like appearance,) covered with the plantations, and crowned with the villa of Holwood-Hill, lately the temporary retirement of the Right Hon. William Pitt, from the laborious exertions of his official duties. Except that *the Thames* itself is too distant to enliven the plain below, the position of this spot is not unlike that of St. Anne's Hill in Surry; and these two opposed ministers have shewn a choice not insimilar in the places they have sought to embellish, as well as in the object of their ambition. Cheerfulness and hospitality are also said alike to have prevailed at Holwood, and the numerous train of its visitors expressed that strong attachment to Mr. Pitt, which his extraordinary talents commanded, though his leisure would not allow him to adopt the literary occupations and rural pursuits to which Mr. Fox devotes himself with such success in Surry. When we observe

two such brilliant stars moving in their alternate spheres, a vain wish is apt to arise in many a patriotic breast, that, by a happy junction, they might at some period have formed a splendid constellation for the glory and happiness of England, and so contributed to dispel the storms which have long blackened our political horizon.

A little below Woolwich, on the opposite shore, *the Roding* descends from the central parts of Essex, rising at no great distance from Dunmow, and descending southward through that deep tract of land which bears from it the name of *the Rodings* of Essex, several villages of that title being also dispersed about it. At Chipping-Ongar, it makes a compass by the west, under the hills of Woodford in Epping Forest, and turns ultimately by Wanstead towards the east. From Ongar, its course is at first through a pleasant vale adorned with various seats and villages, while the heights of Epping Forest are thickly overspread

with superb villas, mostly belonging to the opulent citizens of London, who more than vie with the nobility in these districts. Copp'd Hall, the fine place of the Conyers family, is a seat of a superior order, covering the ridge, which, near Epping, divides the valley of *the Lea* from that of *the Roding*, and surrounded by the extensive Forest of Epping. But the first in grandeur of all these places, is the splendid, though deserted palace, built by the late Lord Tylney at Wanstead, which rises far above the rest in all the pride and grace of Italian architecture. It is indeed a very noble pile, containing a long range of apartments, and the grand avenue to its front, surrounding a large basin, is very striking, though in the formal taste of the last age. Viewed from across *the Thames*, it forms a striking object in the landscape of Shooters Hill and the opposite heights of Kent, from the immensity of its bulk, and the whiteness of the stone. The course of *the Roding* is afterwards through a flat by Barking

to *the Thames*. This is the last river which joins *the Thames* on the Essex side, except an inconsiderable stream from Romford, and another from Purfleet in the marshes. The Kentish shore still continues elevated, and Belvedere, the elegant seat of Lord Eardley, covers a considerable rise with its plantations near Erith, commanding two great reaches of the river, and both its coasts, very happily. *The Cray*, and *the Darent*, on the part of Kent, bring their tributary streams from the interior of that fertile county, sinking below Crayford and Dartford, (the towns which derive their names from them) into the marshes which encompass *the Thames* on the east of Erith. Delightful vales are formed by each of these streams, which are ornamented with villas in the utmost profusion, on which Foote's Cray-place on the former exhibits a striking edifice in the Italian taste in the midst of grounds very well managed, and the whole ridge descending from Bromley by Chisselhurst, beautifully

wooded, inclines on the south to this pleasant little stream. *The Darent* can scarcely be called a superior river in size, each partaking in the figure and appearance of a limpid rivulet, except where swelled in the various grounds appertaining to the seats near which they pass; it is notwithstanding far transcendant in beauty, and the vale it forms is one of the most pleasing and highly ornamented in England. It rises from several small streams in the range of hills bounding Surry, whose shelving sides are thickly interspersed with beech woods and plantations, contrasted finely with chalky cliffs. At Westerham it exhibits its charming vale in perfection, the picturesque spire of which neat county town rises from a happy eminence above the river, backed by the fine groves and extensive park of Mr. Ward at Squirries. The grounds and woods of Hill-place, celebrated for its cascades, and formed by the taste of the late Lord Hillsborough, extend along the waving line of hills

which divide this line of country on the south from the rich weald of Sussex; and the antient church of Brasted, with its pleasant parsonage and long street, occupy a central point in the valley. Seats of every description, highly favoured by nature, and abundantly decorated by art, embellish this most beautiful of the Kentish vales, and seem almost joined with each other, as you follow the descent of the Darenth. That amiable and accomplished physician, Dr. Turton, has built an Italian palace at Brasted, which may be justly called the Temple of Æsculapius, and there enjoys, with his excellent lady, the placid evening of an active life, in select society, and acts of liberality and utility to his neighbours, enlivened by a constant attention to the improvement of his grounds. An extensive park rises above it, and two terraces command the valley admirably; but the finest feature of all is a large knowl ascending precipitately above the house, entirely covered with forest trees, in which the beeches

are predominant, and intersected with walks. Immediately opposite, is that little Eden constituted by the exquisite taste of Lord Frederic Campbell at Comb-Bank ; and the shingled spire of Sundrish rises beautifully above its village, which may also boast its parsonage, ornamented judiciously by the taste of Dr. Vyse, and some delightful grounds belonging to the Bishop of London's villa. Riverhead, from which the valley takes its name, soon succeeds, on the right of which, Lord Amherst's fine place of Montreal extends along the rising ground, marked with a high pillar to commemorate the meeting of the brothers of that family after their perils encountered in America ; while still further back, the house and grounds, embellished by the late Sir Charles Farnaby, cover the undulating sides of a charming hollow. Mr. Polhill's antient seat appears between the avenues in the vale ; and Lord Stanhope's finely planted park of Chevening rises in the most beautiful swells above

his house, charmingly overspread with evergreens, and crowned with woods, above the summit of which, the clump, distinguished afar by the name of the Knockholt Beeches, exalts itself. The village of Chevening is pleasant, where its worthy rector, Mr. Preston, enjoys the combined blessings of retirement and literature, justly respected by all surrounding him. The town of Sevenoaks rises on the hills bounding the southern side of this vale from Riverhead, which are there covered with the magnificent park surrounding Knowle, the antient collegiate mansion of the Dukes of Dorset. All the trees of the forest flourish eminently in this vast tract of ground, but the groves of beech are by far most luxuriant, and the swells of its ground are uncommonly beautiful. Water alone is wanting to please the eye, for though two terraces at each extremity of the park command immense views over the vales of *the Medway* and *the Darent*, neither of those rivers is considerable enough to

make a distinguished feature in the landscape, but its great extent makes ample amends for an omission which could not well be supplied without a vast lake or an arm of the sea. The majestic hills of the Park of Penshurst are visible from hence in the centre of the vale of Medway, crowned with fine groves, which contain the now-singular appendage of a Heronry; beneath it is that antient turretted mansion, which was formerly the favoured residence of Sir Philip Sydney, and the classic ground of his Arcadia. Both this old house and that of Knowle contain some good apartments, and valuable pictures, but each are more gloomy in their interior than they should be; Knowle, in particular, would benefit greatly by the levelling some decayed walls and gardens, and opening the mansion more towards its fine park. The pleasing seats of Lord Camden, Mr. Noailles, and Mrs. Hardinge, continue, with various others, to decorate the vale of *the Darenth* as it widens, and de-

scends in a waving line by Farningham and Dartford almost northward to the Thames.

That great river has now collected all its forces, and rolls on, encompassed more and more by marshes, in a broad stream with frequent windings to the sea; the memorable towers of Tilbury-Fort in Essex, fronting the high spire and town of Gravesend, full of shipping, are the last striking objects it passes, as it winds round the extensive marshes of Cliff, forming the long reach called *the Hope*. The shores here recede considerably, till the fortress and numerous vessels of Sheerness at the point of the Isle of Shepey, opposite the marshy tract called the Isle of Grain, formed by a small river of that name, mark the junction of *the Medway* with the sea which *the Thames* makes at *the Nore*, where both rivers combined are soon lost in the German Ocean.

The peculiar character of *the Thames*

alone remains to be described, which may be done in a few words, as this is one of those rivers which rather derive their characters from the countries through which they flow, than impose one by their boldness and rapidity on the tract they pursue. *The Thames* traverses some of the richest and most central parts of England, and even in its most hilly districts, where its current is naturally strongest, can never be called properly a rapid stream. It is by no means, however, a sluggish river, and is throughout distinguishable for the majestic progress of its pure silver stream, which generally fills its verdant banks, and is rarely discoloured with mud, except after great floods. To these it is occasionally liable, and their influence is very extensive, as well as of long continuance, in the level parts of its tract, making the whole country appear like a sea, and many of the towns and villages like islands, when viewed from the several eminences commanding the plain; yet is the mischief

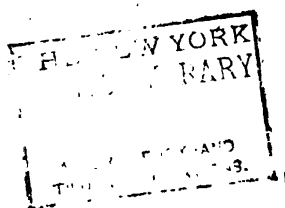
it does far inferior to that created by the smaller and more rapid streams, and the fertility, which takes place on its retiring within its banks, is most abundant. *The Isis* is not a very considerable river till it passes Oxford, where it meets *the Cherwell*, but increases much in dignity and width after it has formed its junction with *the Thame*, and assumed its proper title of *the Thames*; it also suffers a manifest enlargement from the accession of *the Kennett*. That part of its course, which leads from Wallingford to Reading, Henley, Marlow, and Maidenhead Bridge, is most distinguished by romantic scenery and natural beauty, leading through valleys bounded by hills richly cloathed with beech woods, and finely embellished by the seats of many of our principal nobility and gentry. Vast plains succeed, where *the Thames* appears the principal feature, from various great protruding eminences; and mighty works of art adorn its banks, which abound in populous towns and villages, as it approaches

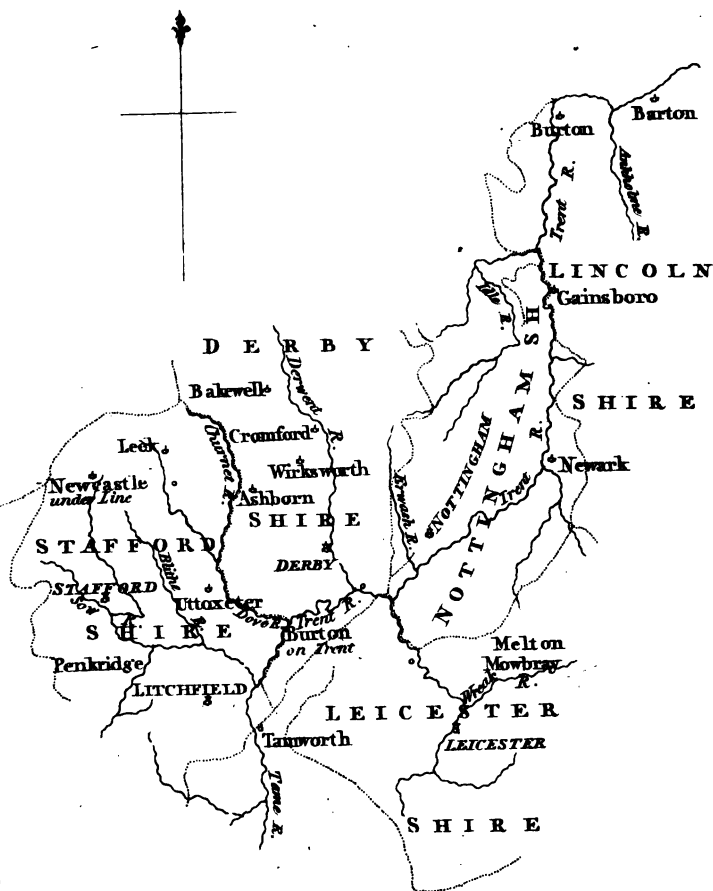
the capital of England. It is there a superb tide river, full of vessels of every description, which arrest the eye strongly in the bold sweeps it afterwards makes through increasing marshes to the sea, and to the end it preserves that air of placid dignity and imposing consequence, which distinguish so eminently this monarch of the British rivers.

The Thames may boast the highest commercial importance, and its merchantmen crowd all the ports of the habitable world, from the burning coast of Africa to the extremities of India and China; and from the continent and islands of America to the frozen shores of the Baltic, and the north of Europe and Asia. In its bosom also are constructed many of those mighty floating bulwarks, with which Great Britain has so long and powerfully protected her trade, bidding defiance to the fleets of her enemies.

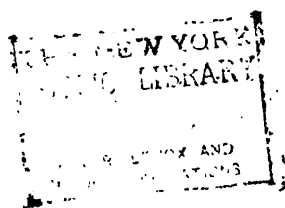
THE END.

T. Bensley, Printer, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

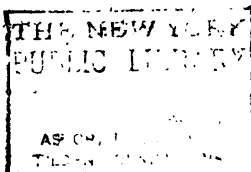




10 20 30
British Miles

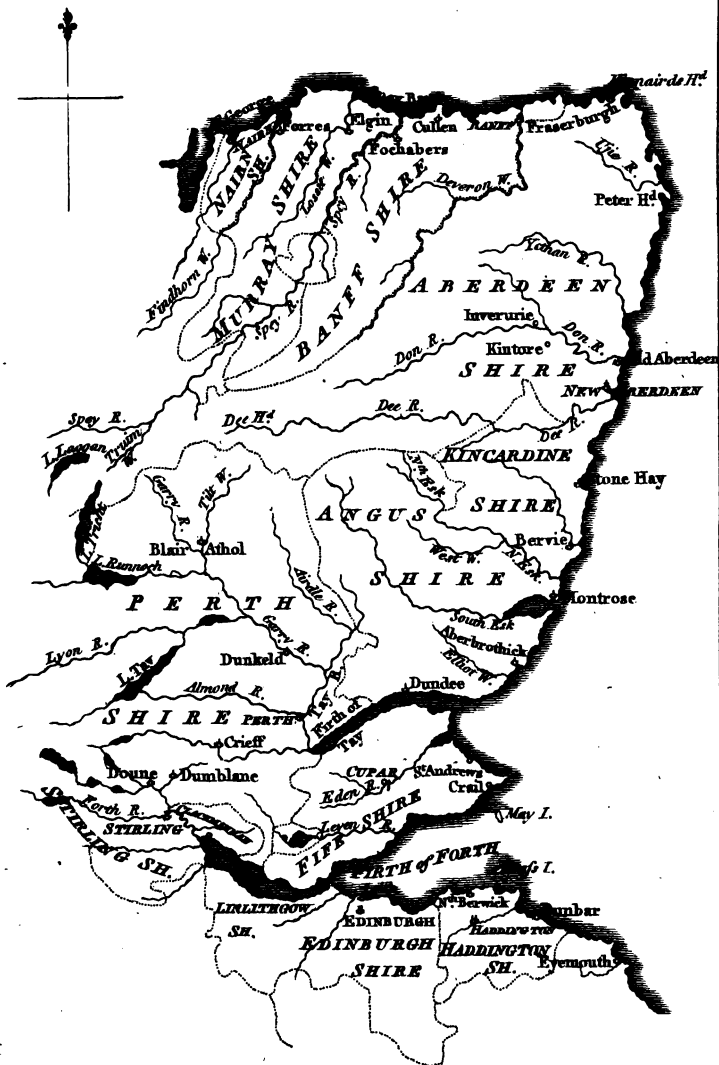






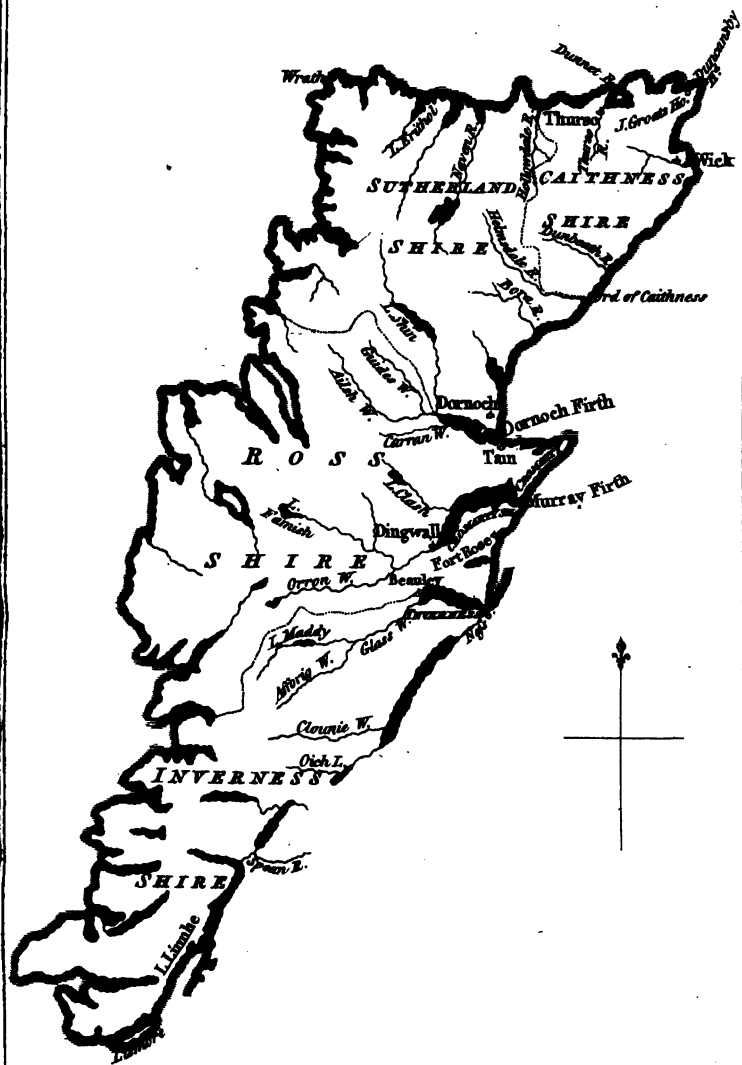
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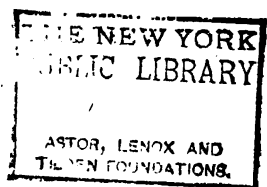


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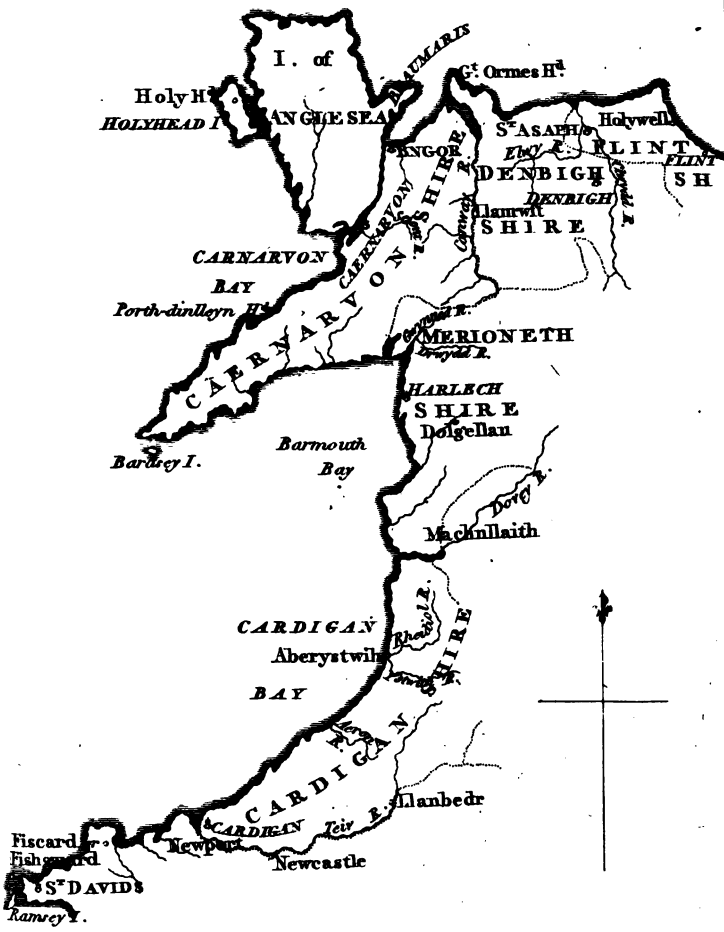


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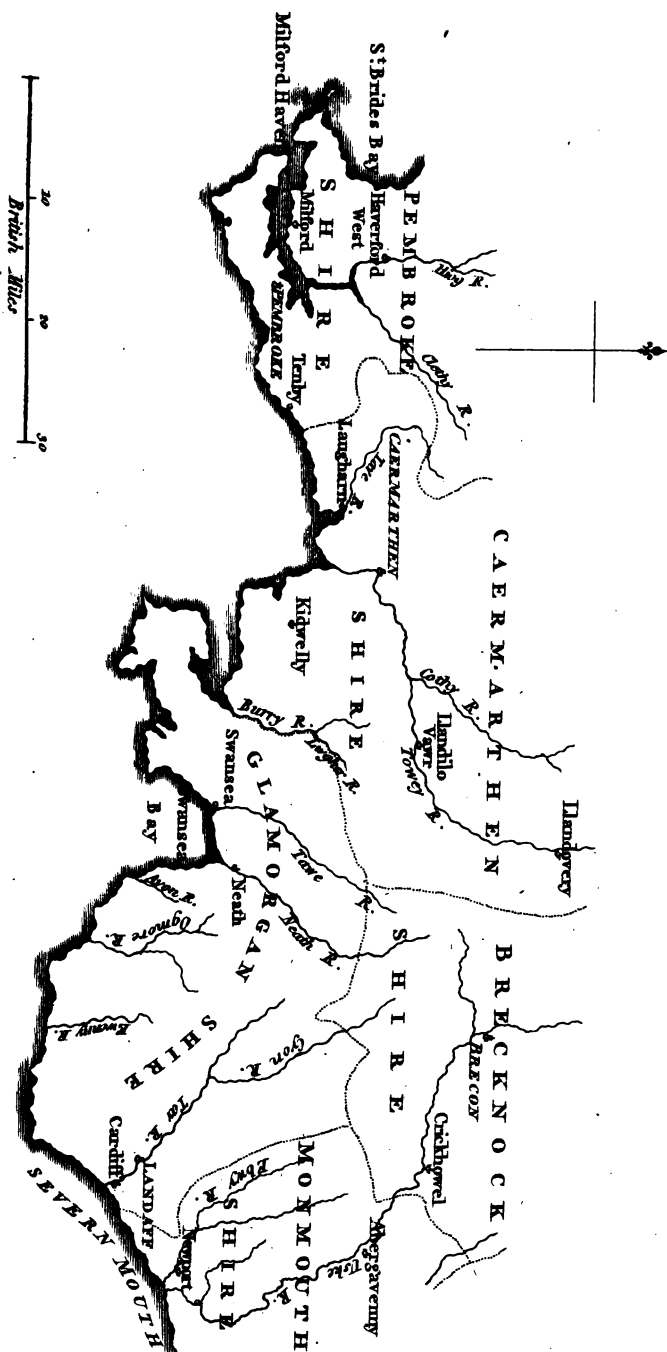
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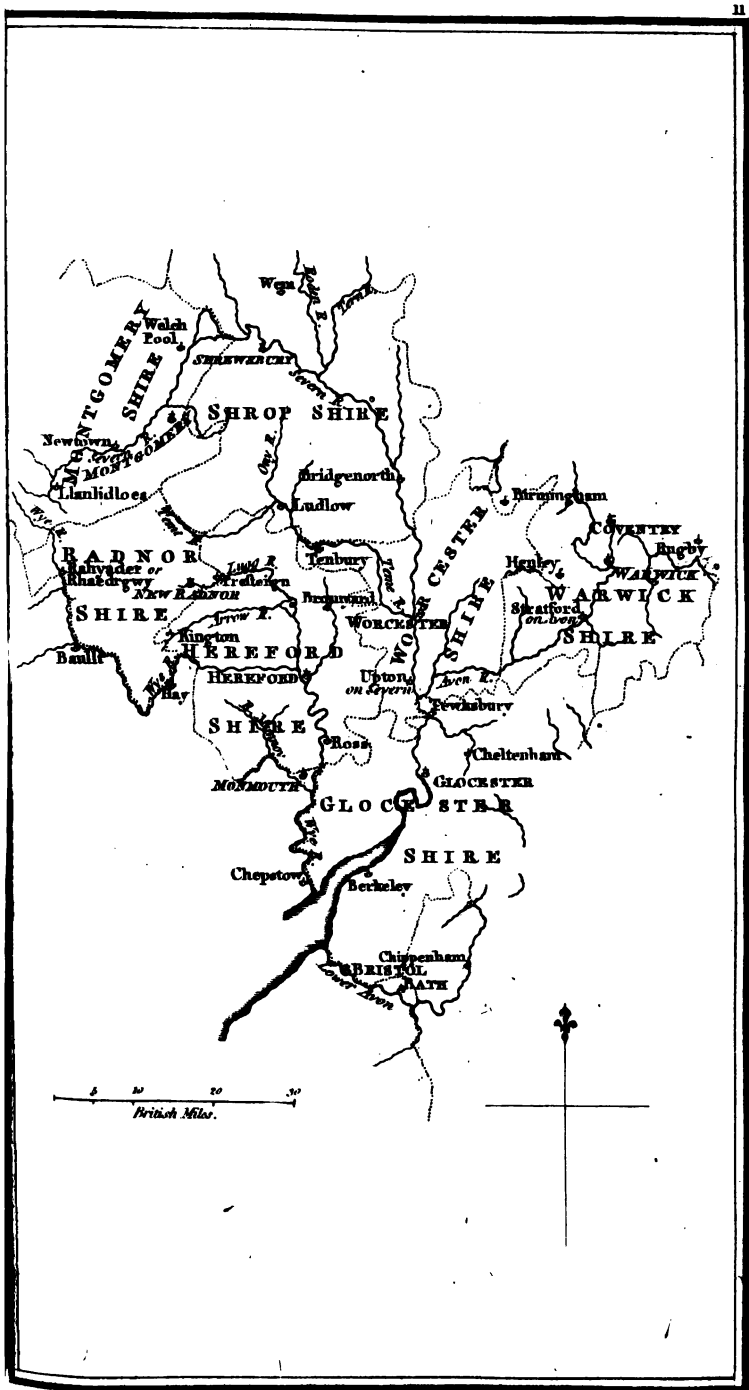


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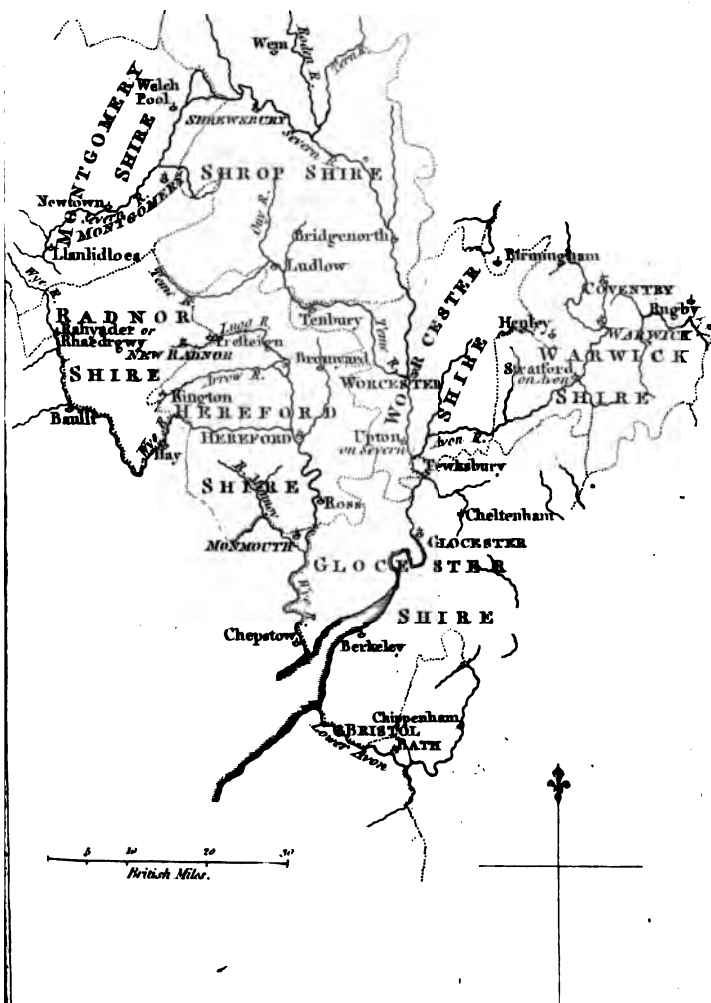
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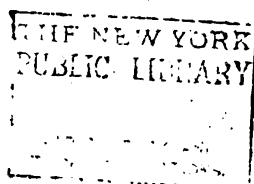


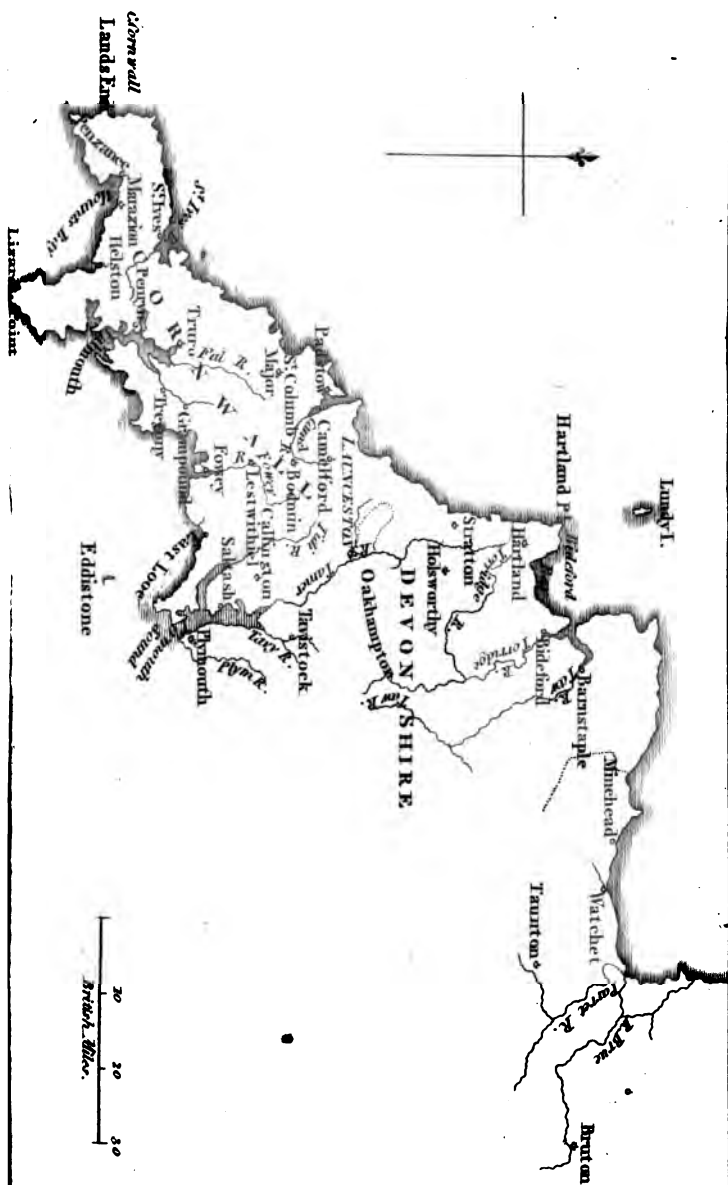
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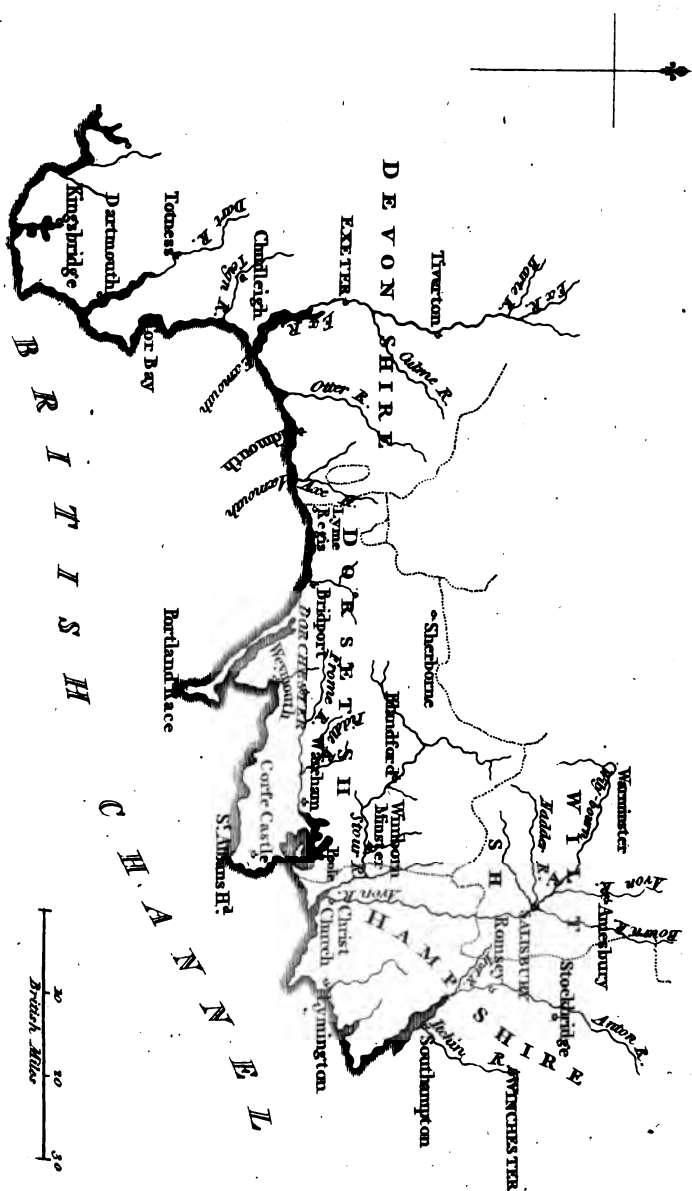
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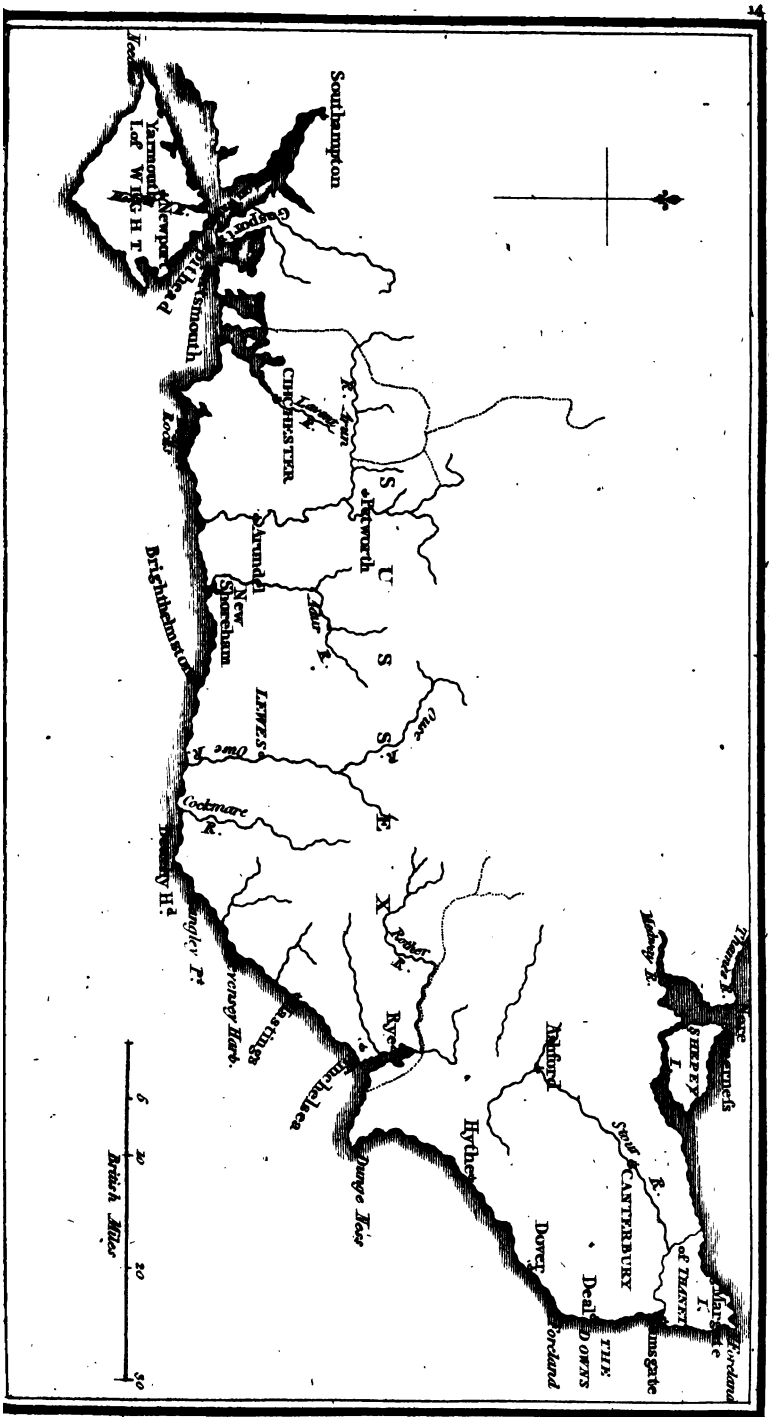






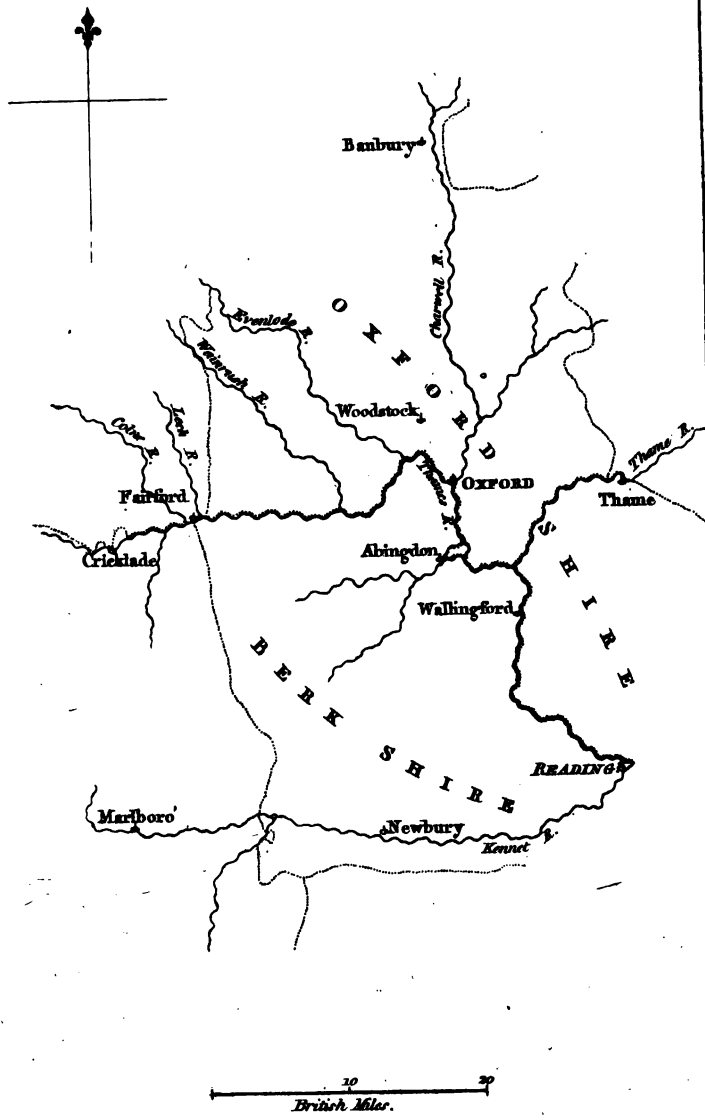


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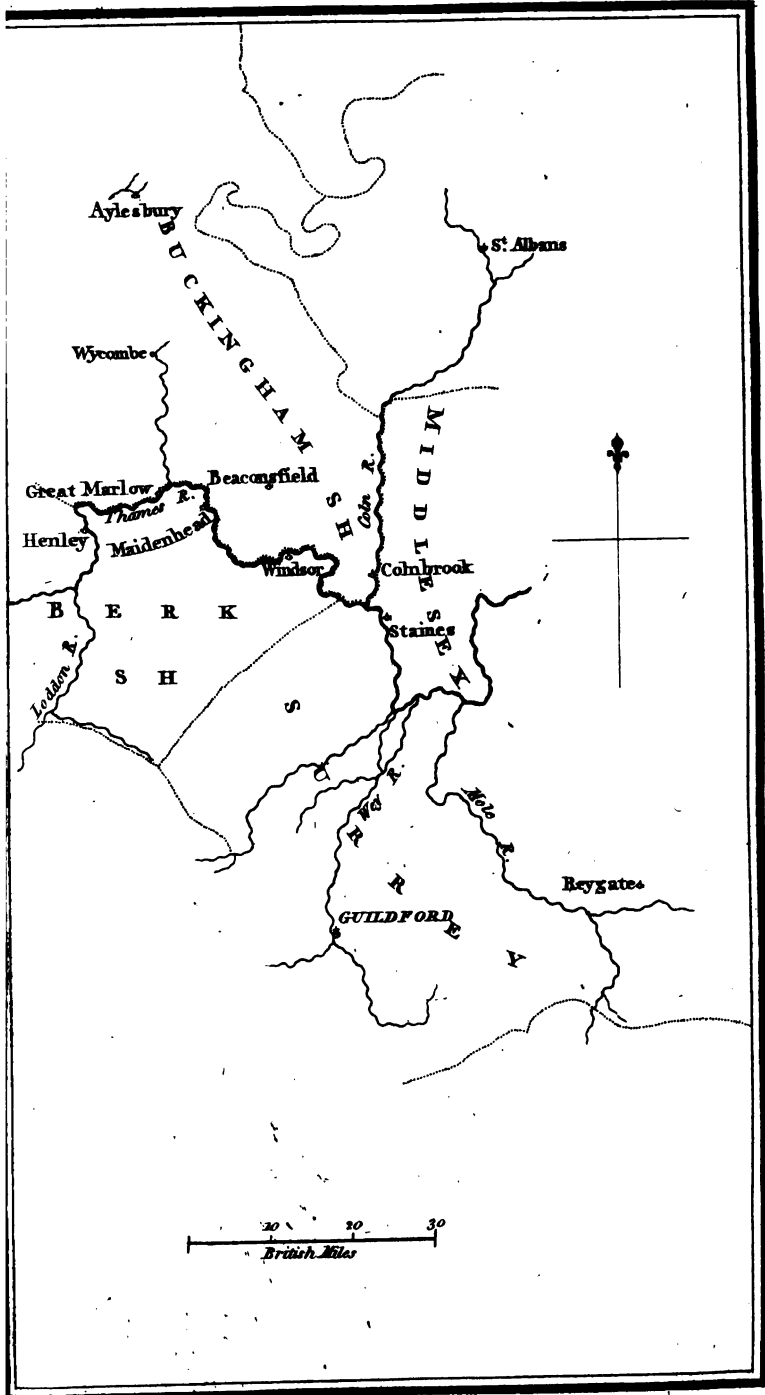
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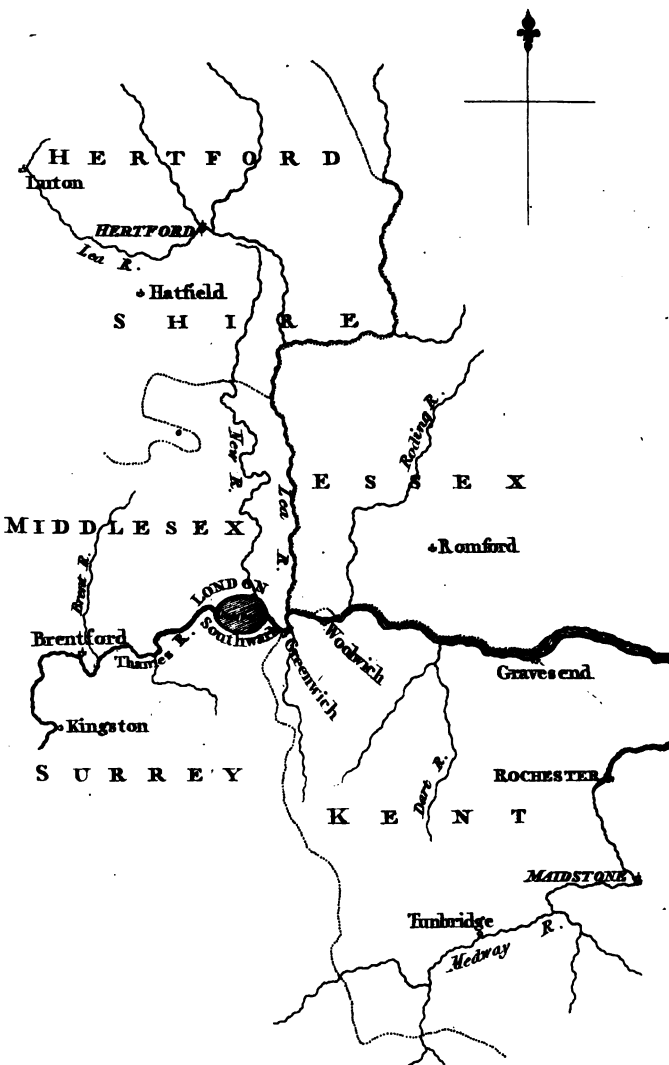


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